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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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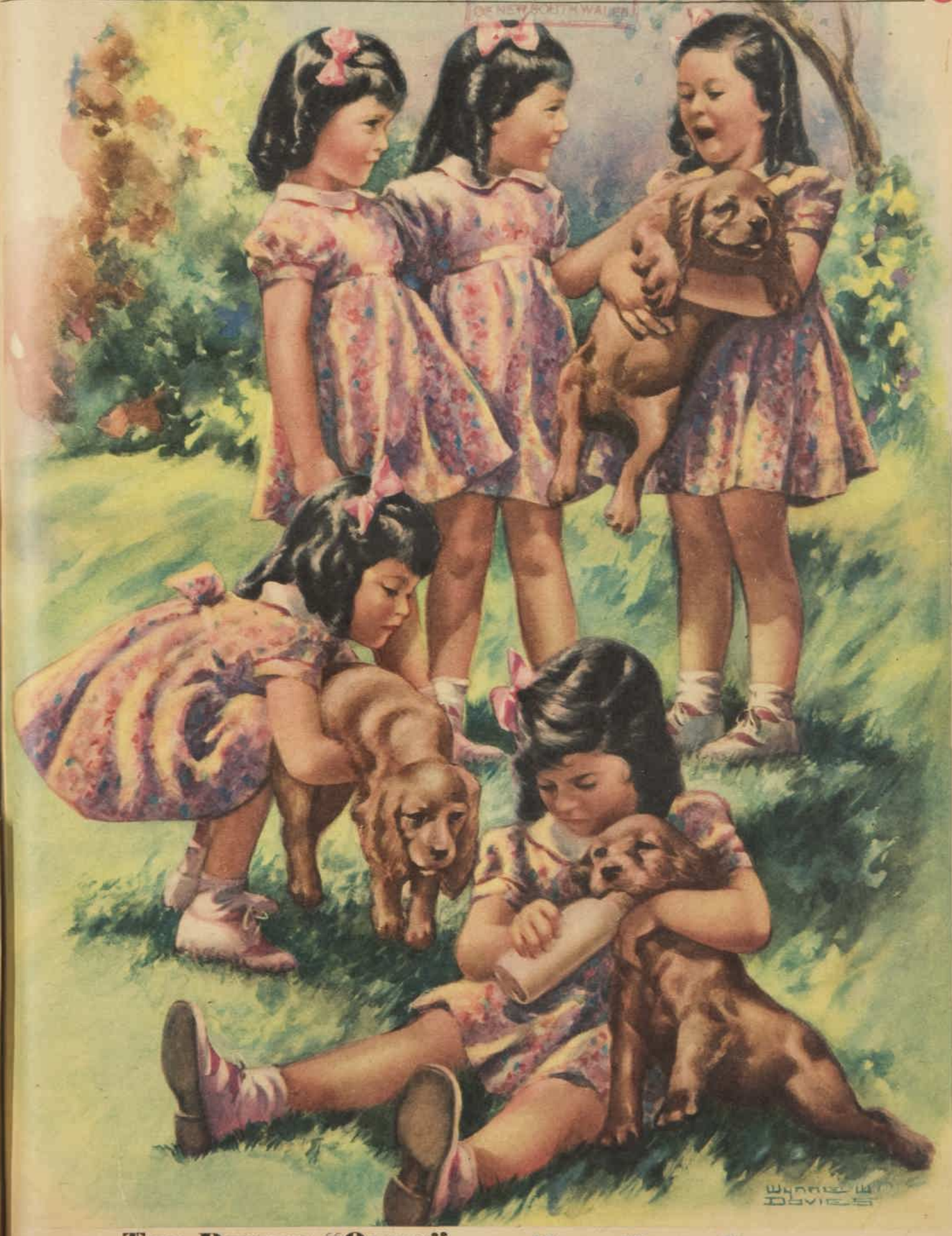

THE DIONNE "QUINS" . . . *Many Happy Returns*

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GIRLS: Let's watch HIS step

THE WAY a man dances gives you an index to his character, says the author of this article.

Dancing feet can be a ready reckoner to romance

By DIANA B. SELBY

There's more to dancing than just not stepping on your partner's feet . . . It's a heaven-sent opportunity for sizing up a man, without fear of interruption, and amid the most romantic of surroundings. How to do it? Easy.

HERE are some of the more usual male types you're likely to meet on any dance floor—and some almost infallible, certainly amusing, ways of making them dance attendance.

You needn't take it too seriously, but it's amazing what fun you can get out of checking up on his charm while you're dancing cheek to cheek.

THE LIFE AND SOUL

HE whirls you triumphantly into a quick-step, with a patent half-Nelson grip on your shoulder-blades.

He is tallish, horn-rimmed bespectacled, and beaming.

He: Didn't I have that howling "Lambeth Walk" with you?

You: No, I don't think so—I don't remember O! But I believe I saw you demonstrating card tricks just now.

He: Oh, yes—here, pick your feet up, baby, I'm doing the newest step. Don't you know it?

You: No. Is this the first time you've done it?

He: Don't be so cruel. Oh, by the way, have you seen this trick with a lighter?

You: Will it make me any happier when I have?

Treat this life-and-souler like a schoolboy—kindly, but firmly.

Don't let his humor or his match tricks get you down.

If you feel there's more to him than meets the eye, offer to teach him an Astaire-Rogers version of the rhumba. Then he'll have to dance with you often to practise.

THE SENTIMENTALIST

HE is tall, fair, probably with a moustache. He bows politely before letting you precede him on to the floor, and he wears tails when most of the other men present are in dinner jackets.

He: The moment I saw you, I hoped they'd play this tune. Did you know I'd been watching you all the evening?

You: Heavens, no! I'm afraid I'd have been awfully self-conscious if I'd so much as suspected it.

He: Oh, no, you wouldn't. You'd always be sweet and natural. You know, you remind me of a girl I knew years ago.

Make sure that it's you, not the champagne, which accounts for his frame of mind.

Pretend to believe half of what he says—and make up your mind about the other half at leisure. When he wants to make love to you on the terrace, ask gently about his past.

If he's just as happy talking about his first loves, don't make any effort to be added to the list.

A MAN OF THE WORLD

HIS hair is grey about the temples and he wears his clothes with distinction.

He cuts-in on you during a snappy number, and though he dances beautifully there is a certain formality about him which mystifies you.

He: I must apologise for taking you away from your younger friends.

You: That's terribly nice of you, but I assure you I'm not attached to any younger friends—in fact, I'm feeling rather fish-out-of-waterish.

He: That's amazing. Now it's quite reasonable for me to feel a trifle ancient, but you——

You: Do you think ages matter all that much?

Keep up this sympathy, understanding and detachment-from-the-youthful-mob attitude if you feel you'd like to know him better.

Don't be frivolous or flighty, and don't, for heaven's sake, giggle.

You've won the day if he starts wondering just what you, an intelligent, cultured woman, are doing there anyway.

HE'S STRONG AND SILENT

HE is allotted to you, rather doubtful and hesitant. He is handsome in a muscular sort of way, and his dancing is surprisingly good, if a trifle powerful and gloomy.

You: I think I like tangoes best of all.

He: Yes.

You: It's such a blessing to have a partner who knows exactly what to do.

He: Yes.

You: And most tango tunes are so attractive, too, aren't they?

He: No.

Don't be bothered with him.

If he won't talk, that's not your trouble.

He may have good reason to be silent—maybe he's counting the beat. If you're interested, wait till the music stops before thawing him out. Don't be coy or seductive; if he's serious, he'll despise you for such blatant strategy; if he's shy, he'll be scared stiff. Keep the conversation on a strictly companionable basis—and as you rise for the next dance—"I do hope we'll be able to finish that argument later."

DARK AND SLEEK

YOU have noticed him before—very dark, sleek hair, flashing eyes and a smile that shows perfect teeth. Now he bows over your hand and asks for the honor of the next dance.

He: Shall we go out for a little air?

You: But surely you've only just come in?

He: Then you were watching me! You're a strange girl, you know—and terribly attractive.

You: Don't I deserve a more original compliment?

You've just got to show the Don Juan type that as far as he's concerned you leave him at the post. Be aloof, elusive and give him a run for his money, if you're in the mood. This type adores an obstacle race if he thinks he's going to win, so you've always got to be one jump ahead of him. When he says, "Let's make it Tuesday then, darling?" don't accept frantically. Be very composed and murmur — "I'm awfully busy till the end of the week—but I might manage Friday."

Now she's engaged to the man of her dreams

She met the man of her dreams . . . and soon she was wearing his diamonds. It was her glorious complexion that first attracted him . . . so how glad she is now that she started using glamour-giving Erasmic.

ERASMIC
contains every beautifying powder ingredient known

"The truly beautifying face powder—Erasmic," says every fascinating actress and titled English beauty who uses it. Erasmic, created by eminent cosmeticians, has every glamour-giving property yet discovered . . . was famous before most present-day powders were known. Let Erasmic glamourise you—give your skin breath-catching loveliness.

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ERASMIC COLD CREAM—1/- a tube.
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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Royal Girl Guider

HEAD of the Swedish Girl Guide movement in Stockholm, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden takes a close interest in the movement in other countries. The uniform adopted by the Swedish Guides is very similar to that approved by the British Girl Guides' Association.

Before her marriage to Prince Gustaf Adolphe, Crown Prince of Sweden, Her Royal Highness was Princess Sibylle of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

V.C. Now Judge

CAPTAIN P. V. STORKEY who won the Victoria Cross in the war, has been appointed acting judge of the District Court in N.S.W.

Born in New Zealand, he was called to the N.S.W. Bar on his return from four years' service with the A.I.F. He was awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery, leadership, and devotion to duty during an attack on Hangard Wood near Villers Bretonneux in 1918.

Woman Civic Leader

MRS. EVELINE LOWE has been elected chairman of the London County Council, which is responsible for the welfare of over four million people. She is the first woman to hold the position.

A fine speaker, with a forceful personality, she has been a member of the council since 1902.

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£1000 Recipe Prizewinners

Sydney woman wins £500: rich awards in our mammoth cookery contest

WON £100. Mrs. D. Floate, Victorian railwayman's wife.

WON £500 GRAND PRIZE. Mrs. J. Wilson, of Vaucluse, Sydney.

TO-DAY we announce prizewinners in our mammoth £1000 recipe competition — the greatest and most successful contest of its kind ever conducted in Australia.

Major prizes have been awarded to the following:—

£500 GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE for the BEST RECIPE IN THE COMPETITION to MRS. JAMES WILSON, 76 New South Head Rd., Vaucluse, Sydney, for her fruit cake recipe.

£100 FIRST PRIZE for the BEST CAKE RECIPE to MRS. D. FLOATE, 42 Benalla St., Benalla, Vic., for her rainbow block cake recipe.

£100 FIRST PRIZE for the BEST DESSERT — PUDDING, SWEETS DISH OR PASTRIES—RECIPE to MRS. R. WHITE, c/o Dr. J. G. Avery, Lake St., Yeronga, Brisbane, for her recipe for strawberry charlotte.

£50 FIRST PRIZE for BEST JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES RECIPE to MRS. DON HURRELL, Box 67, Port Lincoln, S.A., for her golden orange marmalade recipe.

Their prizewinning recipes and full list of the 250 consolation prizewinners will be found on Page 26 and Homemaker Section, Page 6.

Cheques will be posted to all winners during the next few days.

Extraordinary interest has been taken in the competition.

Over half a million recipes poured in from all States in Australia, from New Zealand, and many foreign countries.

No competition of its kind has ever aroused so much enthusiasm, and never before have such big cash prizes been offered.

WON £100. Mrs. R. White, of Yeronga, Brisbane.

WON £50. Mrs. D. Hurrell, Port Lincoln, S.A.

The competitors set such a high standard for themselves and each other that the judges faced a difficult task in deciding the winners.

A feature of the competition was the overwhelming predominance of fruit cake recipes.

Every entry was thoroughly considered, and our cooks have been busy for weeks testing selected recipes.

The lavish prize list was arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly as a splendid tribute to the work of our cooks. Their co-operation has made it a magnificent triumph and brought forth recipes that will be treasured by housewives all over Australia—in fact, all over the world.

WHAT PRIZEWINNERS SAY . . . SEE PAGE 4

FULL LIST OF WINNERS AND LEADING RECIPES . . . PAGES 25, 26 and Homemaker Section Page 6.

Develop a Beautiful BUST

Add 1 to 5 inches—or it Costs You Nothing!

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm. NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm Bust that Fashion demands!

IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould it into firm, shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charm by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.

TRY THIS TO-DAY

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—it costs you nothing. I want you to try it. I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to increase your bust this way is marvellous!

SENT FREE!

IF you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost, or obligation, to yourself. But hurry!

Which one of these women represents you?

Your beauty, your attractiveness makes or mars your social progress. Have you all the "appeal" you would like? This is your opportunity—send me the coupon below—TO-DAY!

GENUINE PROOF

DEVELOPED 3 INCHES

"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 3 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (L., N.S.W.)

WONDERFUL!

"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (P.T., Vic.)

GAINED 3 INCHES

"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your treatment my bust measurement was 30 inches, and now it is 33 inches."—Miss A.L. (C., N.S.W.)

THESE LETTERS AND MANY MORE CAN BE INSPECTED AT MY OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

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Happy, happy housewives... they won the big prizes

Continued from Page 3

MRS. JAMES WILSON, of Vaucluse, N.S.W., winner of the grand champion prize of £500, is a friendly, gracious housewife, with greying hair and humorous blue eyes.

She and her husband have lived in their present home for twenty years.

"When I was married 26 years ago I couldn't cook a chop or boil an egg," said Mrs. Wilson.

"But if you are really interested in cooking you need only common sense and good recipe books, added to your enthusiasm, to make you a good cook.

"I have a number of recipe books and I have collected many recipes from The Australian Women's Weekly.

"The food section of my housekeeping budget is always flexible. Naturally it varies if my elder son, who lives in the country, comes to stay with us, if I am entertaining, or if I have other guests staying with me.

"I have no hard and fast rules, but I avoid buying vegetables or fruit when the prices are very high. For instance, when the price of eggs soars I go through my recipe books to find recipes for cakes or sweets which contain few or no eggs.

"Because this has always been a young people's house, cakes have become my specialty. My younger son, who is twenty-one, lives at home, and his young friends are always 'blowing in.'

"So there must always be a home-made cake in the pantry. In fact, they are so accustomed to home cooking that they will not eat a bought cake."

Mrs. Wilson's roomy kitchen shines with dark green paint. There is a breakfast nook overlooking the harbor, bright china arranged on an old-fashioned dresser.

The floor covering is an inlaid linoleum on which the feet do not slip. Her "working bench" is a steel-topped table. Her stove, which she describes as "elderly," is still so spotless that it looks brand new.

The shelves in the pantry, which opens out of the kitchen, are arranged so that everything is within easy reach.

Mrs. Wilson keeps her radio in the kitchen while she is working.

"It's pleasant to listen to music and talks while I'm working, and I can collect household hints and recipes right on the spot," she explained.

RAILWAYMAN'S WIFE

MRS. D. FLOATE, of Benalla, Vic., £100 winner in cake section, is the wife of a guard in the Victorian railways, and in their travels around Victoria she gained her cooking experience under the most primitive conditions.

She makes a hobby of cooking and is recognised in Victoria as one of the best amateur cooks in the State.

She is a frequent exhibitor at shows and has won many awards for her outstanding cookery skill.

"When I was married first at Beaufort I had only a camp oven," she said. "This is a vessel with three legs which you hang up the chimney over an open fire and then pile hot coals on the top of it.

"But all the same one of the best ducks I ever turned out came out of a camp oven.

"I was very sorry when I decided that I had no further use for the oven, and I gave it away to a tramp. It was like parting with an old friend."

Mrs. Floate then used a colonial oven which has a fire on top all the time, but for baking a fire must be put underneath as well.

MRS. WILSON, grand champion prizewinner, at work in her kitchen.

She cooked then on various wood stoves, trying new recipes all the time, and it was only seven years ago that she began using up-to-date stoves.

"I have always loved cooking, and even when I was a tiny girl I used to hang about the kitchen.

"When I was about 13 I made my first apple pie and it was a great success.

"By the way, I never put sugar with apples. I cook the apples first and add the sugar afterwards. Otherwise the apples go very tough. They must always be cooked quickly.

"I'll never forget my first pear ginger, though. I had to throw it in the creek at the back of our house.

"It was just after I was married. I bought whole ginger instead of green ginger, and, although I boiled and boiled it, it wouldn't go right, and I was so frightened Ern would think I couldn't cook I just took the lot out and threw it into the creek and made more."

While she was being interviewed by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly in her little cream and brown villa, Mrs. Floate moved about her spotless kitchen deftly cooking the dinner for her husband and her only son, Mr. Leslie Floate, who is a motor mechanic.

A savory smell issued from the oven. "Roast lamb, baked potatoes, cabbage, green peas and beans. I'm a terror for vegetables," she said. "And a rice custard for pudding.

"We have very simple tastes. It is only at Show time that I let myself go," she said, and added that at Show time she often takes as many as 80 exhibits.

Mr. Floate drives her in their car with the precious cakes and preserves packed in boxes and a trunk which is arranged with shelves. "I have only ever broken one bottle," she said.

Mrs. Floate then showed off her cupboard, full of delectable-looking preserves. Tiny bantams, two to a bottle, ducks, of which the family are very fond, tongues, peaches and gooseberries were only some of the delicacies. The kitchen was well equipped with a stove, stainless porcelain sink with nickel taps, and an ice-chest.

From a point of view of hygiene as well as comfort Mrs. Floate thinks that women should wear simple white easily-laundered frocks for cooking.

"If you feel fresh and clean your cooking should be more efficient," she said.

WIDOW'S RECIPES

"I SIMPLY devour recipes," said Mrs. R. White, of Brisbane, £100 winner of the sweets section.

"This is the second competition I have ever entered. Once, many years ago, I entered a biscuit recipe and won a guinea.

"I have been a subscriber to The Australian Women's Weekly since the first issue, chiefly for the recipes. They are so unusual, practical and attractive that I thought I would enter this interesting competition.

"The entries I sent are from my collection, which is a very big one, and includes recipes from all parts of the world.

"I index them and write them neatly, because then if a friend wants a recipe it is so much nicer to give her a tidy one. By the way, I do know people who WON'T give a recipe away. That, I think, is very mean."

Mrs. White, who is a widow, lives with her brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Avery. She cooks as a hobby, as she is busy in the city all day.

She studied nursing at Melbourne Hospital. Her career was interrupted and she returned to Brisbane and became an assistant in a specialist's rooms and has been there ever since.

She memorises most of her recipes and gives them her own original names.

She makes a great variety of savories, seldom the same one more than once. And here are her views on sandwiches.

"Very few public or private caterers know how to make tasty sandwiches. They are just 'sandwiches,' devoid of taste, with very little filling and very little butter.

"To make good sandwiches you must be generous in your materials.

WAS SCHOOL-TEACHER

MRS. DON HURRELL, of Port Lincoln, S.A., £50 prizewinner in the jam section, lives in a small, charming stone home with a pleasant garden in which she takes great pride. It looks down across the harbor. Her husband is a partner in an engineering firm.

Her abiding interests are her husband, her children, her wireless, embroidery, garden, and kitchen.

She has two children, a boy and a girl, who both attend school at Port Lincoln.

Mrs. Hurrell, who was a school teacher before she married, is regarded as a good cook among her friends.

She likes to try an occasional culinary experiment, "but as a rule I stick to the good, plain, appetising meals my husband likes, and which are best for my children," she said.

"One recipe that I entered for The Australian Women's Weekly's £100 recipe contest, however, was one that I made up myself. I called it garden rice, because of my love of gardening."

ALL DAY ENERGY
ALL NIGHT
SLEEP

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A cup of Bournville is a cup of food

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DANCING TIME

Complete Short Story

Kay had been in love for eight years, but Michael . . . ?

Illustrated By Wynne W. DAVIES

Graceful, rhythmic as music, she worked hard . . . as Sir Geoffrey watched.

KAY sat in the corner of the Grahams' limousine, with her silver fox furs huddled up under her chin, just the tip of her nose and the sweep of dark eyelashes visible between the white-tipped richness and the brim of her piquant little hat.

Kay could afford hats like this now, and silver foxes and afternoon tailleurs of smooth black velvet.

She could afford to accept invitations from people like young Roger Graham, because her clothes and her manner—polished, soignee—gave her the background and assurance that people like the Grahams demanded.

She had met his parents for the first time that afternoon, and she had known very well that, in spite of the gracious hospitality of this dignified, grey-haired couple, she was being closely scrutinised—and she had passed. She did not fit in with their world of settled tradition, but still she had passed. Their gracious friendliness had told her that. And yet—Kay was not sure she was glad that Roger's people had approved of her.

She looked out through the window of the car, and thought wistfully of the South of France. She sighed. They would be going there, she and Michael, next week.

In a fortnight, they would open at the Cabaret Russe in Nice, but she did not know if she wanted to go. She did not know whether it would be her last engagement as Kay Allan, of the famous dancing team of Kay Allan and Michael Kerr, for—sitting in the deep lounge before the great open fireplace at Donnington that afternoon—Roger Graham had asked her to marry him.

Kay wrinkled up her nose, frowned, and huddled deeper into her furs, but not with any aversion to Roger, because after all he was handsome, extremely rich, of very good family and only twenty-five. He was one year older than she and yet he seemed younger, with his fresh boyish face and blue eyes, compared with Michael's twenty-eight. Perhaps this was because Roger had always had a wall of wealth between him and the world, while Michael had always been alone. Even now, though surrounded by friends and admirers, Michael seemed alone.

SO Kay wrinkled up her nose in a bewilderment of indecision, not because she disliked Roger—indeed, she liked him very much—but because she did not love him.

She had done without things so often and for so long that, even now when she was a highly-paid star, she could appreciate the gracious leisure of the life Roger was offering her.

But, when you are in love and you have been in love with the same person ever since you were sixteen and that person is not the person who wants to marry you, life becomes a little difficult.

Eight years is a long while to love someone with only one half-remembered kiss on which to base one's living.

The Grahams' car drew up in front of the Porchester Hotel and the doorman hurried forward to help her out. The fog seemed to stretch its dirty brown fingers towards her as she went swiftly into the warm, glowing interior. She thought suddenly of the draughty dressing-rooms, the grim lodgings and the darned stockings of her earlier days. And yet she had been deliriously happy because at that time she had felt sure that some day Michael would notice her as being someone rather than his dancing partner; some day, she had felt sure, the adoration in her heart must awaken an answering love in his.

This anger against Michael's indifference would work up into a tight little ball of fury inside her. She had always felt it, from the first day she had ever seen him when—although he had been only twenty, a dark, graceful stripling, inexperienced and unknown—he had chosen her from a bunch of girls at the ballet school, as carelessly as though he was picking a rose out of a bowl.

"Yes," he had said, "she must be blonde, slim, and two inches shorter than myself. She must dance well, of course. Let me see. Yes, this one will do . . ."

"Will you take me with you? Or would you prefer me wrapped up in a paper-parcel and sent home?" she had asked savagely, for, even at sixteen, she had been ambitious, proud and confident of her skill.

He had turned and smiled at her, that slow, humorous, tender smile of his that left all women a little breathless.

"Ah, she shows spirit!" he mocked. "Excellent. We'll be able to add a Spanish number to our repertoire."

Kay had told herself indignantly that she would not accept the offer. It was perfectly ridiculous for this

By MARY HOWARD

mere exhibition ballroom dancer, with his act booked for a third-rate music-hall tour, to put on such airs. But, in spite of her indignation, she signed up with him, because that subtle, dark showmanship of his, that appeal so near to genius, did something to her heart and she was powerless to resist.

And so, she had travelled round England with him, round the world, and he had looked after her well in a casual, impersonal manner. And, in all that time, he had only once kissed her.

Michael was always completely dissatisfied with himself. He tried always to live up to some high standard of his own, and it seemed to her that he was a true artist, that he moved always with the slow loveliness of their dances in his mind, that he strove after perfection and success and, for comfort's sake, she told herself he was not interested in anything else.

The time he had kissed her that once had been in New York after their debut at a famous roof-garden restaurant, when success had come, like a crashing of cymbals in their ears.

He had carried her off the dance floor, high above his head, her soft azure chiffons floating behind them like a trail of blue sky, and he had set her down, standing, listening to the applause.

"Here it comes," he said exultantly. "This is what we've been waiting for all these years, in all the shabby little places . . . Success."

Then he added softly: "This is freedom for you, Kay."

She had not known what he had meant, but he had stooped, put his arm about her and kissed her. But even as she had yielded happily to his arms they had fallen from her, and his hand was pulling her out again into the shifting spotlights of the dance floor, to bow and smile to the ever-crashing applause.

She had turned to him afterwards, expecting some words to follow that hard, fierce kiss.

But he had pointed to the bouquets and the baskets of flowers in her dressing-room, and had said, smiling: "Let me know when you've found the right millionaire, Kay. It'll take at least six months to train a new girl to my act."

If he had flicked his hand across her face, she could not have felt more shocked, more humiliated. For that one magical moment, he had made her feel at one with him, had made her feel she mattered, sharing his success with equal merit, happy in his happiness. She had felt that together they had worked and striven towards this goal, but, with a word, he had sent her back again to the status of a casual employee, easily replaced, easily forgotten.

AND now, in this successful London season, she had suddenly come to the end of her tether, and perhaps Roger Graham had something to do with it, with his flowers, his obvious flattering infatuation, a sort of balm to these years of Michael's indifference.

Coming from Donnington Manor in the car belonging to Roger's father, she had been trying to see things in a clear perspective, telling herself firmly that it was not the slightest use thinking about Michael, dreaming about him.

She must begin to think what was best for her life, whether she should go on with Michael, always dancing, with no place that she could call home—— She told herself this fiercely, piling up the debit side against her life as Michael's partner, but knowing all the time that home would be anywhere he was, if only he had loved her.

Or should she break away and accept the homage of Roger's admiration and the gracious splendor of the life he offered her as his wife?

"I won't allow myself," she thought fiercely, "to be in love with Michael any longer."

She smiled at the lift-girl as she entered the scarlet-and-chromium cage and was whisked up four floors to where her small suite hung like a nest in the cliff face of the great hotel.

It was nice, sometimes, to be away from the warm, orchidaceous atmosphere, the soft concealed lighting, the luxury. And yet, did she really want to escape into the greater luxury of Donnington with its grey stone walls and polished oak floors, its lovely grounds and parklands, the gentle round of expensive country life?

"I don't belong there," she thought. "And I don't awfully want to belong to them. What do I want? I don't know. Yes, I do. I want to belong to Michael. Only it's no use. He doesn't care. I can't just go on being aimlessly in love all my life."

Please turn to Page 44

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Complete short story

By . . .

I.A.R. WYLIE

Illustrated by FISCHER

He snatched a knife from the table and lurched towards her.

IT Must HAPPEN ONCE

The wild Cornish coast taught two souls to conquer fear . . .

WHEN they came to the head of the Cove, Ben Williams stopped to let her go on alone. From that point the road became rough and descended in steep dangerous curves to the shore and to the little house which had once been a wrecker's hide-out and was now her home. She called it Trevennen. In Cornish, Trevennen meant The House of the Woman. So the name had a quaint rightness.

Ben Williams frowned to himself. It wasn't right. And he wished it was his business to tell her so. Perhaps being her official superior he might say something without being pompous—or seeming to care too much. She was such a little bit of a thing. And Trevennen was the only house in the Cove.

It lay within fifty feet of the highest spring tides. He imagined how on wild nights spume blown from the crests of the great Atlantic rollers tapped at the windows with meaning fingers. And though it was true that the bad days had gone when the village folk up at Lanvean had built false beacons on the headlands and at grey dawn had hunted like wolves along the shore for plunder from the betrayed ship foundering on the Iron Maidens, still something of the old lawless temper remained.

On dark nights when the coastguards were safely off to St. Merrion, a lorry with black headlights would creep down the road to Ninnes Cove. The lights would be switched on for a minute. There would be an answering flash at sea. And presently to the secretive laughter and sighing of the small waves would be added the splash of oars, the scrunching of dark feet on the wet sand, and the panting of men heavily laden.

Ben Williams knew all this. But he held his tongue. He was a good Cornishman. And in spite of his being a school inspector and an educated fellow, the people trusted him. They knew that he had weathered hard times like the rest of them. As a lad he had worked in a South Wales coalmine and had been badly injured in an explosion. He was not disfigured; but his face had a hurt, battered look. He scarcely limped at all, but he couldn't walk far. That was one of the reasons why he had to stop now. Besides, he knew his people. The windows of the whitewashed village houses had seemed to stare at them emptily as they passed. But he knew that they had been bright with curious eyes. He had almost heard the watchers clucking to themselves, "Iss, fay, reckon there's summat doin' twixt those two——"

And there was nothing. Only the friendliness of two lonely people meeting on an empty road. What could there be, he thought grimly, between a school inspector who would never amount to anything and a little schoolmistress who would teach in her village until the day when she would be pushed aside with her tiny hard-earned pension? They were the little people of the world, without history or romance or adventure, passing unheeded from birth to death as from one shadow to another.

He looked down at her. Her shoulders were rather broad for her height. But she carried them with a sort of dauntlessness, so that he thought of a small Winged Victory disguised in a home-made suit that didn't fit very well. She wore her hair drawn back severely to the nape of her neck. There was not a glint of it under the cheap hat. Her small-featured face had the soft yet bleak simplicity of a peasant Madonna in some medieval painting. Yes, she made him think of the few lovely things he had ever seen. Yet only her eyes were lovely. They were the color of the sea on a calm sunny day. Perhaps, he thought, the villagers had caught that fleeting look in them—a look of eagerness, almost of suspense—and it had made them distrustful. For what could anyone like her be waiting for? What could the sea cast up for the likes of her?

BEN WILLIAMS wondered, too. The talk had died between them. From long custom they both turned to where the sun had retreated behind a black wall of cloud. Here and there the wall had been breached. The besieged and blazing city threw out shafts of angry fire against the advancing night.

"Sometimes I think our people have the right of it." Ben Williams spoke up almost roughly. "It's no way for a woman to live—alone down there."

"What could harm me?" she asked.

He couldn't tell her. She was half English and she couldn't know, as he did, this wild haunted land. She didn't know that there were dreadful nameless things, hidden in the sea and the dark coves, that in storms came out and cried and threatened in the western gates. He smiled wryly at himself.

"I don't know. But aren't you ever frightened?"

"Yes," she said. She stammered a little. "I think—I think I am always frightened—of myself."

"Are you so frightening?" he asked with gruff mockery.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know who I am. Of course I know I am Henrietta Saxon. The children call her Miss Henry. She is a schoolteacher. But I don't know her either. Not really. Except that she is often frightened too—of not doing her work well—of being dismissed—of being poor and helpless. Sometimes it frightens me to think what she might do if something tremendous happened to her."

She had never talked to him like that before. She loved him as naturally and unconsciously as she breathed. But she was shy with him except when they talked about the children. Now she clasped her books tight to her for comfort.

"Perhaps," he said, "I could tell you about her. She is a good schoolmistress. She is sweet-tempered and patient. She teaches wise things not in the books. Our benighted Government rewards her wretchedly. Yet I have heard tell that she takes care of a sick mother and is seeing a young brother through his medical school. On the face of it I should say she was a rather fine, trustworthy person."

"For all that," she said gravely. "I don't trust her."

"After what I've told you?"

She knew that he was laughing at her. He laughed at her sometimes in class—not audibly or even visibly. She could just feel him laughing, especially when she was being most in earnest. She guessed that he came to Lanvean more often than was strictly necessary because she amused him. Somehow she was less shy of him when he laughed. She felt challenged—as she did when she fought her way home against an Atlantic gale.

"Have you always trusted yourself?" she asked boldly.

He thought a moment.

"No," he admitted. "Not when I first went down into the mines. I couldn't sleep at nights for fear of myself. You see, I didn't know, if anything happened, what I would do—whether I'd try to save myself first—leave my comrades in the lurch——"

"And now you know," she said eagerly, "for all the rest of your life. You know you'll never fail anyone—you'll never run away. But I don't know—perhaps I never shall." She flushed up to the roots of her brown hair. "It doesn't matter, of course, to anyone but me."

"But it does matter," he said. All the mockery had dropped from him. He felt like a rough, heedless schoolboy who had broken into a secret garden. He said gravely, "You are right to want to know. It's our one real adventure—finding out what stuff is in us—meeting ourselves face to face. When you meet Miss Saxon"—he smiled down at her—"I hope you will be satisfied."

She gave him her hand.

"Thank you. Good-night, Mr. Williams."

"Good-night."

SHE walked on sedately. Perhaps she thought she was out of sight. Perhaps the hilly crest was a secret frontier. When she crossed it she left Henrietta Saxon, the prim, frightened schoolmistress, behind her. A girl swept off the cheap, disguising hat. Her step became lighter, quicker. The hill called to her and took her by the hand and she ran with it, her fresh hair flying in the wind. She ran into the deep shadows of Ninnes Cove and was gone.

The man who had watched turned back to the village. He felt lame and tired and sad. He knew it would be many days before his life brought him her way again.

He was like her heart, the steady unheard, unacknowledged centre of her life. But in this wild November dusk she thought openly of him. He hadn't laughed at her. And yet he had guessed at all her secret make-believe. He guessed that on nights like these she plunged into the boiling surf and drew a drowning man to safety. Or she warned the lifeboat at St. Merrion, crossing the treacherous sands that lay beyond Alsodhu. Instead, only a young brown-grey seagull with a broken wing lay in the shelter of her arms.

She had found it, led by a flock of screaming, panic-stricken birds on the face of the great blowhole into which, a hundred feet below, the black incoming tide roared and seethed, tossing up yellow spindrift for the wind to catch and drop shuddering on the short turf. It was a bad place. The seagulls had threatened her, flying low with fierce cries

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CARDS on the TABLE

Another instalment of our new mystery serial

By . . .

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Anne Meredith shrank back. "Oh, horrible! Must I—take it?"

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

DURING a conversation at an exhibition of snuff-boxes, Mr. Shaitana startles Monsieur Poirot by saying that not the objects of crime are most interesting, but those people who commit the crimes. And from this comes Mr. Shaitana's Mephistophelian idea of a dinner for a group of persons all connected with crime or its elucidation.

At the dinner the guests are stirred and interested in one another's identities. Bridge is played, and then Colonel Race discovers Mr. Shaitana apparently asleep in his chair. He is dead. Immediate consternation changes to conjecture, and nobody has entered the room apart from the butler.

The local police are sent for and nobody must leave. Later the body and room are examined, but the mystery is yet unsolved. Four "sleuths" are among the guests, and four "criminals." Superintendent Battle has charge of the policemen, and the investigation commences.

Characters in this story:

MR. SHAITANA, of indefinite foreign origin.

MRS. OLIVER, middle-aged detective-fiction writer.

SUPERINTENDENT BATTLE, of Scotland Yard.

MONSIEUR POIROT, a Belgian detective.

COLONEL RACE, interested in secret service work.

DR. ROBERTS, physician and man of the world.

MRS. LORRIMER, smart elderly woman.

MAJOR DESPARD, a travelled man, and

ANNE MEREDITH, young and lovely.

COLONEL RACE half rose.

"If you'd like us to go——"

Superintendent Battle hesitated a minute as he caught Mrs. Oliver's eloquent eye. He was well aware of Colonel Race's official position, and Poirot had worked with the police on many occasions. For Mrs. Oliver to remain was decidedly stretching a point. But Battle was a kindly man. He remembered that Mrs. Oliver had lost three pounds and seven shillings at bridge, and that she had been a cheerful loser.

"You can all stay," he said, "as far as I'm concerned. But no interruptions, please" (he looked at Mrs. Oliver), "and there mustn't be a word of what M. Poirot has just told us. That was Shaitana's little secret, and to all intents and purposes it died with him. Understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Oliver.

Battle strode to the door and called the constable who was on duty in the hall.

"Go to the little smoking-room. You'll find Anderson there with the other guests. Ask Dr. Roberts if he'll be so good as to step this way."

"I should have kept him to the end," said Mrs. Oliver. "In a book, I mean," she added apologetically.

"Real life's a bit different," said Battle.

"I know," said Mrs. Oliver. "Badly constructed."

Dr. Roberts entered with the springiness of his step slightly subdued.

"I say, Battle," he said. "This is the devil of a business! Excuse me, Mrs. Oliver, but it is. Professionally speaking, I could hardly have believed it! To stab a man with three other people a few yards away." He shook his head. "Whew! I wouldn't like to have done it!" A slight smile twitched up the corners of his mouth. "What can I say or do to convince you that I didn't do it?"

"Well, there's motive, Dr. Roberts."

The doctor nodded his head emphatically.

"That's all clear. I hadn't the shadow of a motive for doing away with poor Shaitana. I didn't even know him very well. He amused me—he was such a fantastic fellow. Touch of the Oriental about him. Naturally, you'll investigate my relations with him closely—I expect that. I'm not a fool. But you won't find anything. I'd no reason for killing Shaitana, and I didn't kill him."

Superintendent Battle nodded woodenly.

"That's all right, Dr. Roberts. I've got to investigate, as you know. You're a sensible man. Now, can you tell me anything about the other three people?"

"I'm afraid I don't know very much. Despard and Miss Meredith I met for the first time to-night. I knew of Despard before—read his travel book, and a jolly good yarn it is."

"Did you know that he and Mr. Shaitana were acquainted?"

"No. Shaitana never mentioned him to me. As I say, I'd heard of him, but never met him. Miss Meredith I've never seen before. Mrs. Lorrimer I know slightly."

"What do you know about her?"

Roberts shrugged his shoulders.

"She's a widow. Moderately well off. Intelligent, well-bred woman—first-class bridge player. That's where I've met her, as a matter of fact—playing bridge."

"And Mr. Shaitana never mentioned her, either?"

"No."

"H'm—that doesn't help us much. Now, Dr. Roberts, perhaps you'll be so kind as to tax your memory carefully and tell me how often you yourself left your seat at the bridge table, and all you can remember about the movements of the others."

DR. ROBERTS took a few minutes to think.

"It's difficult," he said frankly. "I can remember my own movements, more or less. I got up three times—that is, on three occasions when I was dummy I left my seat and made myself useful. Once I went over and put wood on the fire. Once I brought drinks to the two ladies. Once I poured out a whisky and soda for myself."

"Can you remember the times?"

"I could only say very roughly. We began to play about nine-thirty, I imagine. I should say it was about an hour later than I stoked the fire, quite a short time after that I fetched the drinks (next hand but one, I think), and perhaps half-past eleven when I got myself a whisky and soda—but those times are quite approximate. I couldn't answer for their being correct."

"The table with the drinks was beyond Mr. Shaitana's chair?"

"Yes. That's to say, I passed quite near him three times."

"And each time, to the best of your belief, he was asleep?"

"That's what I thought the first time. The second time I didn't even look at him. Third time I rather fancy the thought just passed through my mind: 'How the beggar does sleep.' But I didn't really look at him."

"Very good. Now, when did your fellow-players leave their seats?"

Dr. Roberts frowned.

"Difficult — very difficult. Despard went and fetched an extra ash-tray, I think. And he went for a drink. That was before me, for I remember he asked me if I'd have one, and I said I wasn't quite ready."

"And the ladies?"

"Mrs. Lorrimer went over to the fire once. Poked it, I think. I rather fancy she spoke to Shaitana, but I don't know. I was playing a rather tricky no trump at the time."

"And Miss Meredith?"

"She certainly left the table once. Came round and looked at my hand—I was her partner at the time. Then she looked at the other people's hands, and then she wandered round the room. I don't know what she was doing exactly. I wasn't paying attention."

Superintendent Battle said thoughtfully:

"As you were sitting at the bridge table, no one's chair was directly facing the fireplace?"

"No, sort of sideways on, and there was a big cabinet between—Chinese piece, very handsome. I can see, of course, that it would be perfectly possible to stab the old boy. After all, when you're playing bridge, you're playing bridge. You're not looking round you and noticing what is going on. The only person who's likely to be doing that is dummy. And in this case——"

"In this case, undoubtedly, dummy was the murderer," said Superintendent Battle.

"ALL the same," said Dr. Roberts, "it wanted nerve, you know. After all, who is to say that somebody won't look up just at the critical moment?"

"Yes," said Battle, "it was a big risk. The motive must have been a strong one. I wish we knew what it was," he added with unblushing mendacity.

"You'll find out, I expect," said Roberts. "You'll go through his papers, and all that sort of thing. There will probably be a clue."

"We'll hope so," said Superintendent Battle gloomily.

He shot a keen glance at the other.

"I wonder if you'd oblige me, Dr. Roberts, by giving me a personal opinion—as man to man."

"Certainly."

"Which do you fancy yourself of the three?"

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Illustrated by FISCHER

"And I," Sally replied, "have got such a nice line in overdrafts. Ask the bank manager."

By LEO SPERO

The NAVY Takes A HAND

Wit or psychology, it doesn't matter when the result is just the same!

WHEN the bell rang, Sally Bennett hurried out from the tiny cubby-hole behind the door marked "Private," where she kept, among other highly-important oddments, the ledger which was so sadly unstained with the inscriptions of customers' names.

It might be a customer at last. She hadn't had one for a week.

A nice young man, just the height Sally liked best, with her particular preference in navy-blue eyes, and an air about him of the sea, closed the street door carefully behind him.

Alas, he carried a large suit-case.

Sally surveyed him regretfully, and shook her head. "No good," she said. "You're wasting your time."

The young man put his suit-case on the chair reserved for the use of customers. "It's rather heavy," he told her. "Besides, can't I say good-morning?"

"That's about all," said Sally, decisively.

"But I've got such a jolly line in soft straws, madam."

"And I," she replied, "have got such a nice line in overdrafts. Ask the bank manager. He's only three doors up the street."

The navy-blue eyes smiled. "You're very confidential. Is it wise?"

Sally supposed not. But it didn't really matter.

"I don't know so much about that," replied the young man. "I do a lot of trade on credit. And here you go swanking about your overdraft. D'you call that business, young lady?"

"'Young lady's' better than 'madam,'" she told him. "But not much. My name's Sarah Bennett. 'Trading as 'Sally.' But not trading so very much, Mr. ——"

"Rayner. Gerald Tankerville Rayner. D'you like the 'Tankerville,' Miss Bennett? It is Miss Bennett, I suppose."

"You suppose right," said Sally. Just like the cheek of these commercials! But this one looked too nice to snub.

"I'm glad it's Miss Bennett," said Mr. Gerald Tankerville Rayner. "I should hate to think you were doing this to keep an invalid husband, or something. Nice day, isn't it?"

"Very nice. Especially out in the air." She looked meaningly at the door. But Mr. Rayner was not at all put out.

"You surely don't want me to go before I've even shown you my nice little hats?"

"My dear Mr. Rayner, what on earth is the use of your showing me all the nicest hats in the world, if I can't buy them? And please don't suggest an account, because I despise credit. This is a cash business. I like my customers to pay cash, and I pay cash myself."

"What about the bank manager?"

"That remark," said Sally severely, "is quite uncalled for. And I'm not sure it doesn't amount to a breach of confidence. All bank managers are pigs!"

Mr. Rayner shook a finger at her. "I don't think you've any right to call your bank manager a pig. Not after the nice things he's been saying about you."

"About me?" Sally's pretty cheeks flamed. "To whom?"

Mr. Rayner bowed. "To your humble servant."

"And what right had you two to be discussing me, may I ask?"

MR. RAYNER frowned. "Well, you see," he explained. "I travel for a big firm, and they share your good taste in banks. And as I've just been given this district to look after I called on him to get the low-down on the hat shops in Pillbury. You know, just to see who was who and what was what. We give a heap of credit, and there's nothing like being cautious."

"And you got the low-down on me?"

"Not the low-down, Miss Bennett. The high-up. Your bank manager may be a trifle rough on overdrafts, but he thinks a whole lot of you. He told me you were straight as a die, full of brains and grit, liked by everybody, and bound to get on."

"That's very nice of him," said Sally. "Anything else?"

"Haven't I violated the wretched man's confidence enough already?"

"You have," she agreed. "But it won't sell any hats to Sally et Cie."

"I didn't know you aspired to the 'et Cie.' It's not on the door."

"It's going to be. When I can pay the sign-painter. Till then, your tactics of super-salesmanship are wasted, Mr. Rayner, on my overdraft."

"I wish you wouldn't keep on harping on that discordant string. My methods are all right, even if I don't make a sale to you."

"No, they're not. It's easy to see you haven't been on the road very long. Have you? Now the truth, please?"

"The truth, then. I've not been on the road so very long. I was only axed out of the Navy last year. But I'm getting on. I'm getting on."

Sally's eyes widened. "You were in the Navy?"

"Full lieutenant-commander, dear Miss Bennett. With about a million other poor mutts queueing up in front of me for promotion. So out I came, while I was still young and had all my teeth."

Sally's charming face grew grave with sympathy. "Poor you! All your career smashed. What a shame!"

A shadow darkened the window, a large and bulky shadow. "Oh, dear!" cried Sally. "There she is again! How I hate her!"

"Hate whom?" Mr. Rayner glanced at the vision of an unattractive woman which loomed at him through the glass.

"That awful Mrs. Dixon. Oh, I do hope she's not coming in!"

"You hope she's not coming in! What is she—a creditor?"

"No, silly. A customer."

"And you hope a customer's not coming in? After what you've been telling me?"

"I haven't told you the whole of it. Mrs. Dixon's a terror. She's the richest woman in Pillbury."

"And I suppose that's against her, eh?"

"Don't be so unreasonable. That's what she is. The most unreasonable creature. Looks over your whole stock, sniffs at everything, gives you all the trouble in the world, and then goes off without spending a penny piece, more often than not. Oh, she is coming in! What am I to do with you?" Sally seized him by the arm. "Quick! Into the private office!"

She bundled him off, just as Mrs. Dixon sailed through the door. "Good-morning," remarked the lady, icily.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dixon."

"I suppose you've nothing new to show me? But you never have."

"All those hats in the window are new," retorted Sally, with spirit.

"Then how is it I've seen them all before? Enterprise. That's what this town needs. Enterprise. Mrs. Dixon has plenty."

"Mr. Dixon has been fortunate. People have got to have houses. But they can do without new hats."

Mrs. Dixon snorted. "That's just where you're wrong, young lady. Do you think I don't want new hats

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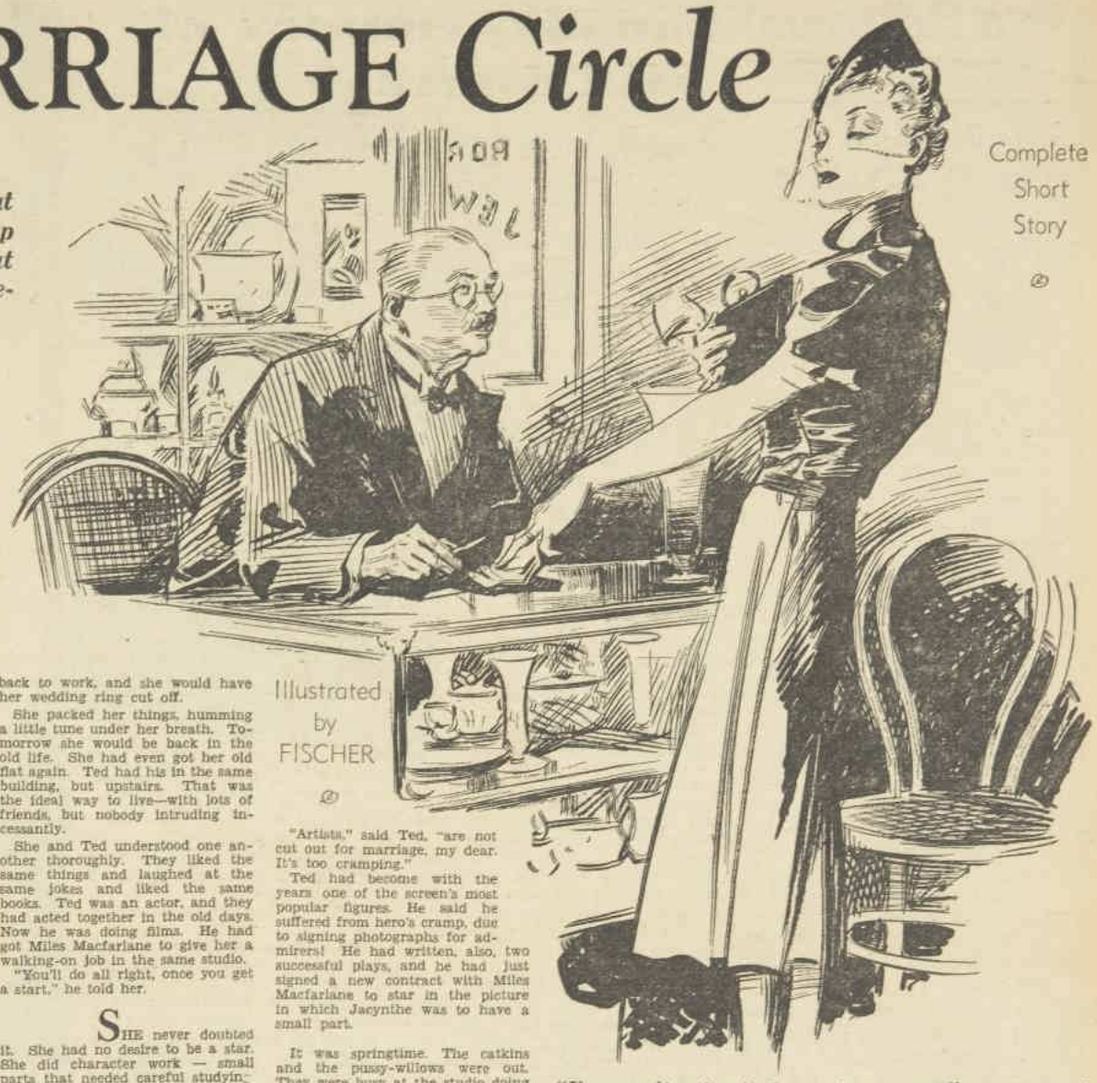
MARRIAGE Circle

Complete Short Story



Illustrated by FISCHER

TWO rings that Jacynthe wore would slip off easily enough . . . but there was one that refused to leave her finger.

THE ruby ring came off easily enough. It was a big square-cut one, that looked almost black till the light caught it and glowed in its crimson heart. Giles had given her that as an engagement ring ten years ago.

The ring made of elephant's hair encased in gold came off easily, too. Ted had given her that one the other day.

She tugged at her plain gold wedding ring. It could come off, too, now, since all that it symbolised was ended. She had tried the domestic life, she had given it a very fair trial, and it was a failure. She had had the whole question out with Giles, and on the whole he had been reasonable enough.

"I have no wish to keep you if you don't want to stay," he had said, in his icy voice. No one would ever have guessed, looking at Giles, that he could be anything but a cold man. That, Jacynthe knew, wasn't true, but it was best not to think about all that now. She was done with it. She was going back to work. She was taking up her career where ten years ago she had put it down.

She tugged at her wedding ring. She would not need that any longer, since she was going back to her old name. But it wouldn't come off. It went as far as her first joint, and there it stuck. She tugged, but it only made her knuckle sore.

"I'll have it cut off," she decided.

She looked round her pretty white bedroom. She was a little sorry to leave it, but not much, and the same slight regret went for the whole of her married life, too.

Giles was, undoubtedly, a very fine man, but he was extremely difficult to live with. They did not see anything alike.

She had been wrong about marriage altogether. She wanted nice, easy friendship, and a good time. She had thought when she married Giles that being the wife of a distinguished soldier would give her all that she longed for. Position, money, fun!

But she discovered that soldiers aren't rich, and that position brought not glamor but a great deal of very hard work and doing what you didn't want to do because you had to. Duty called, and you obeyed its voice without a moment's hesitation.

Jacynthe wasn't accustomed to obeying anything without a moment's hesitation. So she had to own to herself she was really bored. Dreadfully bored when Giles dragged her out to India, and to Palestine, which seemed to be mainly stones and flies, and to Malta at the wrong time of year, when it was dull as ditch-water and dreadfully hot.

HIS next move looked like being to China, and at that Jacynthe struck. They had argued half through one night about it.

"You must say you won't go."

"Soldiers cannot put their own convenience first," said Giles, his eyes steely.

"Nor, it seems, their wives."

"No man who is worth anything puts women first."

That had always been his outlook. He wasn't even ashamed of it. She had stared at him, furious, hating him. Over this she determined to defeat him. So she refused to go.

"Then I shall have to go alone," he said quietly.

"I shall go back to work," she threatened. "I want to leave you. It's no good our going on like this, Giles. No good at all."

"I shall not try to keep you if you wish to go," he said.

Well, she was through with it. She had tried marriage and found it a failure. Now she was going back to work, and she would have her wedding ring cut off.

She packed her things, humming a little tune under her breath. Tomorrow she would be back in the old life. She had even got her old flat again. Ted had his in the same building, but upstairs. That was the ideal way to live—with lots of friends, but nobody intruding incessantly.

She and Ted understood one another thoroughly. They liked the same things and laughed at the same jokes and liked the same books. Ted was an actor, and they had acted together in the old days. Now he was doing films. He had got Miles Macfarlane to give her a walking-on job in the same studio.

"You'll do all right, once you get a start," he told her.

SHE never doubted it. She had no desire to be a star. She did character work — small parts that needed careful studying. There was good money to be made that way, and she never doubted that she would make it.

Giles wasn't so sure.

"I shall allow you three hundred a year," he said quietly. "Until I get another job on full pay I can't do anything more."

And, however much she argued, he would take no refusal.

She nailed up her card on the door of the flat. It was lovely to see it there again—Miss Jacynthe Basildon—and all the dreary years were wiped out as if they had never been.

She went out the very first evening to get her wedding ring sawn off.

The nearest jeweller was a shabby little shop up a side street. He was a bent little man who looked as if he had been cut with a pair of scissors straight out of the works of Dickens.

"Take it off? Oh yes, I can take it off."

He set to work with his file and it was soon done. He held the broken golden circle in the palm of his hand.

"But you won't get out of it that easy, you know," he said. "Marriage is like something you can't get out of it, in a manner of speaking. Like a magic circle drawn round two people."

"I have got out," said Jacynthe proudly.

"You may think you have. I've seen it over and over again. You go round in a circle and get back to where you started from."

Jacynthe laughed at her philosophical jeweller, paid him, and departed. She meant to leave the broken ring with him, but he would have none of it.

"You take it," he said. "You'll want it again."

She told Ted about it over the lunch table next day, in the special little restaurant where they always had eaten together. It was quite unchanged. So strange that one could go back after so long and take up life where one had put it down.

"Artists," said Ted, "are not cut out for marriage, my dear. It's too cramping."

Ted had become with the years one of the screen's most popular figures. He said he suffered from hero's cramp, due to signing photographs for admirers! He had written, also, two successful plays, and he had just signed a new contract with Miles Macfarlane to star in the picture in which Jacynthe was to have a small part.

It was springtime. The catkins and the pussy-willows were out. They were busy at the studio doing the casting. There was no money coming in till the work actually started. Jacynthe had to use some of the allowance Giles made her, but she determined to pay it back presently—every penny of it.

Giles completely ignored her, otherwise. He never wrote at all. The only news she had of him she got from an illustrated paper. Giles, in uniform, his eyes steely under the peak of his cap, looked out over the words:

"Colonel Alerderton, who is expected to take the 88th Brigade to China shortly."

Ted looked over her shoulder, grinning.

"It was his duty, so he did!" he said.

He said it with a little sneer and his quick laugh. And somehow it annoyed her a little.

"There isn't really anything comic in doing your duty," she said.

"I wouldn't go off to China or anywhere else and leave you, if you were my wife."

"Giles said men who were worth their salt would not put women first."

"Just what I would expect that stuffed shirt to say," scoffed Ted. "Besides, if you know how to treat women, the question never arises. They put you first."

He was very nice. And so little trouble. Theirs, she told herself, was really the ideal relationship when you got down to it. Complete understanding and friendliness, that made no tiresome demands.

The money question was becoming rather tiresome. The business of casting did not proceed at all smoothly. Miles wanted Jeanne Delice to play opposite Ted, and Jeanne was being tiresome. It held everything up.

"I've got her coming along to a conference to-night at nine," said Miles. Like a kind of tortoise was Miles, middle-aged, wise, and weary.

"You won't get out of marriage as easily as you get the ring off," the old jeweller said.

"Now, if only we can get Ted to behave reasonably."

"Doesn't he always?" asked Jacynthe, surprised.

"He can be as temperamental as the rest of them when it suits him," said Miles dryly. "You see he comes along. He's been better since you came back. You seem to have influence over him."

She met Ted at the studio gates. He leaned over the door of his car and called to her.

"Come for a breather, Jacynthe. It will do us both good before the show to-night."

She climbed in beside him, and his car nosed easily through the Hertfordshire lanes, past hedges that were white with may blossom.

"Not too far!" she said. "We must get back in plenty of time. Poor old Miles is bothered to death over not getting started sooner." She laughed ruefully. "And so am I. Unless money begins to come in soon I'm going to be up Queer Street. For goodness' sake, be nice to Jeanne, Ted. From something Miles said, I gather you upset her."

"Heaven forbid!" He laughed at her quickly, glancing sideways. "Jeanne eats out of my hand."

"How conceited you are," thought Jacynthe, laughing too, for it did not matter.

"We will sup," said Ted presently, "at the Magpie Inn."

"Don't be tiresome, Ted. That's too far. It might make us late."

"We will sup," said Ted, "at the Magpie Inn, and leave the rest to me."

Sometimes she was vaguely conscious of a twinge of impatience with him she had never had in the old days. Sometimes it did seem that Ted was a trifle childish and inconsequential. She looked at her watch. If they had a quick meal there would be plenty of time.

The Magpie Inn was a modern roadhouse that stood in its own grounds. Once Jacynthe knew she would have thought it good fun, but now the waiters in their "olde smockes," the mock log fires and general atmosphere of fancy dress seemed to her just a little silly.

They ordered a light meal, and Ted sat basking in the admiration of people who recognised him. There was a little girl with red curls at the other side of the dancing floor.

"KNOW who that is, Jac? It's Babs Alingford—old Lord Alingford's daughter. She's written me reams of fan mail. I think I must give the pretty child a thrill, and dance with her!"

Jacynthe watched him go about it.

She looked at her watch in sudden panic. It was far later than she had realised. It would mean scorching to get back in time, and Ted simply mustn't let Miles down over to-night's conference.

She looked about, but his sleek, dark head was not amongst the crowd on the dancing floor. Perhaps if she brought the car round he would hear her, and realise how late it was, and come.

She went outside.

The car had gone.

And so, it transpired presently, had the little girl with red hair, Babs Alingford.

Jacynthe phoned the studio at once.

"Miles, I'm terribly, terribly sorry. I've let you down. Ted's disappeared and I've no notion where he's gone. Can you send a car out to the Magpie Inn for me? I'll come back at once."

Miles' voice at the other end, resigned, more in sorrow than anger, said:

Please turn to Page 20

By DOROTHY BLACK

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An Editorial

MAY 27, 1939

GIVE THEM GOOD KITCHENS

THE recipe contest conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly reveals Australian women in a splendid light as homemakers.

In approximately half a million entries received is told again and again the search among the housekeepers for variety in their cooking.

Every culinary art is called upon to give the home menus an attractive appearance.

Amazing, too, is the number of tried and true recipes given a new twist by ingenious and intelligent housewives seeking something different for the critical palates of the family.

Enormous interest was taken in the recipe contest, especially in the country.

The adaptability and cheerfulness of the women outback are something to marvel at.

One woman wrote saying that she had used a camp oven for thirty years, and judging by her recipes it was still turning out delectable dishes for her family.

All of which makes us think that the cheerful tolerance of wives towards out-of-date kitchens may be carried too far.

For such cooks nothing but the best kitchens are good enough. People who can create an art (and cooking is an art) in an atmosphere of drudgery, in an ill-equipped kitchen, deserve better than that.

The kitchen in every home should be its best-equipped unit. In many cases this is so; in many more cases the wife is the cheerful sufferer of kitchen inefficiency and goes on with a splendid task under handicaps.

This isn't fair to our cooks. Australian women have demonstrated what wonderful cooks they are. As a reward the menfolk should see that their kitchens are worthy of the cooks.

—THE EDITOR.

Canada—country of vivid contrasts

Royalty visits our "sister of the snows"

By a Canadian business girl at present in Australia

THE visit of the King and Queen to Canada has kept me busy answering questions from Australians about my Homeland.

Most of them know as as much about Canada as I did about Australia when I arrived here—and that was very little.

Of course I knew about the kangaroos, and they knew about the "Mounties."

Isn't it silly that two great sister Dominions do not know more about each other?

Comparisons are the easiest way of showing the relative sizes of the countries.

Canada is only half the size of Australia, but has nearly twice the population—12,000,000. While you have only a handful of aborigines left in the country, there are still 112,000 Red Indians and 5000 Eskimos in the north-west of Canada.

Canada, like Australia, is a country of amazing contrasts—the big cities of the east, the wheatfields, the snow country, the magnificent scenery.

Spectacular gateway

NIAGARA FALLS is our spectacular gateway into America. Tourist resorts, with swimming, fishing and sailing for recreation, are dotted along the shores of the Great Lakes. Between them and the Rockies is the "Wild West" cattle country of history and of fiction (like the books of Ralph Connor), where the Duke of Windsor had a ranch.

Canada has been British for less than 200 years, and achieved federation only 34 years before Australia, in 1867.

Its early French occupation explains why you will find a town with a French name the next stop on the railway to a town with a very British name. For instance, there is St. Jerome de Matane in the same province as Port Alfred.

Much of the smoked and dried fish and tinned salmon you buy in Australia comes from the east and west coasts of Canada, and your daily and weekly papers are printed on what was originally tall timber felled by lumberjacks in the Rockies.

The Dionne "Quins", who are making their first trip away from their home in Callander to meet the King and Queen in Toronto, are one of our biggest industries.

Twenty-five thousand people a week come to see these children.

The glowing adjectives in the guide books do not overestimate the wild beauty of the mountain scenery round Banff and Lake Louise in the Rockies.

If you are energetic you can ride through Jasper Park and meet some of our best advertisements for tourist traffic—brown bears, grizzly bears, deer, elk, caribou, and moose.

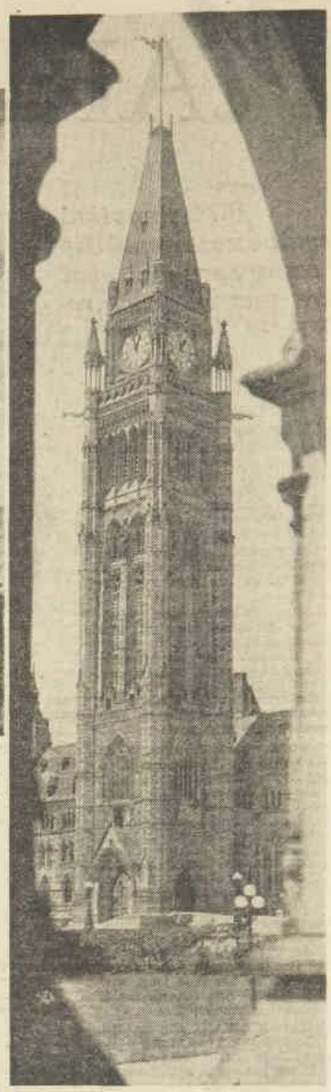
Further north, in the wild mountains and desolate snow country stretching towards the Yukon, you will meet another of our best advertisements — the Canadian "Mountie," who always "gets his man," in his romantic uniform of black breeches, bright red coat, and "Boy Scout's" hat.

Man's country

IN the cities life is much the same as life in an Australian city, except that you will not see light frocks for so long during the year as our summer is shorter.

And you would not see cocktail parties in hotel lounges. Cocktail parties take place in private homes because our hotels are not licensed. We have beer parlors in their place, and some cities, like Ottawa, are "dry."

CONTRASTS: A Canadian mounted policeman with the Rocky Mountains as a background for this man of colorful adventure, hero of film and story.



AND the majestic beauty of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa: Through this door the King will walk to meet Members of the Canadian Parliament.

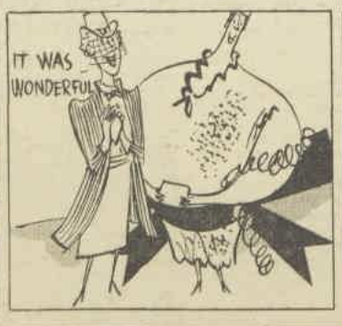
Canada is a man's country in terms of population. Men outnumber women by about five men to every four women, but women play a big part in national life. We have two women Senators and a woman Member of the House of Commons (the equivalent of your House of Representatives).

Canadian girls are nearly all good sportswomen. Basketball, hockey, and ice-hockey are some of the team games played in schools, universities, and women's clubs. In the winter hundreds of us skate on the lakes and ski in the mountains.

Summer camps in the mountains and on the lakes are a feature of our recreation.

The first thing you would notice about Canadian business girls is that most of them wear fur coats in the winter, many of them adding a fetching little muff for extra warmth.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*



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CHEF Lower's exclusive hints on COOKING

Chef Lower cooks his own supper.

How to roast long roast beef without greasing the floor

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Quite a few women think that men can't cook.

If you think that way that's just where you get off and walk, because men are much better cooks than women.

I AM an excellent cook myself, but I would never breathe a word to a soul, because I'd be made to do all the cooking at home if the news got to certain quarters.

Women haven't the patience for really good cooking. They haven't the knowledge, either.

I dare say none of you girls has ever heard of long roast beef. I thought not.

Well, you buy an ordinary piece of beef—one of those wound-up ones, with skewers in it—and you remove the skewers and unwind the beef.

Place the foot firmly on one end and haul lustily on the other end until the meat is about four feet long.

Roll in breadcrumbs. If you've never tried rolling in breadcrumbs you've got a thrill coming to you.

Grease the top of the oven thoroughly, place the beef on top of it, being sure to put some paper on the floor around the stove to keep the overlapping ends of the meat off the floor, and then pull the meat slowly back and forth across the stove.

When half cooked add horseradish, if you own a horse.

The meat should be cooked in about two hours. If you prefer it under-done about five minutes should suffice.

Now, about vegetables! I am sure that it was a man who first thought of cooking potatoes in their jackets. It is the best way.

The same goes for pumpkins. If there's one thing that gets my goat more than another thing, it's peeling pumpkins.

Running a close second is unstringing beans. When helping my wife to unstring the beans I average a bean every ten minutes.

This is pretty fair going for an ordinary husband, as any housewife knows.

Always buy four times as many beans as you need, as, if my experience counts, you will find that after unstringing a bean there is very little bean left.

Pea-shelling is a walk-over for me, but I don't approve of it. Peas should be cooked in their pods. It gives an added zest to the meal.

"Shall I find five peas in this pod, or three?" you wonder.

"Let's have a look at it," says a fellow diner. "Hmm. I'll lay you two to one against five peas. Even money four peas; five to four three peas."

If the pod has burst open in the cooking and there are no peas in it at all, bets are declared off.

Cabbage is child's play. You just cut it in halves, put it in a pot of water, throw in some seidlitz powder or whatever the stuff is that keeps it from going albino and boil it.

Test it with a fork every now and then, and when the fork goes through the bottom of the saucepan the cabbage is cooked.

Tricks of the trade

SOUPS are a walk-over also. Never be afraid to take the deal when soup is needed.

Anything goes with soup. Just toss in whatever is within reach, add a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, boil, strain, serve, and call it puree a la vintenbert.

It's astonishing what you can get away with when it comes to soup. You can chuck in some floor varnish and tell everybody it's a very exclusive Russian soup and they have to mop it up or make themselves look unsociable.

In regard to sweets I have one hint to offer which you should keep in mind. If you cook a tart or pudding and it turns out indigestible and looks as if even a horse would turn his nose up at it, pour a tin of cream over it.

Of course, any mug knows how to cook fish. They are best cooked in oil. Machine oil is not suited to all tastes, neither is castor oil, but there are a lot of lubricants on the market which may be used.

Opinion differs as to whether fish should be filleted. I myself am an anti-filleter for social reasons. If a guest gets a fish-bone stuck in his throat, he can't babble at you across the table, and may even have to be carted off to the hospital in an ambulance. Which is all to the good.

There is one thing which I am sure none of you girls has at home and which all cooking books seem to regard as essential.

What's more, I'll bet you don't even know what a gill is.

Also, what you haven't got at home—I'll stake my life on this—is one pint of stock. Yet nearly every recipe says, "Add one pint of stock."

If anybody can give me a fair dinkum definition of stock, I'll throw a party for you all.

If it were one pint of hock, I'd be heartily in favor of it, but you try going into a shop and asking for a pint of stock. They'd probably send for the police.

I will not go into the subject of sandwiches, especially those toasted three-decker sandwiches. You've got to have a mouth like an alligator to eat them or else you have to use a knife and fork, thus disbarring the sandwich from being a sandwich within the meaning of the Act.

In conclusion, I regret to say that the standard of cooking in this country has deteriorated to an alarming degree, and if my humble efforts result in any improvement I shall consider myself well repaid.

Thank you!

How does she Keep Fit In Winter

She's a picture of health and fitness, she's happy at work or play and enjoys every minute of her life. She attributes her splendid health and vitality during the Winter months, to Bile Beans — just one or two at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone you up, gently stimulate the system, and daily clear away all food residue and other impurities.

You, too, can keep really fit and well, free from colds, chills and Winter epidemics, if you let Bile Beans maintain your health at concert pitch.

"When friends tell me I'm the picture of health, they little realise that for my position I must keep myself bright and attractive. I credit my perfect health to Bile Beans—I sleep well, enjoy all my meals and keep ever so fit."—Miss C. Owen.

• • •

"I'm altogether heppier and healthier since taking Bile Beans. My husband too, thinks there's nothing like them for keeping you up to the mark. Last Winter, during the 'flu epidemic Bile Beans kept us fit and saw us safely through." Mrs. C. Hinckley.

By Nightly Taking
BILE BEANS

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The Navy takes a Hand

Continued from Page 8

"BUT where do I see them? Not here, unless you've got some put away that I don't know about. Mr. Dixon gives people what they want, the size and shape and style of house they want. Why can't you do the same with your hats?"

"I do my best," said Sally. "Nobody can do more."

The door of the private office opened, very gently.

"I suppose that means," said Mrs. Dixon, "that you don't want to show me anything new? Very well, I won't wait." She moved towards the door.

"Good - morning," said Sally, brightly, making no attempt to open it for her. But another voice hailed the portly lady.

"Excuse me," said Commander Rayner, from the private office, "but is it not Lady Dixon?"

The woman paused in her tracks, turned to see who it was, and softened at the smile which greeted her. "Mrs. Dixon. That's me."

"But—but are you not the wife of Sir Herbert Dixon, K.B.E.?"

A VICTOR STIEBEL model printed with color-gay birds and bushes. From the snugly-fitting, shirred waistline the shirt billows to peasant fullness. Note the new gathered "washerwoman" sleeves.

"Mister Erbert—Herbert Dixon, O.B.E." She frowned. "But you're quite right. It should have been K.B.E."

"I could have sworn it was K.B.E.," said Rayner.

Mrs. Dixon liked the style of this young man, whatever she may have thought of Sally's hats. "You know my husband, then?"

"My dear lady, who doesn't know the best-known architect in the whole country?"

"He—he's not exactly an architect," said Mrs. Dixon. "Still, it's much the same thing, what he is."

"He's certainly built as many charming and attractive homes as any man in England."

"I'm glad you think so." Mrs. Dixon glanced darkly at Sally. "Even if there's some as don't."

Rayner turned to Sally with a smile—accompanied by an almost imperceptible wink. "Oh, Miss Bennett, would you mind looking up the ledger for me, and seeing when Lady Carter-Thompson moved?"

Slowly, with combat in her eyes, Sally nodded. When she had closed the private office door, Rayner turned to his customer. "I'm the new partner," he explained. "In fact, I only arrived here last night."

"Time she had a partner," agreed Mrs. Dixon. "That girl doesn't know how to handle people. Much too upstage for my liking."

"She's a little nervous, that's all."

"Even if you're nervous," grumbled Mrs. Dixon, "you might be obliging. All I wanted was to see her new hats. She hasn't got any."

"Oh, but that's quite a mistake. We've got in a delightful new selection. Straight from Paris."

. . . . . .

"There!" Mrs. Dixon brought a plump fist down upon a plumper palm. "I knew it! I knew she was keeping them back from me! Just because the girl's taken a dislike to me!"

"Oh, but—my dear Mrs. Dixon—"

"Don't tell me!" The harsh voice took on a quite pathetic note. "I know. People do take a dislike to me. She's not the only one. I don't understand why it is, but there it is. I can't help it, and I'm sure—I'm sure I don't care."

"If I may say so, Lady—Mrs. Dixon it is you who perhaps do not understand. Miss Bennett is very nervous. What you take for brusqueness is merely shyness. She was only saying, when you were looking in the window, how much she liked you, and valued your custom."

The door of the private office opened. "Lady Carter-Thompson moved to town three months ago, Commander Rayner."

"Thanks, Miss Bennett. Just send her another note about the special order for Ascot, will you? She'll think we're neglecting it."

"Are you really a naval commander?" demanded Mrs. Dixon.

"That does happen to be my rank—retired, of course. But I'm sorry it was mentioned. Not necessary. Not at all necessary."

"I don't agree. I don't agree a bit, Commander. Everyone should stand on their rank—except them as hasn't got any. And now, what about them—those hats?"

"Bring out the new hats, Miss Bennett."

It was not a request. It was a command, with more than a mere touch of the quarter-deck about it. "I won't," said Sally. But only to herself.

Mrs. Dixon, who had entered the shop at ten minutes before noon, departed at twenty to one, leaving behind her an order for three new hats for herself, four on approval for her daughter, and a cheque for thirteen guineas, with the promise that she would send all her friends to look over what she had left of the Sally collection.

In the private office, Sally sat back in her impressive new swivel-chair and gasped. Lieutenant-Commander Gerald Tankerville Rayner stood over her—and laughed.

"How—how on earth did you manage it?"

"Salesmanship, young woman. That salesmanship which you affected to despise. Psychology, which you probably can't spell. Only that, and nothing more."

"I like your impudence," said Sally. "Ah, my impudence. Now that is interesting. So you like it, eh?"

"That's all very well," said Sally, "but you've got me in a nice old mess, haven't you? That woman knows everyone in the county, even though she is what she is."

"Excellent, my dear. Sally & Co. is made for good."

"Yes—but—oh, don't you see? How am I going to explain all that nonsense about the partnership? It'll be all over the place by this evening."

"Yet again, excellent—most excellent, O, Sally Bennett, champion saleswoman. It'll save the expense of putting it in the local paper."

"Putting what in the local paper?"

"Notice of our partnership. Not to mention the other kind of partnership which I seem to think may follow."

He took her hand, and raised it to his lips. "You see, Sally, I simply couldn't let you carry on business alone. You'd frighten all the customers away. Besides——" he put his hands under her chin, and lifted the charming face to his own—"you've got to do something about '& Co.,' haven't you?"

Sally shook her head. "With impudence like yours in the firm," she said, "we shan't need any more overdrafts."

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GOWINGS
£5/12/6
MAN-TAILORED
COSTUMES
£5/3/9
To Measure
A Gowings man-tailored costume perfectly reflects your individuality. An expert cutter measures you—and then in Gowings own workrooms he personally supervises every step in the tailoring. Order NOW, you benefit by this genuine saving!
GOWING BROS. LTD.
Market & George Sts., Sydney.

Joan plays safe with a bath plus MUM.

Joan has partners galore because she never takes chances with underarm odour—the one fault which men can't stand. She realises that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—that it can't prevent odour to come.

So she follows her bath with a dab of MUM under each arm. It gives all-day-long protection, is harmless to fabrics and does not irritate the skin. Obtainable everywhere: purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

MUM takes the odour out of perspiration

DEAF?
"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.
Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

LANDLADY: I believe the gas is escaping.
BOARDER: I don't blame anything for getting out of this place.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"The first time I buttoned it up I burst the seam down the back!"
"That shows how well our buttons are sewn on!"

"Mum, speak to Henry, will you? He's sitting on the fly paper and there are hundreds of flies waiting to get on it."

"Is that the police station? I've lost my canary. Would you mind calling out the flying squad?"

A Remarkable Invention
The REX FACIAL REJUVENATOR
Sent on 7 Days FREE TRIAL

An astounding transformation brought about by the aid of

The Rex Rejuvenator

Without Cosmetics, Without Drugs, Without Massage, Without Beauty Parlor Aids, Without Facial Surgery.

BANISH AND PREVENT WRINKLES, SAGGING MUSCLES, DOUBLE CHIN, HOLLOW CHEEKS, LINES ROUND EYES, BAD COMPLEXION

The Rex Facial Rejuvenator is scientifically constructed so as to raise fallen muscles to their correct positions, thus allowing the blood to flow to those latent parts and build up new tissue, leaving the muscles firm and healthy. Wrinkles likewise are automatically raised by the device to a position where healthy blood circulates and so builds up new tissue, leaving the skin smooth, healthy and free from blemishes.

WORN 15 MINUTES DAILY

Worn for 15 Minutes Daily the Rex Facial Rejuvenator will show permanent beneficial results, which you would not have thought possible. We send the complete outfit on 7 days FREE TRIAL. Let us prove to you, at our expense, that it will do all we claim.

WRITE TO-DAY. *The parcel will be sent under sealed, plain cover.*

Sole Distributors:

W. REGUS & CO., Dept. A., 428 George Street, Sydney

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"IS your wife as pretty as she used to be?"
"Oh, yes; but it takes her much longer now."

"I AM very sad, Tom! My wife has bought herself one of those new furs."
"Choker?"
"No, but I should have."

HE: But, darling, I tell you it is economically unsound to spend your money before you get it.
She: Oh, I don't know. If you don't get it, at least you've had something for your money.

MRS. SWANK: My new maid is a treasure—clean and smart, and her cooking is delightful.
Mrs. Swise: That's good. How long have you had her?
Mrs. Swank: She comes to-morrow.

RENT COLLECTOR: The landlord is going to raise your rent.
Tenant: That's good news, because I cannot raise it myself.

"THAT suit you're wearing is certainly a credit to your tailor."
"Debit, old man, debit."

WIFE: Let me have that letter you've just opened. I can see from the handwriting it's from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it.
Husband: You can have it. It's from your milliner.

THIS PROVEN BALANCED FORMULA SAFELY, QUICKLY

Ends Liver Troubles -

CONSTIPATION UPSET STOMACH

Here is a quicker, surer way to end constipation, indigestion, biliousness, fermentation, and flatulence.

Chronic headaches go, blotchy yellow skin freshens and clears, bad breath is banished by the safe, gentle, strengthening action of CHAMBERLAIN'S Tablets' natural extracts. From the far corners of the earth these have been gathered and combined in a balanced formula to end liver sluggishness—start the bile flowing freely into the intestines to help digestion and elimination without harsh griping or habit-forming action.

Take CHAMBERLAIN'S Tablets and be well. Get a bottle to-day **under a Money Back Guarantee of benefit.**

One month's treatment 1/6.
Family size 3/-.

"FOUND THEM MARVELLOUS"

Sydney user says: "I have found Chamberlain's Tablets marvellous for sick headaches, constipation and run-down feeling in general. They act on the liver and bowels, promoting regular habits. They are mild, and give no pains, which are the drawback to most medicines. Anyone feeling sluggish and livery cannot do better than take CHAMBERLAIN'S."

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

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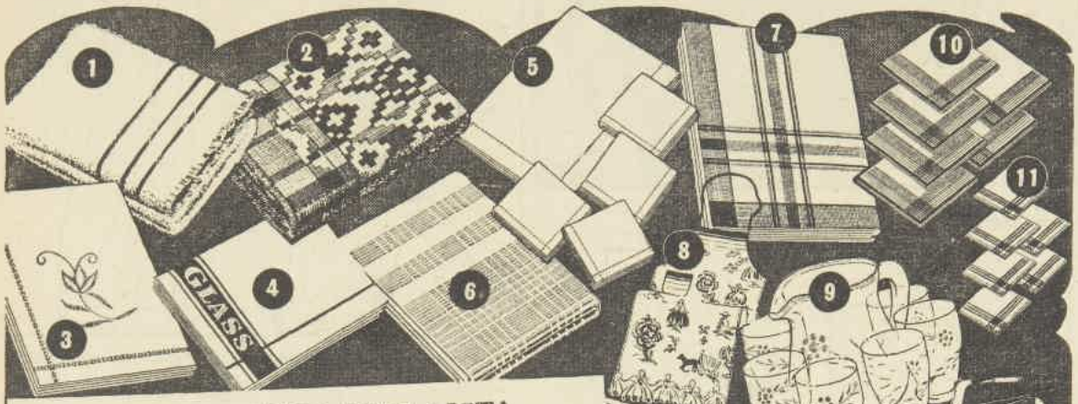
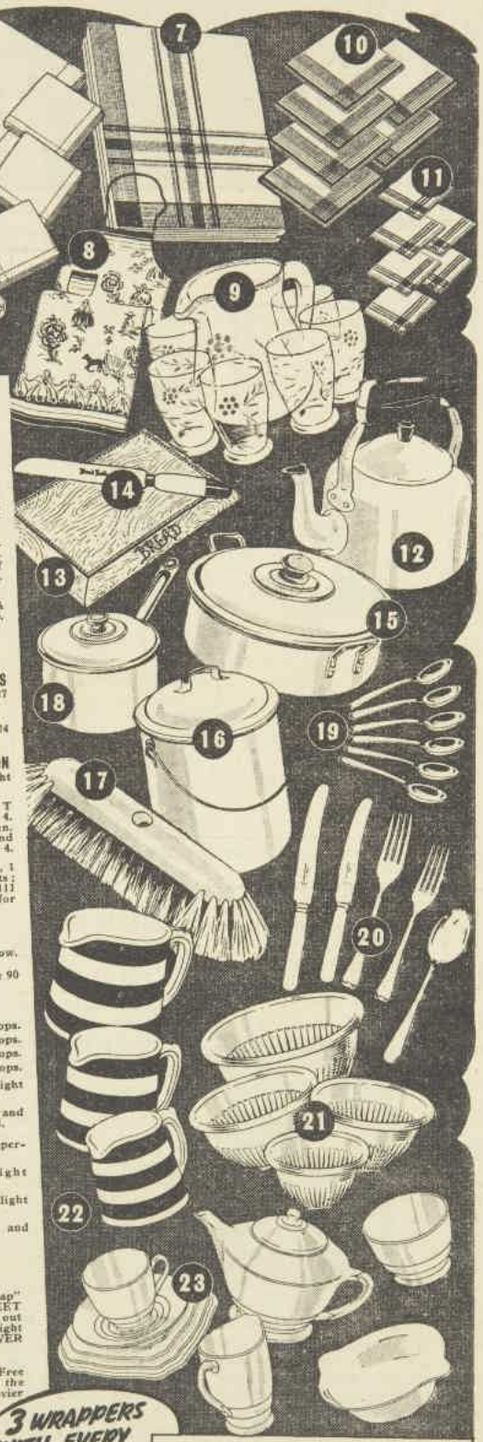
Extended range of SUNLIGHT FREE GIFTS





CHOOSE FROM THIS LIST!

1 **BATH TOWEL** White Admiralty Bath Towel. Red striped ends; size, 23" x 46", extra thick and long wearing. Save 36 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

2 **BATH TOWEL** Large coloured, size, 23" x 46". Long wearing in gay modern designs. Save 36 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

3 **PILLOWSLIP** 21" x 31½", Hemstitched and Embroidered, well finished, long wearing. Save 27 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

4 **CLASSCLOTH** 23" x 32"—Pure Irish Linen—red or blue side striped, very absorbent; hard wearing. Save 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

5 **SUPPER SET** Large hemstitched Supper-Cloth and 4 Serviettes to match; colours primrose, green and blue; extra good quality. Save 111 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

6 **TABLE CLOTH** Large White—70" x 54"; Linen finished Damask. Save 108 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

7 **BREAKFAST CLOTH** Useful size, 44" x 44", in gay coloured border designs. Save 57 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

8 **LADY'S APRON** British Shantung Silk, charming colours; exclusive designs. Save 48 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

9 ***WATER SET** JUG AND 6 GOBLETS—Crown Crystal Glass. Save 72 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 2/2 for freight and packing.

***WATER JUG** ONLY—Good quality and attractively designed. Save 36 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/4 to cover freight and packing.

***CLASS COBLETS** ONLY—Set of 3 to match Water Jug. Save 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/6 for freight and packing on 3 or 6.

10 **CENTS' HANKIES** Large size, superior quality, coloured borders. Save 48 Sunlight wrapper-tops for ½ dozen.

11 **LADIES' HANKIES** Dainty and attractive with coloured borders. Save 45 Sunlight wrapper-tops for ½ dozen.

12 ***KETTLE** ½ pint size "Strong-lite," 99% pure Aluminium, heat-proof knob and handle. Save 114 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 5d. for freight and packing.

13 ***BREAD BOARD** Strong, poker-worked edges. Save 21 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 7d. for freight and packing.

14 **BREAD SAW** Heavy stainless steel. Made in Sheffield, England. Save 33 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

15 **CASSEROLE** 9" diameter. "Strong-lite" 99% pure aluminium. Strong, close-fitting lid; coloured heat-proof knob. Save 76 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

16 ***ENAMEL BILLY** 3½ pint size—good quality — white enamelled. Save 66 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 3d. for freight and packing.

17 **HAIR BROOM** Fine, close-set bristles. Sturdily made; will give years of service; will not shed its hairs. Save 76 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

18 ***SAUCEPAN** "Strong-lite" (Aluminium 2½ pint). Splendidly finished with coloured heat-proof knob. Save 42 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 4d. for freight and packing.

19 **TEASPOONS** Heavy E.P.N.S. "A grade." Set of 6. Save 54 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

20 **CUTLERY**

TABLE KNIVES AND DESSERT KNIVES Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. Save 27 Sunlight wrapper-tops for each.

TABLE FORK Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 24 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

DESSERT FORK AND DESSERT SPOON Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops for each.

21 ***CLASS MIXING BOWLS** SET OF 4. Handy size; delightful shade of green. Save 96 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/3 for freight and packing for set of 4.

22 ***KITCHEN JUGS** SET OF 3, ½, 1 and 1½ pints; gay blue and white stripes. Save 111 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/- for freight and packing, for set of 3.

23 **EMPIRE WARE**

Handsome pieces in Myrtle or Sunglow.

***CUPS AND SAUCERS** Sets of 3. Save 90 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

***PLATES**—Sets of 3.
5" diam. Save 54 Sunlight wrapper-tops.
6" diam. Save 54 Sunlight wrapper-tops.
8" diam. Save 99 Sunlight wrapper-tops.
10" diam. Save 117 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

***COUPES** Sets of 3. Save 72 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

Send 9d. to cover cost of freight and packing on any of the above Sets of 3.

***MILK JUG** Save 30 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

***SUGAR BASIN** Save 30 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

***TEAPOT** 4 cup size. Save 93 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

Send 9d. to cover cost of freight and packing on 1 of the above.

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS!

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out the form below, fill in the particulars, enclose with wrapper-tops and stamps to cover freight and packing (on gifts marked *) and address to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4316 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

★ **NOTE!** All the gifts shown in this advertisement are available at the Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. For those who cannot call the majority of the gifts are post free, but to cover the cost of packing and freight of the heavier and more fragile gifts (marked *) remit the amount shown in stamps in addition to the required number of wrapper-tops.

3 WRAPPERS WITH EVERY CARTON

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER BUT FILL IN THIS FORM

From _____
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)
_____
Gift required _____
Enclosed _____ Sunlight wrapper-tops
Freight and Packing _____

A LEVER PRODUCT 1.275.7

Britain adds 'jitter-bug' to the vocabulary

Slanguage for war fear

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

The vocabulary of Britain's post-war "slanguage" continues to grow daily.

And the newest addition is "jitter-bug," the American slang word which Sir Samuel Hoare, British Home Secretary, has endowed with an entirely new and English meaning.

IN Britain the "jitter-bug" label is tagged to one who is unusually fearful about the future trend of events and particularly of the possibility of war.

Already "jitter-bug" in the British sense has passed into common use and now takes its place beside other popular slang words such as "whoopie," "talkies," and "hike."

So many slang words have become part of the everyday vocabulary in Britain that people cease to regard them as slang at all.

"Jerry-built" is now used in this country to denote bad workmanship in the building of houses.

Originally it referred to Jericho, the walls of which were so badly built that when the Israelites walked round them and shouted the defences fell!

Coined new word

SOME time ago Lord Baden Powell, the Chief Scout, coined a new word "to happify" which caught on with amazing rapidity among the members of the British Boy Scout movement.

Like taxi-pilots the world over, London's taxi-drivers have a "slanguage" particularly their own for describing well-known landmarks in the city and West End.

The famed Harley Street, home of London's eminent specialists and doctors, is known to them as "Pill Island," while the well-known Albert Memorial is rechristened "The Pepper-Box."

If you hail a taxi and ask to be driven to "Sparrow Corner" the taxi-pilot will know you want to go to the Tower of London, while to ask for "The Box o' Bricks" means you want to go to St. Pancras Railroad Station!

It is said that America is the birthplace of 99 per cent. of the slang words used in Britain, but while many new vocabulary innovations do come from the other side of the Atlantic many of them have descended from purely English or Scottish phrases.

For example, "woozy," which in America means fuddled with drink, is a way they have of describing foggy weather on the English East Coast.

HOLIDAYS

Anywhere—Any Place—Any Time

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4626642

FASHION PORTFOLIO

BLOUSES...

Trimly tailored or blithely flippant to suit your moods.

● FOR a sporty-minded young thing—chrome-yellow crepe sports blouse, with an enchanting combination of tucks and pleats. Saucy "perked-up" sleeves.

● UTTERLY feminine sheer blouse to complement an Edwardian coiffure. The exaggerated fullness of the bodice and sleeves is gathered into a shirred yoke.

● PLANNING a bridge party? Then here's your blouse. Arctic-white satin with plain bands and shirred sections alternating.

● A PRETTY debutante selects a frothy blouse of spotted sheer. The bodice of Granny's nightie inspired it.

+ +

● SOPHISTICATE of blouses. Ivory satin, with deep horizontal folds, plain yoke and uncluttered neckline.

At bedtime our Nell is all smiles,
She never cold weather reviles,
These 'jamas by Kayser
Enthral and amaze her!
Such Woolies! Such pert, snappy styles!

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now

Such activity! Such pyjamas! They're Kayser of course. With plenty of 'Whoa come hither' in their cut, and a cunning cosiness in their smartly tailored lines. Pyjamas from 18/11.

Style illustrated, No. 1186, at . . . 24/11

"I insist on KAYSER Woolies" W.4.9.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4626643

From Paris Designers

THESE interesting new styles, created by leading fashion experts, have been rushed by air mail. Individual handcut patterns available on application. Price, 3/6.

● VIONNET: Newest version of the cross-over bodice with fitted sleeves, and slim skirt.

● MAGGY ROUFF (left): A sporty style that commands interest with its quaint pockets and stitching.

● MAINBOCHER: Soft front fullness gathered into a tie at the waist. Youthfully severe neckline.

● MARCEL ROCHAS: Slightly flared skirt and a soft neckline combine for afternoon chic.

● SCHIAPARELLI: Slender dinner gown of dull crepe with an applique of shimmering gold leaves. The top hangs free at the back, like a bolero.

● MAGGY ROUFF (Above): A slinky little coat-frock with slanting pockets and a swish of fur.

● MOLYNEUX: Suit for "dressy" occasions, slimly tailored and spiced with Persian lamb.

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ADD THESE TO YOUR WARDROBE

TWO engaging hats and two versatile cardigans to knit or crochet yourself. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, tell us the pattern you desire, and we will forward full knitting or crochet directions free of charge.

● DARINGLY broad stripes in a slinky little cardigan with red buttons to give a blaze of color. And so easy to knit.

● A PERT, up - shooting crochet beret in deep maroon pierced with matching quill.

● FOLLOWING the trend for toppers, a gay crochet hat scattered with bright flowers.

● FOR the out - of - doors girl, a sporty, sleeveless waistcoat, crocheted in sunshine-yellow with burgundy triangles.

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PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE — Sketched by PETROV

1

2

3

1 AFTER UNCOVERING their shoulders to the point of nudity Parisian women are now hastening to cover them again with the most enchanting lace, net, tulle or organza shoulder capes so small that they are really little more than very large Peter Pan collars. They tie under the chin with large bows of self-material or clip with jewelled buckles and are usually in black, white, or cherry.

2 A QUAINT little cabriolet bonnet from Agnes is of black velvet and ties under the chin with matching ribbon. Its forward edge, framing the face, is edged with a string of graduated pearls which may be later detached and worn as a necklet.

3 RATHER SHORT smocks are taking the place at the moment of jumpers and blouses. A number of them made in thick, natural-colored shantung are showing in the windows of all the smartest shops. The smocking is hand-done in lovely pastel colorings. Long smocks are being worn instead of evening tunics, especially among older women who found the tunics a trifle too figure-revealing.

4

4 PIQUE HAS always been used for collars and cuffs, but just at the moment it is enjoying a popularity that it has not known since we all automatically appeared in pique tennis and yachting frocks. It is being used for high collars, jabots, and neck bows, as well as for fantastic little neck decorations that are neither collars nor jabots. Many of these are themselves decorated with bows and buttons.

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns from fashion sketches by Petrov and Rene and overseas fashion photos are obtainable from our Pattern Department. Price 3/6 each.

What a treat to eat!

COPHA COOKLESS DAINTIES No. 3

CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

Made in 5 minutes with COPHA—needs no cooking!

Chocolate Biscuit Cake wins more exclamations of delight than any other chocolate confection you can give your family or your guests. It is a boon, too, when you are pressed for time or have people call unexpectedly—you can make it quickly enough even for casual visitors! Ask your grocer for free leaflet containing more recipes for Copha Cookless Dainties. Get some Copha* and make Chocolate Biscuit Cake to-day!

* Copha is 100% pure, white shortening—nourishing and economical. Keeps indefinitely.

RECIPE FOR COPHA CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha (melted).
½ lb. Icing Sugar.
1 Egg.
1 heaped dessertspoon of Cocoa.
Essence of Vanilla to flavour.
½ lb. Coffee, Malt or other suitable biscuits. (These should be softened by exposure.)

Mix together the sifted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line cake tin with greaseproof paper; place alternate layers of the mixture and the biscuits until the tin is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in cold place until set.

Free

NEW COPHA RECIPE BOOK

The old question keeps on cropping up—"What Shall I Cook To-day?" Well, here's the answer, and the end of your worries—forty pages crammed full of tempting, exciting, yet easy-to-make recipes. They've all been tested in our own kitchens! Write to: THE COPHA COMPANY, DEPT. WH., BOX 2425 EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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100% pure white shortening

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OUR PATTERN SERVICE

Special Concession Pattern

A DELIGHTFUL TROUSSEAU SET. Sizes: 32, 34 and 36in. bust.

No. 1 NIGHTDRESS requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2 PANTEES requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3 SLIP requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

SIZE.....Pattern Coupon, 27/5/39

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

WW2882.—Tailored style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½ to 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2883.—Distinctive. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2¾ to 2⅞yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd., 36ins. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2884.—Young lady of 10 to 16 years. Material required: 2½ to 2¾yds., 54ins. wide, and ⅜yd. fur fabric. Pattern, 10d.

WW2885.—Lace sweater blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2¾ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2886.—Evening sophistication. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 6 to 7yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2887.—Front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½ to 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2888.—Youthful suit. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3 to 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

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New Rinso's thicker, richer SUDS give . . a whiter, easier, quicker wash!

AND HERE'S THE REASON

A. *These are the lazy-bubble suds you get with ordinary washing products. Big, coarse bubbles—all air, no strength—they burst and fade away in no time.*

B. *Fine-bubble New Rinso suds—rich, long-lasting! Each separate bubble is small—contains less air, more real washing help. They must wash whiter!*

"What SUDS!" you'll say—the first time you try the New Improved Rinso. Because the New Rinso suds are extra *rich*—get clothes *whiter* than you ever thought possible. Washing's quicker, easier, too, because these rich fast-acting, fine-bubble New Rinso suds do so much more work! And they're made to last, to keep right on working until every hint of dirt is gone—ingrained dinginess as well as surface soiling. That's why you get such brilliant whiteness with the new, improved Rinso!

NEW IMPROVED RINSO
for all "light" washing

For your whole weekly wash—the New Improved Rinso! Its extra-rich sudsy care keeps colours fresh and bright, delicate silks and woollens soft, wonderfully new-looking.

Absolutely safe for your hands!

No longer need you have red, roughened hands and brittle, easily broken nails after washing day! Your hands are actually as safe in the New Rinso's extra-rich, *extra-mild* suds as if you did your big wash with complexion soap.

THE MAKERS OF LEADING WASHING MACHINES RECOMMEND RINSO EXCLUSIVELY

Now Improved! NO SOAKING NEEDED WITH NEW RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD Full instructions on the BIG NEW PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT

4.297.13

Marriage Circle

Continued from Page 9

"DON'T tell me he's done it again. Just now, when Jeanne was being difficult, anyway. I reckon this will smash it. She's going to rave when she finds he's let her down again."

When she got back to the studio he was at his desk. He looked pallid and worn.

"Well! It was what I thought. She says if he can't bother to keep appointments she won't sign with us. She's come and gone, Jacynthe. Now we'll have to look around again. Held up another month, maybe——"

Suddenly, over his desk, he looked at her, his tired eyes lighting.

"Say, Jacynthe, what about trying the part yourself? You're not unlike her, and I know you can act."

"Starring? Me? But, Miles, I'm unknown."

"You won't be when the papers have done with you. Say, Jacynthe, I've a feeling you'd go over big. Will you try it?"

She said: "I'll do it on one condition. That you get me another leading man. I won't play opposite Ted."

"If I give Ted a minor part he'll walk out."

"Let him go! What's the use of someone you can't depend on?"

Miles said slowly:

"Jacynthe, I'm not sure that it wouldn't be a grand thing. But I always thought you were kind of *soft* for Ted, too."

"So did I," she said.

. . . . . .

Ted in a rage was not at his best.

"It's jealousy, just jealousy, because I left you for a red-haired kid that night. This is how you repay me for getting you a footing here, for trying to help you on. Now you can do one thing, and one only. Go along to Miles and tell him you've changed your mind. Tell him you want me."

She shook her head.

"There's been enough monkeying around with this show. We're going to get on with it now."

Ted's face grew ugly. He gave her one nasty look and departed, slamming the door. Funny, that, though she had known Ted for ten years, she had really never known him.

So work started at last, with Ted out of the cast, a new leading man, and Jacynthe Basildon in the leading role. Never in her most hopeful moments had she dreamed of anything like this. She was on her feet again, able to pay her way without any help from Giles.

She had heard nothing from him. He was much too proud to coming running after a woman who did not want him, who had proved she could do without him. Or had he, perhaps, already gone to China?

She saw the news about him in the paper the day that the film she had starred in was first shown. She had taken all the papers up to the flat to read the Press notices, but the first thing she saw was that familiar military uniform on broad shoulders—that well-known peaked cap.

"The man who takes the 88th Brigade to China," she read. Then, with a little shock of surprise, she saw that the face in the picture was not Giles' face, nor was Giles' name there. It was a man some years his junior. She read on, astonished:

"The new scheme for giving younger men the command abroad has led to the appointment of *Colonel Clinton.*"

The paper dropped from her hands. The job Giles had wanted, had confidently believed was his, had gone to someone else. To a younger man. In future only younger men were to be appointed. The older men must retire.

Giles was a man who had lived only for his work. She thought, horrified:

"He'll have nothing left."

It had nothing to do with her. She and Giles had parted almost a year ago, and he had not shown the slightest interest in her beyond paying her allowance punctually. She tried to put him out of her mind but, strange to say, it wasn't easy. She remembered the words of the old jeweller up the side street.

"A magic circle drawn round two people," he had said, and she had laughed at him. Now she wasn't so sure.

She knew there was only one thing for it. She must go down and see Giles and find out how he was taking what must be a catastrophe to him.

It was queer going down the familiar drive and through the well-known garden. She had forgotten how pretty it was in summer when the roses were out. But she was surprised to notice what an oddly unkempt air the house had. She had trained the two maids so well—and they were both devoted to Giles. What could have happened?

Though she rang for some time, nobody opened the door. She tried the handle. It turned, and she went in, struck by the unnatural silence, a sudden fear at her heart. Surely nothing could have happened? Nothing really horrible?

There was no one in Giles' small study, either, but she stood in the doorway, horrified at the disorder there. An accumulation of newspapers and old letters upon the desk.

Then she saw the newspapers were there for a purpose. All the notices of her film had been cut out of them, and lay neatly heaped together. Over the mantelshelf, every Press photograph she had had taken was neatly pinned to the wall.

So he hadn't quite cut her out of his life. He still thought of her.

She heard the front door open and close, but she could not move. She felt as if she were mesmerised. So Giles found her, standing in front of the mantelshelf, looking at the pictures of herself.

He was thinner and greyer than she remembered him. If he was surprised to see her, he did not show it.

"I suppose you've heard the news," he said. "They've done with us. They want younger men."

And suddenly she realised what a blow this had been to him.

"Where are the maids?" she asked. "Why are you living like this?"

"I'm a poor man now. You don't realise. You were very wise to clear out, Jacynthe, and go back to your own job. It isn't very pleasant being the wife of a failure."

Hardly knowing what she did, she began to tidy his desk; then she picked up the tray.

"What are you doing?" he asked haughtily. "That is my supper."

"Don't be an ass!" she said. "I'm going to wash up. I expect the kitchen's in a pretty pickle. Why on earth did you send May and Alice away? You have quite enough to live comfortably on. I came today to tell you I don't want anything more from you."

"You are my wife. I must put something aside for you. This flimsy sort of life you lead isn't reliable. Anything may happen."

She said, half-laughing, half-crying:

"Oh, Giles, you old idiot!"

He followed her to the kitchen.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded again, and he looked so lost and forlorn that the words were out before she knew it.

"The washing up," she said. "I've come home."

Quite suddenly he knelt down on the floor. He put his arms round her knees and hid his face against her.

"Darling silly!" She laid her hand on his head. "It's not the end at all. It's a beginning. Even if you're out of it all, there's lots of fun still. Darling, listen to me. We'll have a baby, and you can bring him up to be a soldier too."

A sentence she had read somewhere repeated itself in her mind. "Before he died, he stamped his image on a little boy." She thought: "Miles will have to get another leading lady. My funny old jeweller was right. Marriage is a circle you can't get out of."

(Copyright)

CAREERS for GIRLS & LADIES

No Need to Attend Classes. STOTT'S has Special Postal Courses in

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There is no need to leave home to prepare: Stott's can train you—SUCCESSFULLY in the privacy of your own home (Use the Coupon!) without any obligation whatsoever.

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Mail This Coupon: Cut here

TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see ABOVE) I should like details of your Course/s in

.....

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.1139 .....

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Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at the top of page 3.

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Letters sent to other papers are not accepted. Pen names are not permitted.

CHARM OF LETTERS

OFTEN in letters I receive I notice the phrase: "This letter must be terribly boring," or, "This must sound dull and uninteresting to you."

Why do people use these meaningless phrases? I really doubt if any letter from a personal friend can be boring.

There is something dramatic about opening a letter and reading it. A good letter will always set moving currents of good feeling and comradeship.

Useless phrases like those quoted spoil the charm of a letter.

£1 for this letter to A. Francis, c/o Ozone Theatre, Marryatville, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

WEDDING TOASTS

WHY is it always left to the men to propose and respond to all the toasts at a wedding? I have yet to see a wedding breakfast at which a toast is proposed by or responded to by a woman.

Surely in this modern age women are able to propose toasts and respond to them without having to call upon the services of a man.

Even the toast of the bridesmaids is responded to by some man on their behalf.

In my opinion, this shows an inferiority complex and it is time that women overcame it.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

REMEMBER NAMES

WHY is it that people won't take the trouble to try to remember names when being introduced.

I know some women who boast openly of never remembering names.

This, in my opinion, is anything but a compliment to people whom they meet.

It is also impossible to carry on a conversation intelligently if one of those taking part in it does not know the other's name.

Miss B. Marks, St. Vincent's Rd., Virginia, Brisbane.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1318E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a bottle of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your dealer to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 2/6, one week's supply.

Should friends "drop in" without notice?

PLEASE, Mrs. Bash (6/5/'39), do not "hate the way some visitors drop in." One of my cherished theories is that it is a real and rare friendship that allows the privilege of calling without ceremony.

To be made welcome, whether one's hostess is working in the kitchen or "sitting in the parlor," is hospitality in the true sense of the word.

P. French, 281 Collins St., Melbourne C1.

Cause trouble

THE complaint against visitors who just "drop in" is amply justified.

The usual excuse is that the visitor wants to save her hostess trouble. But, by coming unannounced at an inopportune time, she causes far more inconvenience than if the visit were pre-arranged.

A busy housewife has to budget her time as carefully as her money, and unexpected guests may upset her routine.

Mrs. G. A. Glasson, 5 Queen Victoria St., Bexley, N.S.W.

Informality best

I FEEL sure that the visitor who just drops in, not caring whether she finds you washing, cleaning or in old clothes, is the real friend.

She probably thinks that she is saving you the trouble of preparing for her, and is quite happy to take you as she finds you.

Mrs. E. E. Davis, Elgin St., Alderley, Brisbane.

Stay for meals

THE visitor who drops in casually and without warning usually stays so long that an invitation to remain for lunch or dinner becomes necessary.

You will find that an acceptance is immediate, and that means more work for the busy housewife, who probably had hoped for some time to rest or write letters.

The visitor who has nothing to do in her own home then leaves, and the unwilling hostess, tired and jaded, wonders if she could not have gently hinted that warning of the visit would have made it far more appreciated.

Miss B. L. White, Barker St., Castlemaine, Vic.

Helpful guest

UNLIKE Mrs. Bash I'm always prepared for visitors. I have a neat overall to slip on when the doorbell rings and always keep a supply of tinned goods in the larder.

I give my friend an apron and if I am busy she generally helps.

We thoroughly enjoy a chat about things of mutual interest, and my work is not interrupted at all.

Mrs. M. Norris, 94 Parramatta Rd., Camperdown, N.S.W.

Pleasant surprise

IT is certainly nice to know when friends are coming and so be able to prepare for them, but don't

Those unexpected guests.

you think that an occasional friend coming unannounced is a pleasant surprise?

If they are true friends they don't worry about catching you untidy and the house upset, but will understand, knowing that work has to be done. Tactfully they will offer to help you or will leave after a short visit and offer to come at a more convenient time.

Mrs. J. W. Love, Peterborough West, S.A.

New subjects to improve school standards

I MUST disagree with Mrs. A. G. Blackburn (6/5/'39) when she objects to the inclusion of additional subjects in the school curriculum.

In my opinion, a number of subjects are absolutely essential. When applying for a position the applicant who has a knowledge of more subjects than the average person finds himself at a distinct advantage.

Mrs. Blackburn states also that pupils can learn other subjects whenever they wish. In the majority of cases, the pupil disregards the furtherance of his education when once he has left school.

J. A. Loveday, Albert St., Rosewood, Qld.

Keen Learners

TO-DAY, more than ever, proficiency in the groundwork of learning is essential.

Competition in the business and domestic sphere calls for an intelligent, well-informed brain.

Because of the introduction of cultural subjects, time devoted to the "three R's" has been gradually whittled away year by year. This is unfortunate.

Once a groundwork has been covered, text books and any correspondence course leaflets can provide knowledge of cultural subjects.

E. Louis, Box 12, Kensington P.O., N.S.W.

Quaint old names for modern babies

IN these days of mass production and regimentation it would be a pleasing contrast to revive some of the old, beautiful Christian names.

Here is a list of girls' names which I found in old English poems, some written over five hundred years ago. There are doubtless many more.

Campaspe, Phyllida, Electra, Diaphenia, Celia, Charis, Anthea, Corinna, Lucasta, Althea.

I think everyone will admit that they are charming.

Mrs. W. G. Moore, c/o Mrs. Simpson, 8 Owen St., W. Brunswick N12, Vic.

Try Psychology

TAKING into consideration the fact that we live in an age of high mental tension would it not be a wise thing to have psychology included in our primary school curriculum?

The physical welfare of children is being well looked after at present, so why not train also the juvenile mind?

Miss Josephine Scollan, 302 Goodwood Rd., Clarence Park, S.A.

Changes useful

YOU say, Mrs. Blackburn, that new subjects in the school curriculum mean that other subjects must be omitted. Well, why not?

Are not elocution, sex hygiene, and first aid more important to the average pupil than algebra, geometry and dates of events in ancient history?

Mrs. H. Corby, c/o P.O., Bungendore, N.S.W.

Modern trends

AS time goes on more modern subjects must replace those which have been taught in schools for the last quarter of a century.

By all means let those who wish to learn algebra, Latin, and geometry do so, but of what use are they to the average adult of to-day?

No! I am in favor of progress, and the teaching of first aid, sex hygiene, and elocution is a definite step forward.

Helen Heath, 151 Oberon St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Are mascots now taken too seriously?

IS the mascot craze overdone? asks Miss A. Sharman (6/5/'39).

Of coure it is. I saw the photograph mentioned by the writer of a dozen nursing trainees carrying

Are we really so wise?

"good luck" mascots before appearing before an examining board. My reactions were similar to Miss Sharman's.

Surely in a profession where realism is the outstanding feature a more practical attitude might be adopted by nursing trainees.

Only hard work and practical ability lead to success in any profession, and all this nonsense about the magic powers of mascots ought to be exploded. We laugh at the savage with his odd gods. Are we really so very wise?

Mrs. V. Lightburn, 11a Mornington Ave., Unley, Adelaide.

For goodwill

I DO not think the mascot craze is overdone.

When a mascot is given to a person before an examination, it is given as a token of best wishes for success.

I am sure the person about to sit for an examination does not put all her faith in the mascot, but to see it while she is working reminds her that someone has faith in her ability.

Mrs. A. Guyot, 6a Gaza Rd., West Ryde, N.S.W.

Can do harm

MASCOTS are merely "hang-overs" from the superstitions of our ancestors, yet they can do harm by subconsciously influencing the mind.

Mascot-bearers must face the fact that success in examinations, or anything else, is not achieved by carrying some useless object. It is the outcome of sustained and well-directed effort.

Gladys Amey, 806-808 Ann St., Valley, Brisbane.

Not new idea

THE carrying of mascots is not a new superstition, but goes back to the dawn of history.

We read how even in earliest times a talisman was carried to guard the wearer from harm during a period of stress, and also to bring good fortune.

To-day a mascot is a tangible reminder of the good wishes of friends.

E. Dorelle, Post Office, Rockdale, N.S.W.

Good for sport

HOW people in this enlightened age can posibly think that an inanimate object can control luck is beyond my comprehension. Such a belief belongs entirely to the Dark Ages.

Mascots are all right in sport, but when people take the craze into serious business—well, that's going a little too far.

If we are going to have good or bad luck, all the mascots in the world won't alter things.

Mrs. A. Lind, Stafford St., Windsor N3, Brisbane.

Encourage habit

THERE is no need to take the mascot craze seriously. Surely the girls who carried the mascots to their examinations merely showed that they were lighthearted and happy.

We see so many grim faces about us that if the carrying of a few funny little mascots or "good luck" emblems makes us smile let us encourage the habit.

L. J. Baird, High St., Glen Iris, Vic.

MODERN PROGRESS

I WAS asked recently to enter some fancywork in an exhibition being held for charity. Having no other work ready, I entered a duchesse set which I worked ten years ago, and which had been under the glass on my dressing-table during that time.

Altogether there were fifteen entries in that particular section, so you can imagine my surprise on finding my simple exhibit labelled "First Prize," and that the honor had been awarded because of its superior "stitchery."

Surely modern facilities for such work have made designs, silks, etc., more attractive than they were ten years ago, or is it just another example of the rush and bustle of our modern existence making us less "thorough"? What is the opinion of other readers?

U. Clifton, 10 Travenar St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

GOOD LISTENERS

INTERRUPTING has become almost a national habit. Most women are utterly unconscious of the manner in which they refuse to allow another woman to talk and to finish what is being said without interruption.

There is nothing more rude than breaking in while another is talking. Can we not learn a little more self-restraint, and so cure this very bad habit?

Watch any group of women and notice how rare is a good listener!

Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

MUTUAL RESPECT

WE hear a great deal about children's lack of respect for their elders, so the idea that older people should respect children may seem a little revolutionary.

But why not? To my mind, children have certain rights just as adults have them. Why should they necessarily abandon their play to fetch and carry for elders? Why should little courtesies such as "Please" and "Thank you" be calmly omitted?

Mrs. David Biddlecomb, Kangaloon, via Bowral, N.S.W.

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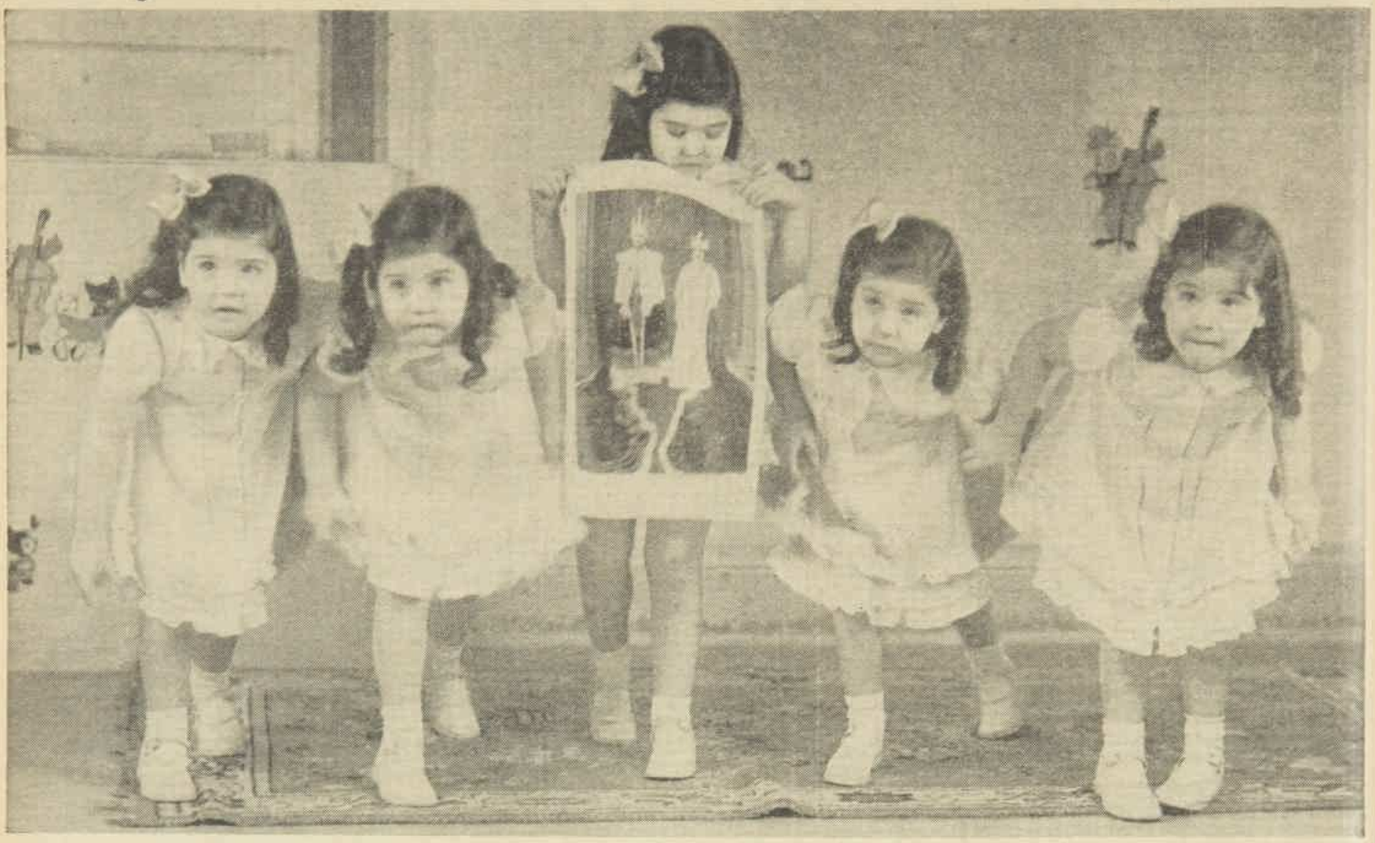
They have come to see Their Majesties



"NOW ALL TOGETHER—BOW." The Dionne "Quins" with eyes on teacher take a lesson in Royal deportment at rehearsal for their presentation to the King and Queen.

The "Quins" rehearse for Royalty

By Air Mail from our New York Office.

The biggest week yet in the lives of the Dionne "Quins" will conclude with their birthday on Sunday, when they become five young five-year-olds.

And what a lot of life they have crowded into those five years—even a "presentation at Court."

BIRTHDAY week saw them invited to meet the King and Queen on their tour of Canada and saw hectic preparations for them to leave for the first time the nursery which has housed them since they were babies.

The week has been a busy one with the youngsters being trained in the correct way for young ladies to curtsy when being presented to Royalty.

Babies, especially five of them, have a way of dispensing with ceremony, and after being taught the necessary rudiments of Court etiquette they know how to be charmingly informal. Just five sub-subdebs who saw the King and Queen.

The "Quins'" first appearance in the outside world emphasises how much, although secluded, they have been in the public eye since that historic May morning when they arrived to startle the world.

Just to make the week momentous, someone had a check-up in the finance department and discovered the "Quins" are dollar millionaires.

Which reminds us that, along with the visit to the King and Queen, the Dionne youngsters keep up something of a Royal Court themselves.

Ever since the days when the news of the birth of the "Quins" was flashed from the little village of Callander there have been thousands of people waiting to pay court to these little French-Canadian marvels who were destined to make big news from the cradle.

Despite the spotlight of publicity in which they live, they have developed a charming poise, free from affectation, which is as pleasing to a King and Queen as to the ordinary citizen.

They are adored, envied, and known by millions of people in every country on earth.

"QUINS'" BIRTHDAY COVER

THE painting of the "Quins" on this week's cover of The Australian Women's Weekly is by artist Wynne Davies.

He has captured the charm of these five little five-year-olds in a particularly attractive study.

Millionaire class

THEY are millionaires and their guardians have turned down commercial offers for more than twice that amount. But these very factors mean that the quintuplets will never be able to lead normal, everyday lives.

"No matter what these girls do they will be objects of curiosity for their entire lives," says Dr. Allan Dafoe, the little country doctor whose skill and ability brought the Dionnes into the world.

He is one of their guardians and, to a large extent, has devoted his life to protecting the "Quins'" health and welfare.

"We cannot isolate them from the rest of the world. Subconsciously they already realise that they are exceptional, and we are training them to accept the attentions showered on them as if it were part of a normal existence.

"But their outlook is bound to be somewhat abnormal. Visitors stare at them every day—sometimes at the rate of 12,000 daily. In one summer more than half a million persons travelled to Callander to see the quintuplets."

a Breakfast for a King!

but it DOES NEED MUSTARD!

The breakfast choice of generations . . . bacon, eggs and mustard. Especially the mustard! Fried foods have a name for being indigestible, but mustard sets that right. Good mustard—meaning Keen's—modifies the richness of fried foods, stimulates the digestive juices and adds a zestful flavour which nothing else can give. So serve freshly-mixed mustard with every meal.

and MUSTARD *means . . .*

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YOU CAN *feel* IT CLEANING!

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Seeking out obscure corners, penetrating tiny crevices, the vital Euthymol bubbles dissolve tooth stains and keep the teeth a healthy, glistening white. But Euthymol does more—it actually prevents infection and mouth pollution and kills the deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact.

Euthymol dental hygiene requires daily treatment—every morning and every evening. You will be thrilled with the sense of mouth well-being and look forward to the active tingle as you feel the Euthymol at work.

Let your teeth enjoy the satisfaction of fragrant cleanliness.

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Euthymol

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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

MATERNAL PRIDE

ABOUT a month after the birth of my baby son, my husband and I went to the races at the local track.

In the fourth race there was a horse called Maternal Pride and at once I thought of my son and bought a two-dollar ticket for first place.

My husband grumbled a little because I was "throwing my money away on a rank outsider," and, feeling rather guilty, I slipped away and watched the race from another part of the grandstand.

The race was run in record time and Maternal Pride, coming home lengths ahead of the second horse, paid 183 dollars and 35 cents for a two-dollar bet.

10/6 to Mrs. Helen Murray, 60 Fuller Ave., Toronto, Canada.

UNEXPECTED SHOWER

I WAS travelling on the Manunda from Adelaide to Melbourne, and the morning we were due to arrive I went on deck early to glimpse the lights of the city.

Excitedly I leaned over the rail, when, to my surprise, I was suddenly drenched.

The sailors who had been washing the deck above had thrown a bucketful of dirty water on to my head. Luckily a sympathetic sailor placed a radiator at my disposal.

2/6 to Miss S. Storer, Scott St., Dulwich, Adelaide.

FLOWERY, NOT FLOURY

THE three-year-old son of a friend was so interested in the flour-dredger she was using while preparing a pudding that she allowed him to play with it for a while.

Later in the morning she noticed a strong smell of roses in the kitchen, and when she opened the oven door she discovered the cause.

The little boy had emptied her talc powder over the pudding, thinking it the same as the flour she had taken away from him.

2/6 to Mrs. Welch, Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

STRANGE REUNION

MY husband and I decided to celebrate his birthday by dining at a cafe we had not visited for five years.

On that occasion we had been the guests of an old friend who had gone to New Zealand to live, and as we went up the stairs I mentioned our previous visit and we talked of our friend.

After we had been seated for a few minutes I looked round and saw the man about whom we had been speaking. He had just arrived from New Zealand.

Thereupon the meal became a reunion as well as a birthday party.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Hall, Ellerslie Place, Toorak, Vic.

IRONY OF FATE

SOME years ago, some relatives of mine sold their home in an old gold-mining town in Victoria, and when the new owners were pulling the house down they found gold immediately underneath it.

My uncle and cousins had worked most of their lives looking for gold mining, dredging, and prospecting. Two of the boys had even gone to West Australia in search of it, while all those years they had actually been living on top of a mine!

2/6 to Mrs. C. Murray, Railway St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

THE ENGLISH OF IT

WHEN my toddler returned from "helping" the gardener, she announced that "a cow with the measles had squeezed the rake."

My powers of interpretation were sorely tested, but at last the riddle was solved: A mislaid rake and an impatient remark from the gardener, "I believe some measly cow has nicked it!"

2/6 to D. M. Phillipps, Ross St., Ivanhoe, Vic.

Errand of mercy nearly ends in disaster

"WITH EACH forward movement I tried frantically to catch at something."

AFTER my husband had been appointed manager of a timber venture at Vanikoro, an island in the Santa Cruz group in the Western Pacific, we lived for a few months under very primitive conditions.

All our food "came out of a tin" except when the five-weekly steamer, the Makambo, arrived from Sydney, and until a permanent house was built we had various homes, one being a palm-leaf dwelling, divided to form two rooms.

This structure was supported on slender piles about 150 yards out to sea on the reef, and was reached by means of a narrow pier without hand rails.

After we had been there for a while my husband arranged for a kitchen to be added, and for that purpose a large stack of boards was placed along the pier close to the house.

Some of the bushmen were sick at the time, and when the doctor told me that a patient could have an egg-flip I started out to commandeer an egg from the cook's stores.

Descending the steps from the house to the pier, I saw that only one narrow plank had been left to walk on, stacked boards occupying all the other space. I managed a few steps, placing one foot on the plank and the other on the piled boards, when suddenly the plank, being rotten, gave way.

As my left foot was "up in the air" on the stack of boards, I was not able to withdraw my right foot from the hole. The result was that my right leg was imprisoned as far as the knee and I fell over the side of the pier and was left helpless, hanging by the leg.

It was impossible for me to extricate my leg, and as I hung head downwards every wave buffeted me to and fro.

With each forward movement I tried frantically to catch at something, and whenever possible I screamed.

Fortunately my cries were heard by a Danish carpenter on the mainland, and with the assistance of another man he chopped the rotten plank from around my leg and pulled me to safety.

As luck would have it there were no crocodiles cruising round, and I escaped with severe bruises.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. M. Curtis, Wattle Park, Surrey Hills, Vic.

Over the garden wall

I WAS driving a utility truck towards Labrador, and had reached a spot where the road curved sharply, there being an hotel on one side and a sea wall on the other.

Suddenly the steering gear broke. Barely three yards away was a garden seat, on which an old man sat reading.

The truck charged straight towards it, and the impact sent the seat and its occupant, complete with glasses, book, and walking stick, into the sea. I followed, and was pinned beneath the truck.

Fortunately, the tide was out, but even then had it not been for the prompt way in which bystanders lifted the truck I would have been drowned.

The occupant of the seat waded out unhurt.

2/6 to James H. Connellan, Coomera, Qld.

Strongroom Scare

BEING the junior boy in a large store in N.S.W., it was my duty to see that all ledgers used during the day were placed in the office strongroom at night.

One evening I had taken in my last load of heavy ledgers, and was momentarily hidden by a steel filing cabinet, when I heard the door shut and the bolts shoot home.

I could hear every sound echoing in the big, empty store, but, although I yelled and beat my hands on the door, the head clerk, who was standing within two feet of me, did not hear a sound.

I lived an eternity in the next few moments. Almost petrified with fright, I could only stare at the door.

Then the head clerk saw a ledger I had forgotten, and when the door was swung open I staggered out.

2/6 to H. K. Nelson, Bent St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Weighed down

A FRIEND having borrowed a home-made diving helmet, we obtained permission to use it in the local baths.

After waiting till the majority of the swimmers had left he submerged and rose in about five minutes. Then it was my turn. I adjusted the weights and went down a ladder into six feet of water.

But soon I got scared. I threw off the helmet and tried to reach the surface, only to find that the weights kept me down.

Fortunately I grabbed the ladder and scrambled up to safety.

2/6 to R. Donnelly, Sheridan St., Cairns, Qld.

Stage police score

BEFORE the advent of motors I was travelling with Greenwoods Dramatic Company in the far west of Australia.

When the mail coach halted at a roadside hotel the publican rushed out and asked us if we could help him quieten a crowd of shearers who were wrecking the bar and frightening his wife, who was ill.

As the drama "The Kelly Gang" was in our repertoire, police uniforms were plentiful. Without delay the men of the company dressed up, and the sudden appearance of a band of "police" had the desired effect on the noisy mob.

2/6 to Roberta Baird, Crown St., Sydney.

Mother's Dilemma

WORKING alone in our farmhouse, I heard a terrified screaming in the yard, and, rushing out, saw my two-year-old son throwing sand at a ring of horses, sobbing and yelling as he did so.

On the ground the limp body of my baby daughter was being nosed along by one of the horses.

Almost immediately the horse picked her up and the other animals appeared to move closer.

I seized the first article at hand, a large tin—and fortunately could have found nothing better, for the noise it made, as it clattered to the ground after hitting the horse, caused him to drop the little girl.

When I picked her up she was covered with dirt and blood, but no bones were broken.

2/6 to Mrs. F. McIntyre, Ellison St., Ringwood, Vic.

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ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

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Full address at top of Page 3.

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DESIGN NO. 1160: is from the SUN-GLO Bed Jacket and Underwear Knitting Book, Series 1. Knitted in 3 ply SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool, it costs 6/- for the 8 1-oz. skeins needed.

DESIGN NO. 1420: Boy's Pullover is from SUN-GLO Children's Knitting Book, Series 8, and requires 4 1-oz. skeins of 4-ply SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 3/-.

DESIGN NO. 1384: This Jumper is from SUN-GLO Children's Knitting Book, Series 8. It is knitted in 4-ply SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 4/6 for the 6 1-oz. skeins required.

DESIGN NO. 1416: is from SUN-GLO Men's Wear Knitting Book, Series 7. Knitted in 4-ply SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 6/9 for the 9 1-oz. skeins needed.

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RECIPES THAT WON—*you'll all want to try them*

THIS FRUIT CAKE WON £500

RECIPE FROM MRS. JAMES WILSON, VAUCLUSE, SYDNEY

One pound butter beaten smooth with a spoon; add 1 lb. coarse brown sugar. Mix well, then drop in 10 eggs, one at a time.

Beat for 10 minutes, then add 1½ wine glasses whisky (boiling hot, prepared according to recipe).

Then add 3lb. prepared fruit mixed with 1½lb. plain flour which has been previously sifted.

FRUIT

1lb. Seeded Raisins. 1lb. Sultanas.
½lb. Dates. ¼lb. Cherries.
¼lb. Almonds.

Then add ¼lb. prepared citron peel shredded in thick discs. Bake 5 hours in a slow oven.

RECIPE FOR BOILING WHISKY

Put one heaped tablespoon of sugar and 1oz. butter into a saucepan to brown. When very brown take off fire and add 1½ wine glasses whisky. Let it simmer until dissolved and add to cake.

U-m-m! It's delicious! So it ought to be. It won the £500 prize. See recipe at left.

Rainbow block cake recipe won £100

Recipe from MRS. D. FLOATE, 42 Benalla St., Benalla, Vic.

INGREDIENTS FOR THE WHITE AND PINK MIXTURE

- 1lb. butter
- 1lb. sugar
- 3 drops essence of lemon
- 6 eggs
- 1lb. plain flour
- 2 level teaspoons cream of tartar
- 1 level teaspoon soda
- 1 cup milk (exactly)
- ½ teaspoon cochineal

METHOD

CREAM the butter and sugar with the essence of lemon, beat in the eggs one at a time. When well beaten in, add half the flour that has been sifted with the rising, beat the mixture lightly and quickly with the tips of the fingers.

Mix in half the milk, then the remainder of the flour, then remainder of the milk. Beat well, taking care not to allow the mixture to break.

Turn half the mixture into one greased tin, add the cochineal to the other half of the mixture, mix it in well, taking care not to have the mixture streaky, and turn into another greased tin.

Bake in a moderate oven three-quarter hour. Gas - wood stove will take the same length of time.

The cake will leave the sides of the tin when cooked. Turn out on white paper, not on a cake cooler.

INGREDIENTS FOR BROWN MIXTURE

- 1lb. of butter
- 6ozs. of sugar
- 3 eggs
- 7ozs. of plain flour
- 1 level teaspoon of cream of tartar
- 1 level teaspoon of soda
- 1oz. of cocoa
- ½ cup of milk (exact)

METHOD

THE same applies to the brown mixture as to the white and pink. Have everything in readiness before starting to mix the cake. Grease and dust out the tin.

Sift the flour, cocoa and rising twice together, return all to the sifter. Cream the butter and sugar, beat in the eggs one at a time.

When well beaten in, sift in half the flour, cocoa and rising and beat the mixture lightly and quickly with the tips of the fingers. Mix in half the milk, then remainder of the flour, then remainder of the milk.

Beat well, taking care not to allow the mixture to break. Turn the mixture into prepared tin. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarter hour. Test in the same way as the white and pink layers.

Special tins may be bought for baking this cake, but I prefer the cake baked in 2 oblong tins, 10 inches long, 6 inches wide, 3 inches deep, then cut as explained.

If you haven't 2 oblong tins the same size the cake may be baked as 3 separate cakes. You certainly get the exact quantity of the mixture in each cake, but if you have the 2 tins you can make 2 colors with the one mixing. It is necessary to mix the brown layer separately, as there is a little difference in the weight of flour, etc.

As this mixture is very light it needs careful handling.

When you start to mix your cake, do not leave the mixture until you have put it in the oven. Have everything in readiness before starting to mix the cake. Grease the tins or tin and dust out with plain flour.

TO CUT THE BLOCKS, ICE, AND JOIN TOGETHER

IT is better to bake this cake the day before you are going to ice and make it up into the blocks, as it must be quite cold. Level each layer off with a sharp knife, place the brown layer on the bottom and the pink layer next and the white layer on the top.

Now cut all through across the cake in 1½ inch strips. Arrange the colors before starting to ice, and join the blocks together.

Now you have the colors in their right order lift the three strips next to the end three out carefully, place the pink strip on the bottom, the brown next and the white on the top, lift the next three strips out, place the white on the bottom, then the pink, then the brown on top.

Repeat this until all the colored strips are in their correct positions. Slip long knife under the top row of strips, lift them off, put them to your right, then lift the next row and put them to your left.

By doing this you will know exactly where to place the strips.

Now start to work the strips in place from the left, and work from the left to the right, icing each strip on the bottom and one side with whatever color the strips may be and join together, pressing the strips as closely together as possible.

You may find this cake a little difficult to make at first, but after a little practice you will find it quite simple.

When you have the cake blocked together, ice with chocolate icing, decorate the top with piping of lemon and pink icing

TO MAKE THE ICING

- ¾lb. of icing sugar for joining blocks together.
- 4 tablespoons of heated milk.
- A little cocoa or cochineal as required.

METHOD

Sift the icing sugar add to it the heated milk, blend well together. Use as required.

TO MAKE ICING FOR CAKE

- 1½lb. of icing sugar
- 1oz. of cocoa
- 5 tablespoons of heated milk

METHOD

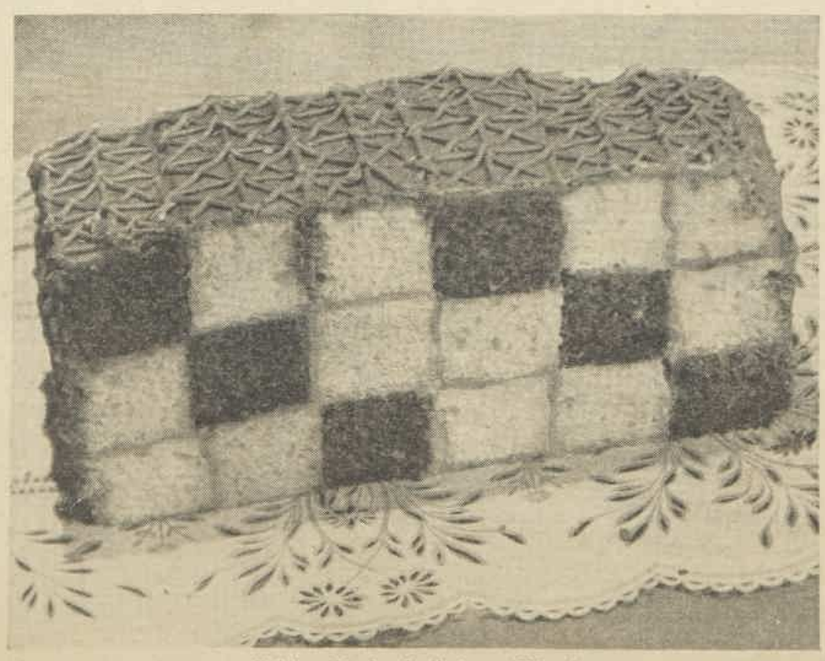
Sift the icing sugar and cocoa twice together, add to it the heated milk, blend well together. Brush the cake over with the beaten white of egg to make the icing adhere.

Use a knife dipped frequently in boiling water for icing cake.

TO MAKE ICING FOR PIPING TOP OF CAKE

Mix two tablespoons of icing sugar with one dessertspoon of heated milk. Divide into two parts, add one drop of cochineal to one half, blend well, and use for piping top of cake, using an icing forcer or bag. Allow to dry out thoroughly before cutting.

This cake weighs 5lb., and the cost runs out at 11d. per pound.



Rainbow block cake that won £100 prize

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE

Recipe from MRS. R. WHITE, c/o Dr. J. G. Avery, Lake St., Yeronga, Brisbane. Won £100.

MAKE a "greengage" jelly and pour into a wet mould. When nearly set, place strawberries round the edge, 8 pieces of angelica (in star shape) in the centre. Allow to set.

Take 1 box of strawberries and squash with a fork, adding ½ cup of sugar and mixing well.

Melt ½oz. leaf of gelatine in one gill of water over the fire, and add to the strawberry mixture, then stir in ½ pint of whipped cream.

Line the sides of the mould (on top of the yellow jelly) with sponge fingers, and fill the centre with the strawberry mixture.

Allow to set, turn on to a glass dish and decorate with whipped cream roses and strawberries.

If strawberries are not in season, use cooked pineapple, or slices of bananas, decorated with crystallised cherries.

GOLDEN SHRED MARMALADE JELLY

Recipe from MRS. DON HURRELL, Box 67, Port Lincoln, S.A.

INGREDIENTS

6 oranges	5pts. water
3 lemons	4lbs. sugar

HALVE the fruit and squeeze out the juice. Pare off some of the rind with a shredder, a small cupful is ample, and tie these in a bag. (These are to be left in the jelly).

Cut the remaining pith and peel up roughly and then put the juice, peel and pith and bag of shreds into the pan with the water. Bring to the boil, and after boiling ½ hours remove bag of shreds. Rinse them in cold water, drain and put aside till needed.

Continue boiling the pulp till almost half the water is evaporated (only a little longer usually), then strain through a jelly bag or scalded cloth. Let it drip for some hours.

Put the strained liquid on to boil again. Add sugar, stir till dissolved. Boil 15 to 30 minutes, and test if it will jelly. When done stir in the shreds and boil one minute.

Pour into pots and seal when cold. If bottled hot the shreds rise to the surface.

To make a jelly successfully use under-ripe fruit. Fruit that has ripened does not contain pectin, the jelly substance.

When the fruit has ripened the pectin is changed to sugar, and fruit at this stage is not suitable for making jelly.

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These 250 readers won £1 each in our Recipe Contest

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Continued on Sixth Page of Homemaker Section

BETTY WAS FRAIL AND NERVOUS —READ WHAT HAPPENED THEN

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"My little girl, age seven, has always been rather nervous, underweight and a light sleeper. A week ago she began drinking 'Ovaltine,' and it is hard to believe she is the same child now. That tired, languorous feeling is gone, her appetite has improved 100%, and it is a pleasure not to have to scold her about eating. Also she sleeps splendidly. 'Ovaltine' has certainly taken a great worry off my minds'

Another delighted mother writes:—

"Alice Ruth, who is eleven, has been a pale, nervous little girl all her life. Always very restless at night. Then I decided to give her 'Ovaltine.' She is no longer nervy, has put on weight and is now a very strong, sturdy little girl—thanks to 'Ovaltine.'"

These letters cover, of course, only two individual cases. Naturally, we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in every case where "Ovaltine" is used. But this letter is so typical of thousands we have received, that we believe a thorough trial of "Ovaltine" is justified by every intelligent mother in similar cases of nervousness, poor appetite and underweight.

"Ovaltine" is a pure food beverage made from malt, milk and eggs, and is widely recommended by doctors everywhere. Already it has gained world-wide recognition as an important food for building up children—and is particularly noted for the remarkable increases in appetite, weight and nerve poise which so frequently occur when it is added to the daily diet.

For the sake of your child, try "Ovaltine." You simply make it with milk—either hot or cold. All children love the delicious flavour of "Ovaltine."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of packing and postage.

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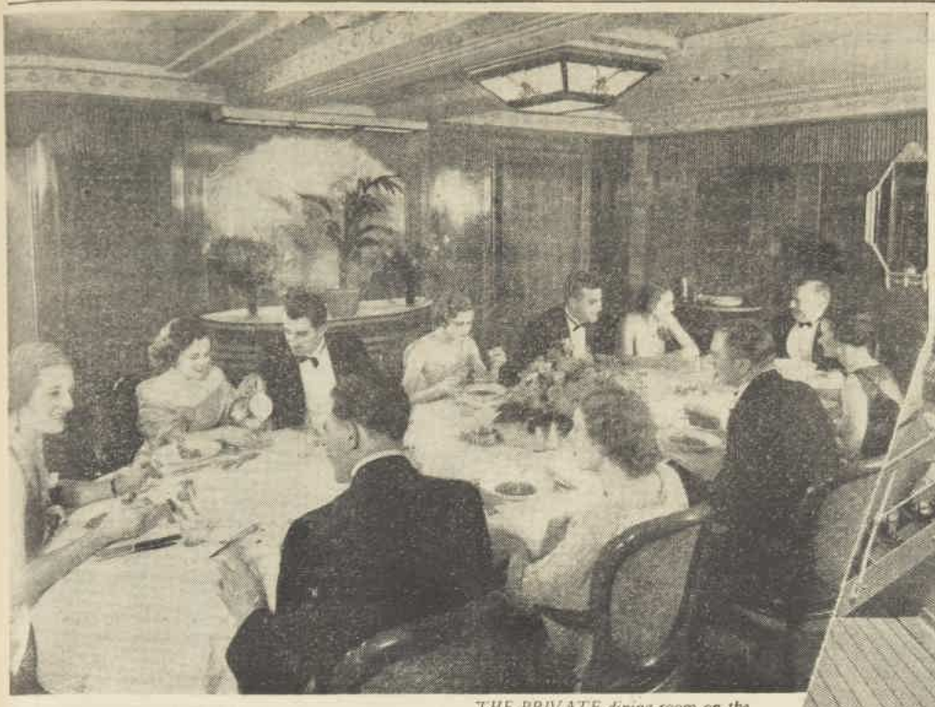

THE PRIVATE dining-room on the Strathaird reserved for the Duke and Duchess of Kent on the voyage.

Coming out with the Kents

Rush for bookings on the Strathaird

Duke and Duchess select quarters for voyage

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Now that the Duke and Duchess of Kent have selected their suites on the Strathaird, there is a rush among Australians in England to book on the vessel for the journey.

"Coming home with the Kents" is going to figure on many a cable message to Australia round about October.

THE news that Lord Frederick Cambridge, England's most eligible bachelor and nephew of Queen Mary, will travel as aide to the Duke of Kent has added another touch of interest to a glamorous passenger list.

Eastern magnificence is represented by the announcement that the Maharajah of Rajpipla, wealthy Indian potentate, will travel to Bombay by the Strathaird with a large retinue.

Although bookings are by no means complete, the following Australians have already chosen cabins for the trip:—

Miss Priscilla and Mr. Ian Other Gee, Miss L. M. Bentwitch, and Miss E. McLeod, and Mesdames Moorhouse, Byrnes, Minter and Harvey, who are coming to Sydney.

The Fremantle passengers include Mr. and Mrs. McNess and Miss M. McNess, Miss Holland, Miss Edmeades, and Mrs. Eastwood.

Miss Deleau Suthmier, who will go first to Bombay, is a passenger for Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter are passengers disembarking at Adelaide. It is understood that there will be a reception at each port of call for the Duke and Duchess.

Since the final reservations were made last week by the Duke and Duchess, we can get a clearer idea of the accommodation which is being prepared.

Three de luxe cabins have been reserved on D deck, one each for the Duke's and Duchess' bedrooms and one for their private sitting-room.

These staterooms are to be redecorated when the Strathaird arrives in England from Australia next August.

THE sun deck on the Strathaird. As no special deck space has been reserved, Royalty will bask in easy chairs on this sheltered deck.

AT LEFT is shown one of the two cabins reserved for the Royal children. At right, the Strathaird nursery.

ROYAL CABIN—The Duchess will use this cabin on the voyage. The decoration may be changed to Marina-green and silver. The walls are of inlaid Australian woods.

Beautiful veneers of Australian woods line the most newly decorated cabins de luxe, the furniture is simple in line, built for comfort as well as appearance, the carpets are rich in texture and restrained in coloring.

Marina-green and silver is a tip for the Duchess' bedroom; the company has used it before with striking success.

There is to be a block of six cabins allotted to the children and the Duchess' maid and wardrobe.

The two biggest will be occupied by Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, with a nurse each.

Two adjoining cabins will be used for the Duchess' clothes, with her maid's cabin and a separate ironing cabin next door.

Although a private dining-room has been reserved for the voyage, the Duke and Duchess have made it clear that they will often eat in the dining-room with the other 250 first-class passengers.

In fact, they intend to share the life of the ship very completely. It is significant that no private deck space has been allotted to them; they will join in the deck games and sunbathing with the other passengers.

The Strathaird is liberally equipped for every kind of deck sport. There is a full-sized tennis court as well as a dozen courts for deck tennis, and space for every other shipboard game.

After games comes swimming in the lovely green-and-black marble swimming bath, then lounging in the Swimmers' Walk, or the Verandah Cafe, which has the bright sunny atmosphere of a Spanish sun parlor.

The illusion is carried out with ornamental Spanish grilles and fountains—but America is allowed to intrude in the adjoining up-to-date American bar!

After the swim, dinner and dancing.

In the public dining-room, no matter how dull the day, how dark the night, clever lighting gives an effect of filtered sunshine.

And on deck, with the fine ship's band playing, glass screens shut out rain and wind for the dancers.

Of course, there will be a Father Neptune ceremony and a good ducking to celebrate crossing the Line.

In fact, there will be ample entertainment and occupation for every hour of the day on this giant liner. Imagine her, for five weeks the home of 1700 people — 500 of them the ship's complement—a floating township with promenades, hospitals, up-to-date shops, a self-contained community nine stories high, with electric lifts instead of electric trams.

And one of the most fascinating things about this township is its provision for the children.

It is significant that no special day nursery has been reserved for the little Prince and Princess. And that can have only one meaning—they are going to be as democratic as their parents and mix with other children playing in the beautifully equipped Strathaird nursery during the voyage.

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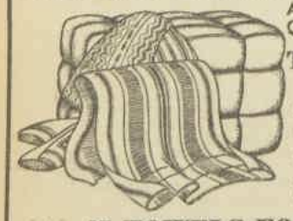

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Betty's "racey" narratives

Women in England have their own horses and trainers

By BETTY GEE

A returned traveller tells me that English women were never so racing-minded as to-day. There are nearly as many women owners as men on the Turf, she says.

Miss Dorothy Paget, millionairess, competes with the men for the highest-priced yearlings offered in England.

IN 1937, Miss Paget gave 1500 guineas for a colt. This was the highest price ever paid by a man or woman for a yearling anywhere in the world.

She deserved better luck, but unfortunately the youngster proved a moderate performer.

At last year's sales three purchases were made for her at 7500gns., 2600gns., and 2000gns., representing a total of £12,720, but she bought other cheaper lots, and her total outlay for the season was £15,000. She spends about £20,000 on the Turf annually.

Last year her horses won 19 races worth £7384, so she was down considerably in returns, but she considers her enjoyment of the Sport of Kings worth £10,000 a year, and can afford the luxury.

Her colors are popular. She is looked upon as the world's leading lady owner. Won't there be a furore if ever she wins the English Derby, or the Leger or Two Thousand Guineas, or the world's greatest steeplechase, the English Grand National!

She gave £7000 for a horse to run in the Grand National last year! But he wasn't good enough to win.

Blue and yellow

MISS PAGET'S colors are blue, yellow hoop on body of jacket and sleeves, yellow cap with blue hoop.

Private trainer to His Majesty the King, W. R. Jarvis trains one horse for a lady owner, Lady Richard Brooke. Her husband is racing adviser to His Majesty.

Almost every English or Irish trainer of prominence has from four to ten lady owners among his clientele. English trainers don't operate on a small scale.

Some have between 50 and 100 horses in training year in and year out.

They are mostly two- or three-year-olds. If they fail before four they are put to hurdling or passed out of the great stables. Most of the clients of Steve Donoghue's stable are lady owners.

He was the world's most famous jockey until he retired last year.

A fascinating little man with dark brown hair is Steve. His large brown eyes dance and twinkle as he talks to you. The little man seems to be bursting with animation.

It is calculated that Steve earned £750,000 as a jockey. He won six English Derbies. But he spent it as he made it.

Now he is training horses, and has rich men and women and members of the peerage as clients.

Reverting to England and her women owners, Dickie says it is not surprising that there are so many. England, he says, is the home of racing and the thoroughbred.

The world comes to England for the replenishment of its breeding stocks, to maintain a high standard.

Critics sometimes talk about Australians being mad on horseracing.

They ought to learn something about England's millions spent on the Turf.

There are races every day with the exception of Sunday and Monday. Monday is for settling of betting debts.

Millions are bet with the books, and the Tote also turns over millions.

Credit betting off the course is legalised. There are bookies with palatial quarters as big as our Commonwealth Bank. Many rich owners race 50 horses. Some have 100.

THINK what a thrill it would be to see your own horse winning important races.

The Aga Khan has 200, split up among England, India and France. Breeding is an industry involving billions. Two English events, the Derby and the Grand National Steeplechase, are the most talked-of races in the world.

Some day Australian women will become more race-minded. Those who have the money merely race in a spasmodic sort of way with a few horses picked by their husbands.

I really believe some of the husbands palm off the ones they don't want themselves.

There are few Australian women with what you could call a team.

Take Sydney. Are there others besides Mrs. D. L. Clayton and Miss M. L. Vaughan with a string of horses? If so, I don't know them.

Loves her horses

MRS. CLAYTON races seven horses, over hurdles and on the flat. She's crazy about thoroughbreds. She knows so much about them she could easily become a trainer.

Miss Vaughan has only four, but she had seven last year. She came of an English sporting family, and on coming into a portion of the Houston millions her first act was to indulge her love of the thoroughbred racehorse.

There are races this week at Roschill on Wednesday and Canterbury on Saturday.

I have instructions from my grocer's man to follow up Taroo in the Granville at Roschill.

The chairman of the A.J.C., Mr. Geo. Main, is giving it out that his horse Trumpeter will blow a winning tune in the Maiden. It's about time we saw Mr. Main's colors in front.

The Head Waiter says Tarn is on the menu again for Canterbury, and to keep following her. She has won four races straight. A little budding Ajax, he reckons she is. By the way, what's the female of Ajax?

We are following up Tony. Mrs. Clayton says he's going to be her best horse, and I agree.

Miss Marj is whispered by the coke and coal man for the Park Stakes.

free

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US. 35/- (Below). Featherweight lastex step-in, four suspenders. Three sizes. At **17/6**

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US. 14/11 (Below). Profile breton, all colours. **9/11**

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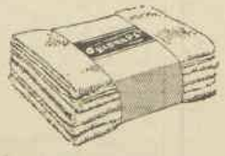
CLEANSING SOAP with a penetrating lather that will bring a radiant, youthful freshness to your skin . . the work of its rich olive oils. Excellent, too, for chafed skin and dandruff. Tin, **1/6**

Kitchenware, Lower Ground Floor



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Towels, First Floor.

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German pilot who played Cupid

Dropped airman's photograph which led to romance

Mrs. Claude Vautin always received flowers on her wedding anniversary from her Anzac husband, Lieutenant Vautin.

This year she sent the flowers herself as her husband was in hospital recovering from illness.

Thus a war-time romance blossomed again in a ward of Randwick Military Hospital when a gay family party was held at his bedside in celebration of his 18th wedding anniversary.

THE other day a Sydney woman told how she sewed a good luck message in a soldier's tunic, but, alas for romance, the tunic only recently left the army stores. With Mrs. Vautin it was different.

She met her husband through admiring a photograph.

When she was pretty Janie James, a New South Wales girl, she corresponded with an Air Force officer.

He sent her some snapshots, including one of the handsome young Lieut. Vautin.

And Lieut. Vautin had a romantic story.

After serving at Anzac he was drafted to the Air Force.

While flying at 7000 feet in Palestine his plane was shot down by German machines. He was seriously injured and was taken prisoner.

Von Felmy, German air ace who brought him down, was a chivalrous foe, and, as it turned out, Cupid in a crash helmet.

He dropped a photograph of Lieut. Vautin over the Australian lines, with a message to say that he was still alive.

The identical photograph dropped by the German was sent to Miss James, and on reading Vautin's exploits as told in her friend's letter she said: "I'd like to meet a man like that."

Cupid was still busy, although unable to bring the couple together. Two coincidences brought this about.

Miss James was in West Australia at the time, staying with the wife of a mine manager.

There was much talk about the handsome airman taken prisoner of war.

Looking at the photograph, the mine manager's wife said: "Oh, I know him," and she gave Miss James the address of his parents in West Australia.

Janie sent Lieut. Vautin's photograph to his anxious parents. They exchanged letters, and Janie was invited to visit them.

She discovered that Lieut. Claude Vautin was a mining metallurgist and that his parents knew he was a prisoner of war but had not heard from him for some time.

They were very impressed by the pretty girl who displayed such an interest in their son, and who was so obviously excited about his exploits.

They talked to her, and she knew a great deal about Claude, his boyhood escapades and his daring which was something of a legend in his own home town.

She went back to New South Wales still very much interested in a boy she had never seen.

When Lieut. Vautin came home from the war his parents told him the story of the photograph—and the girl.

Janie was then living in Sydney with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. James.

Claude Vautin came to Sydney and met the girl who knew him only as a handsome young man in a photograph.

In two months they were engaged, and five months later, on May 9, 1921, they were married.

During his imprisonment with the Germans in Palestine Claude Vautin and Von Felmy became firm friends.

They still have the watches they exchanged.

When Lieut. Vautin was sent to Turkish headquarters he was taken to the Ministry for War for interrogation.

Refused to talk

HIS refusal to supply information resulted in his being sent to solitary confinement for nine days without food.

He was carried out with typhus, and after a slow recovery spent fourteen months as a prisoner until 1917, when he was returned to Egypt.

He was on his way to France when the Armistice was signed.

Eight years ago Lieut. Vautin wrote to his old friendly enemy, Von Felmy, giving him all the news of himself and his family.

When he did not receive a reply he concluded that his friend of war time may have died or left Germany. He then forgot all about the letter, letting the incident slip from his memory regretfully as another wartime contact snapped by the years.

A few weeks ago he received a reply. Von Felmy had mislaid his letter and only just found it again. He described his life in Dusseldorf, his wife and family in a cordial letter.

Thus a German war ace, a mine manager's wife, and a photograph brought the love affair to a happy conclusion.

In fact, Von Felmy is something of a mascot in the family, for had he not dropped the photograph of Lieut. Vautin and set the romance in train there might have been no happy couple saying it with flowers on every wedding anniversary.

There are three children in the Vautin family—Mary, aged sixteen, Bill, fifteen, and Claude, fourteen.

The two boys are going to be allowed to learn to fly when they are old enough.

MRS. CLAUDE VAUTIN smiles at her husband, convalescing at Randwick Hospital, as she recalls their wartime romance.

Pastor's advice on kissing

By Air Mail from New York

GIRLHOOD'S age-old problem, "To kiss or not to kiss," has resulted in a set of rules laid down by Rev. A. E. Cooke, pastor of St. John's United Church, Vancouver, to the teens in his congregation.

1. Don't be too liberal with your affections. Girls shouldn't make their lips "free lunch counters" for men.

2. Boys should remember they are the natural protectors of women.

3. Don't squander your emotional resources. Flippant flappers may entertain men for a while, but quiet, modest women are usually chosen for wives.

4. Don't flirt, it's bad form.

"Petting is a natural impulse for all red-blooded young people," Rev. Cooke pointed out, "but that doesn't make it right.

"Civilisation is based on control of natural impulses."

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

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Sydney's Oldest Established Exclusive Fur Store makes this special offer to "Women's Weekly" Readers. Beautiful Lapin Swagger (as illustrated)

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

For Geminians who would be really successful there are two things to do. They must develop concentration and submit to a little of the monotony of life.

GEMINIANS include all those whose birthdays fall between May 22 and June 22 and, to a lesser extent, those at whose birth-moment Gemini happened to be peeping over the eastern horizon.

And this is the time of the year when they come into their own.

The majority of them are quick-witted and versatile, with a love for change and movement. Not for them the placid, fixed ways of most Taurus-born people (April 21 to May 22).

They possess both restless minds and itchy feet, plus an optimistic belief that they will be better off somewhere else. Far fields always look greenest to them, and they are apt to give up good positions for something somewhere else, which is so vague in its promise that it really suggests a castle in the air.

As a fact, Geminians would be wiser if they glued their feet to the earth and remembered that castles in the air are liable to let in the cold wind of reality, and to give chilly results instead of dispensing the good things expected.

Most people belonging to this sign of the zodiac are clever, yet few of them are clever enough to realise their own weaknesses and strive to overcome them.

Chief of these is this almost constant desire for change and activity, which wins by only a narrow margin from weakness of character which is represented by lack of concentration.

Restlessness, backed by lack of concentration, provides a very unstable foundation upon which to erect the edifice of a truly successful life. Is it any wonder then that most Geminians are regarded as "rolling stones"?

Not that this is strictly true. Many Geminians hold high office, particularly in the spheres of commerce and intellectual accomplishment. But not many of them seem able to hold these seats for long.

They grow restless and careless, and generally end by relinquishing (not always by personal desire), the honors which have been theirs.

Sometimes they are so versatile, and so genuinely clever, that this does not affect their bank balances seriously, for they seem able to slip into other positions or other ventures almost at will.

In fact, many Geminians will be found running two or more businesses or vocations at the same time, and doing well at both.

It is adaptability that helps them; monotony that scares them; lack of stability that ruins them.

Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 1 (evening), 2 and 3 can be fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): May 30 and 31 and June 1 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Make the most of your chances on May 28 and 29, for new ventures or changes started then should prove fairly successful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Unspectacular. Just a week of days for most Cancerians.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Work hard on June 1 (after sunset), and all day June 2 and 3. Results should be fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Flee from trouble, and don't wait to see if it is catching up with you, especially on May 27 and June 1 (p.m.), 2 and 3. Let all important matters stand over, for they will probably go wrong if attempted on these days.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Opportunity should be hanging around your door at this time. Watch out for it on May 28, 29 and 30 (very early), and be sure your plans are in readiness. A good time for changes, asking favors, and seeking promotion.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Unspectacular. May 30 and 31 and June 1 fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Wise Sagittarians will hibernate for a week or two. Be exceptionally cautious on June 1 (after dusk), 2 and 3, for partings, worries, misjudgments and unwise changes are likely then, and may bring later regrets. Don't argue!

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Get semi-important matters started on May 27, if they are at all urgent.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Your clouds should have silver linings at this time, so try to stabilise your affairs by making strategic moves on May 28, 29 and 30 (before 10 a.m.). Set definite goals and then go after them. Seek advancement in all that you do.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Don't brood about your losses or disappointments at this time. Instead, concentrate on routine matters and plan for the future. Make no changes and take no risks on May 27, June 1 (evening), 2 and 3.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Flying Family

THE "FLYING HUTCHINSONS," an American family that is 100 per cent. air-minded, are planning a round-the-world goodwill flight. Some years ago they flew to Greenland; this time they have received visas to visit all 68 countries of the world.

Father George R. Hutchinson is at the controls, while his daughters function as members of the crew. Kathryn is working a specially-designed telegraph key, while Janet has adjusted earphones to receive radio instruction. Mrs. Hutchinson is reading.

11 A.M. Out in the bright sunshine—

POWDER SOFT, FLATTERING.

11 P.M. Under the glare of electric lights—

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Pond's is no ordinary face powder. Pond's "Glare-Proof" shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light on your skin. Even in the bright Australian sunshine which is notoriously hard on looks, or under the strongest electric light, they never show up harsh and chalky. Never make your face seem over-powdered. Always a petal-smooth finish for your skin. And Pond's has special expensive ingredients to make it cling for hours. For new make-up flattery, change to Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder to-day!

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Smiles grow lovelier with

Ipana and Massage!

He loves me—he loves me not! Poor, unhappy Helen—so alone! *(Yet how can she look for romance when she lets a dull, dingy, unattractive smile frighten it away?)*

Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. *(He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.)*

Life's dances and dates and fun for Helen now. And why shouldn't it be? For how can any man resist the appeal and the magic of a vivid, sparkling smile? *(Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling—to keep your smile attractive.)*

HOW IMPORTANT a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists to-day, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth, but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana to-day. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

• • •

Choice of a dentrifice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

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CHANGE TO

IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE

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NOW YOU CAN KNIT FOR YOUR YOUNGEST THIS—

Cute baby panda

HE is a toy replica of that strange but adorable-looking animal, the most recent and greatest attraction at present at London Zoo.

TOY pandas in the likeness of that rare and little-known animal, the giant panda, are the rage in the child-world just now. Every kiddie wants one.

So knit one for your small boy or girl from these simple instructions.

Materials: 2 oz. 4-ply white wool, and 2oz. 4-ply black wool.
1 pair knitting needles, No. 12.
Kapok for stuffing.
A piece of white felt.
2 boot buttons (for eyes).
A wire brush for teaseling.

Size: Length: About 20in. Height: About 10½in.

Tension: Eight sts. and 16 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K knit, rep. repeat, inc. increase, dec. decrease, b black wool, w white wool, beg. beginning, st. stitch, s slip, tog. together.

The PANDA is worked in garter-stitch. **Note:** When knitting a group of sts. after a cast-off group, always count the st. already on the right-hand needle as one of the group to be knitted.

Body: Cast on 3 sts. in w wool.

1st Row: Inc. 1 st. at each end of row. Rep. this row 4 times. (13 sts.) Cast on 14 sts., join b wool, cast on 19 sts. b. (46 sts.) With b wool k 4, turn, s 1, k 2, turn, s 1, k 4, turn, s 1, k 5.

6th Row: K 20 b (always twist wools at the back of work), k w to end, inc. 1 st. at the end of row.

7th Row: K 27, turn.

8th Row: K to end, inc. 1 st. at the end of row.

9th Row: K 25, turn.

10th Row: As the 8th row.

11th Row: K 17, turn.

12th Row: As the 8th row.

13th Row: K 30 w, 20 b.

14th Row: K 21 b, 29 w, inc. 1 st. at the end of row. Continue thus, working 1 b st. more in every 2nd row, and inc. 1 st. at the end of every 2nd row until you have 60 sts. (30 b, 30 w) in the 32nd row.

33rd Row: K 30 w, 30 b.

34th Row: K 30 b, 30 w.

35th Row: K 31 w, 29 b.

36th Row: K 29 b, 31 w, inc. 1 st. at the end of row. Continue thus, working 1 b st. less in the next and every alternate row, and inc. 1 st. at the end of every 4th row, until the 50th row has been worked. (64 sts.—22 b, 42 w.)

51st Row: K 42 w, 13 b, cast off 2, k 7. Work on these 7 sts. for **Foot.**

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Next 5 rows: K. Repeat last 6 rows once.

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Next 2 rows: K. Cast off 4 sts. Return to **Body** sts.

52nd Row: Cast off 1, k 12 b, k w to end.

53rd Row: K 42 w, 12 b.

54th Row: Cast off 1, k 11 b, k w to end, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

55th Row: K 44 w, 10 b.

56th Row: Cast off 1, k 9 b, 44 w. Rep. last 2 rows once, allowing for decreased b st.

59th Row: K 45 w, 7 b.

60th Row: Cast off 1, k 6 b, 45 w, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

61st Row: K 46 w, 6 b.

62nd Row: Cast off 1, k 5 b, 46 w.

63rd Row: K 47 w, 4 b.

64th Row: Cast off 1, k 3 b, 47 w.

65th Row: K 47 w, 3 b.

66th Row: Cast off 1, k 2 b, 47 w, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

67th Row: K 49 w, 1 b.

68th Row: Cast off 1, break off b, k w to end.

Work in w inc. 1 st. at the end of the 74th and every following 8th row until the 96th row has been worked (52 sts.).

97th Row: K 32 w, 20 b, inc. 1 st. at the end of row.

98th Row: K 25 b, 28 w.

99th Row: K 28 w, 25 b.

100th Row: K 29 b, 24 w, inc. 1 st. at end of row. Continue thus, working 4 extra b sts. in every alternate row and inc. 1 st. at the end of the 101st, and every following 4th row until the 112th row has been worked (57 sts.). Break off w wool.

113th Row: K, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

114th Row: K.

115th Row: K to end, cast on 13 sts. (71 sts.)

116th Row and each alternate row: K.

117th Row: K 63, turn.

119th Row: S 1, k 66, turn.

121st Row: K to end. **Next 14 rows:** K.

136th Row: K 69 b, 2 w.

137th Row: K 2 tog., k 3 w, k 66 b. Continue thus, working 3 extra w sts. in every alternate row and dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the 141st, 145th, and 149th rows, until the 152nd row has been worked.

153rd Row: K 24 w, 18 b, cast off 16, k 9. Work on these 9 sts. for **Foot.**

Next Row: K to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog. **Next 3 Rows:** K. Rep. these 4 rows 4 times.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog. Cast off 3 sts. Join wool to main part.

154th Row: Cast off 1, k 17 b, 24 w. K 8 rows, dec. 1 st. at the throat edge in every row and working 2 extra w sts. in the 155th and each alternate row. (33 sts.) Break off b wool.

163rd Row: K, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

164th Row: K. Repeat these last 2 rows 8 times.

181st Row: Dec. 1 st. at the beg., inc. 1 st at the end of row. **Next 3 rows:** K. Repeat last 4 rows once.

189th Row: Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of row, k to end. **Next 3 rows:** K.

193rd Row: Dec. 1 st. at each end of row. **Next 3 rows:** K.

197th Row: As 193rd row.

198th Row: K.

199th Row: K 32, turn, s 1, k 8, turn, k to end.

200th Row: Cast off 12, k to end.

201st Row: K 2 tog. each end of row. **Next 3 rows:** K.

205th Row: K 2 tog., k 17, turn, k 14, turn, s 1, k 9, turn, s 1, k 5, turn, k 12, k 2 tog.

Cast off 21 sts. Work another piece to correspond.

Under Body.—With w wool, cast on 1 st, k 3 into this st. **Next 5 rows:** K.

7th Row: Inc. 1 st. at each end of row. Rep. last 6 rows 5 times. (15 sts.) **Next 5 rows:** K.

43rd Row: With b wool, cast on 19 sts., * k 4, turn, s 1, k 2, turn, s 1, k 4, turn, s 1, k 5, * k 19 b, 15 w, cast on 19 sts. with another ball of b wool. Rep. from * to * at the beginning of row. (53 sts.)

44th Row: K 19 b, 15 w, 19 b. Rep. this row until the 82nd row has been worked.

83rd Row: K 19 b, 15 w, 10 b, cast off 2, k 6 b. Work on these 7 sts. for **Left Foot.**

Next Row: Work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. **Next 5 rows:** K. Repeat last 6 rows once.

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. **Next 2 rows:** K. Cast off 4 sts. Return to main sts.

84th Row: Cast off 1, k 8 b, 15 w, 10 b, cast off 2, k 6. Work on these sts. as for **Left Foot.** Return to main sts.

85th Row: Cast off 1, k 9 b, 15 w, 9 b. Work thus, keeping 15 w sts. in the centre, dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next 18 rows. (15 w sts. remain.) Work 27 rows straight.

131st and 132nd Rows: Cast on 1 b st. at the beg. of each row. Inc. 1 b st. at each end of the 133rd and every following 4th row until there are 6 b sts. at each end in the 149th row.

150th and 151st Rows: Cast on 13 sts. b, k in pattern to end of rows. (53 sts.)

152nd Row: K 19 b, 15 w, 11 b, turn.

153rd Row: S 1, k 10 b, 15 w, 11 b, turn.

154th Row: S 1, k 10 b, 15 w, 15 b, turn.

155th Row: S 1, k 14 b, 15 w, 15 b, turn.

156th Row: S 1, k 14 b, 15 w, 19 b, turn.

157th Row: K 19 b, 15 w, 19 b, rep. this row until the 187th row has been worked.

ISN'T HE ADORABLE?—a baby panda. He is an exact likeness of that rare and little-known animal, the giant panda. You can knit him in black and white wool from the instructions given here.

188th Row: K 19 b, 15 w, cast off 10, k 9 b. Work on these 9 sts. for **Left Foot.**

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next 3 Rows: K. Rep. these 4 rows 4 times.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., cast off 3 sts. Commence at the main part with w wool.

189th Row: K 15 w, cast off 10, k 9 b. Work on these 9 sts. as for **Left Foot.** Work on remaining 15 sts. in w wool, dec. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 3 sts. remain, k 3 tog.

Head Gusset: With w wool, cast on 1 st., k 3 into this st.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st. each end of row. Rep. last 2 rows twice. **Next 3 rows:** K. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until 33 sts. are on the needle. K 17 rows straight. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 4th row until 9 sts. remain. Dec. 1 st. each end of alternate rows until 3 sts. remain. K 3 tog.

EYE SURROUNDS (2 Pieces)

With b wool, cast on 3 sts. K 1 row. Inc. 1 st. in the next and every following 4th row until 13 sts. are on the needle. **Next 5 rows:** K. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 3rd row until 7 sts. remain. Cast off 7 sts.

EARS (4 Pieces)

With b wool, cast on 7 sts., k 1 row. **Next row:** K 2 into 1st st., k 4, turn, s 1, k 3, turn, s 1, k 4, k 2 into last st. Inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 17 sts. on needle.

Next 6 Rows: K. **Next row:** * k 7, turn, s 1, k 4, k 2 tog., k 4, turn, k 4, turn, k 3, turn, k 3, turn, k 3, turn, k 2, * k to end of row. Rep. from * to * once. Cast off 15 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces lightly with a warm iron. Assemble all of the pieces. St. the under body into position, joining leg seams and leaving feet open. St. the point up the back and neck. Fit in the head gusset, commencing from the nose to the back of neck.

Join back seam, leaving a small gap for stuffing. Cut four ovals of felt to fit the feet, and st. in position. Stuff the panda firmly with kapok, making sure that the legs are firmly stuffed before stuffing the body. Sew up the space in the back.

Sew on the ears after stitching the two pieces together in each case. Sew the eye-pieces in position, then sew on the buttons, towards the inside edge of the eye-pieces.

Brush the panda lightly all over with the wire brush to give a slightly fluffy appearance.

PANDA NIGHTDRESS CASE

To make the panda into a nightdress case, take a piece of closely woven material, 15in. by 9in., and fold in halves and stitch to make a bag. Sew one edge of the opening firmly to the back opening of the panda, leaving the other edge free until after the stuffing. Stuff as for the toy, keeping the case flat against the knitting at one side. Sew in snap fastener.

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Knitted chic in a

POLO-NECK SPORTS JUMPER . . .

A NEW design specially created for sports wear. The polo neck, short sleeves and corded pockets are smart features.

HERE is a knitted pullover you will find most useful for general sports wear. It has trim lines, is done in cosy 4-ply wool and would look particularly smart worn with a suit.

Materials Required: 7oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2090 (blue), 1 pair No. 9 needles, 1 set 4 No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 32 inches; length of sleeve seam, 5½ inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 6 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 88 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K.
2nd Row: P.
Repeat last 2 rows.
5th Row: P.
6th Row: K.

Repeat last 6 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 96 sts. When work measures 12 inches shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 9 needles cast on 20 sts. Work in pattern for 3½ inches (leave on spare needle).

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to the armhole shaping.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., work 14 sts., cast off 20 sts., work 18 sts., cast off 20 sts., work 19 sts.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., work 14 sts., work 20 sts. from 1st pocket, work 18 sts., work 20 sts. from other pocket, work to end of row. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 4½ inches, shape neck.

Next Row: Work 30 sts. (leave on spare needle). Cast off 6 sts., work 30 sts. Continue on last 30 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armholes measure 7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: * p 3, p twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row (100 sts.). Work in pattern for 4 inches. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

NECK

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 11 needles, pick up and k 140 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 5 inches. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Pleat sleeves into armholes. Make 2 plaits 3½ inches long of 18 strands of wool and sew across top of pockets.

SMART sports jumper knitted in 4-ply blue wool. The high polo neck, the short sleeves and the two pockets finished across each top with a plaited cord are distinctive features. Knitting instructions on this page.

NEW design for an attractive bed-jacket. It is knitted in 2-ply turquoise wool in a dainty frill effect obtained with bands of drop-stitch. Turquoise ribbon ties at the neck. Instructions for knitting given on this page.

Feminine charm in a

New knitted bed-jacket

THIS entrancing design is knitted in 2-ply turquoise-blue wool. The frilled effect in drop-stitch is new and flattering.

ISN'T this just the loveliest of bed-jackets? Soft 2-ply turquoise wool and the pretty frilled effect give it fragile-looking beauty.

Here are the simple knitting instructions:

Materials Required: 4oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 2-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2194 (turquoise), 2 pairs needles Nos. 9 and 6, 1½ yards ribbon.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 32-34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 5 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; wrn., wool round needle.

Tension: 6 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

**Using No. 6 needles cast on 202 sts. K into back of sts.

1st Row: K 1, * wrn. twice, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K, dropping the wrn. (202 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

Using No. 8 needles cast on 210 sts. K into back of sts.

1st Row: K 4, p to last 4 sts., k 4.
2nd Row: K.

Repeat last 2 rows twice; repeat 1st row.

8th Row: K 4, place the sts. on No. 6 needle in front of work, then k tog. 1 st. from each needle to last 4 sts., k 4.

Repeat last from ** until work measures 12 inches, ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 54, cast off 6 sts., k 90, cast off 6 sts., k 54.

Next Row: K 4, p 48, p 2 tog. (leave remaining sts. on spare needle).

Continue on last 53 sts., keeping the 4 border sts. in garter-st., and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 4 inches cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

Join wool, p 2 tog., p 86, p 2 tog.

Work in st.-st., and k 2 tog. each end of the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7 inches shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

Join wool and work last 54 sts. to correspond with left side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles cast on 86 sts. K into back of sts. Work the 1st and 2nd rows as for frill. Change to No. 8 needles, work 8 rows st.-st.

**Using No. 6 needles cast on 86 sts. K into back of sts. Work the 1st and 2nd rows of frill. Place frill in front of work, then k tog. 1 st from each needle to end of row. P 1 row. Work 6 rows st.-st. Repeat from ** twice. Work in st.-st. and k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

NECK

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 9 needles, pick up and k 104 sts. around neck. K 1 row. Change to No. 6 needles, repeat 1st and 2nd rows of frill. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew in sleeves. Tie ribbon in a bow and stitch at neck edge. Sew press studs on yoke at neck edge.

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ETIQUETTE

A MAN does not walk out of a room before his woman companion.

Small courtesies make good manners

says

MRS. MASSEY LYON,

the noted authority on social procedure, in this week's instalment of her book.

(Published by special arrangement).

SIMPLICITY is, of course, the secret of good taste in speech.

Whatever we may think of slang, the colloquialisms which have passed into the language come naturally, and stilted speech on informal occasions is at least as bad as the reverse.

To say, "Is it not?" instead of "Isn't it?" is as socially damning as it is grammatically correct!

But this does not mean that the accepted courtesies of life can be flouted. These, in their very nature, apply more to men than to women, because, while wives and sisters are responsible for much of the routine of the social world, the conventions still place upon men some of the obligations which have lingered from the days of chivalry.

A man who can claim to be a gentleman will not walk out of a room before his wife, or stride along the street, leaving her to come after him as well as she can, in the manner of a North American Indian squaw.

Nor will he fail to raise his hat on meeting her, just as he would to any other woman who is his social equal.

He will instinctively take the outside place as he walks along the pavement, thus giving unconsciously a reminder of the days when gutters were dangerous traps, even if roads were not infested with "roughs," so that the inside was the place of safety.

Just as instinctively he will wait for a woman or girl to bow to him with a little smile of recognition before he raises his hat in salutation, and he will perform a similar act of courtesy when anyone with whom he is walking recognises by bow or raised hat someone who is unknown to him.

Women must realise, of course, that it is "up to them" to make the first move in recognition, which gives them the prerogative, in theory at any rate, of choosing whom they will "know" and whom they will not.

Instinct, or the heritage of good breeding, serves to solve many little problems as they crop up.

It tells one, for instance, that when two friends are walking together and one meets a friend unknown to the other to whom she wants to speak her companion, man or woman, walks slowly on, so that there is no third party.

WHY does a man walk on the outside of the pavement? There was once a good reason.

The necessity for introduction which would interfere with the little interlude of conversation is thus removed. After the conversation the person who has stopped in this way hurries on quickly to overtake her friend.

This is the thing to do when men and women or women friends of equal age are walking together. A woman walking with one much older would probably not stop at all. If, on the other hand, her companion were a young girl, the younger woman would stand quietly by while the conversation lasted.

Men, of course, take off their hats on coming into a house or its equivalent, and raise them slightly to women whom they do not know when circumstances cause any communication—in giving up their seat in a train, for example, or in picking up anything that has been dropped. It is the gesture of deferential courtesy to which women are entitled and which they should acknowledge by a few words of thanks.

Everyday rules

MEN stand up when a woman comes into a room—that is, if there are few people in it. Obviously any such rule does not apply where numbers are concerned.

It is their business to open doors for women, also to carry cups, pull up chairs, and perform similar little acts of courtesy.

A man always gets up if a woman speaks in passing him in a room, and should make the motion of half-rising when introduced and when women leave the table at hotel dinners.

In private houses they stand up, but sometimes the crowded seating in restaurants makes this impossible, although then a general adjournment of both men and women is often made simultaneously.

Suitability is the keynote of good form in dress. Here, as in other directions, the trend towards simplicity is noticeable in day time.

In many cases the same frock or tailored suit carries its wearer through the afternoon as well as the morning, for a luncheon party, bridge party or matinee.

The real afternoon "toilette" is needed for important garden parties, smart weddings, important race meetings, afternoon receptions and formal luncheons.

At one time a change had to be made for lunch, and then onwards, but this has passed. Overdressing is always a danger.

Evening dress permits of a little compromise. Evening dress for women is always of the same character, elaborate or simple as the occasion warrants, just as the only choice for men lies between tail-coat and white tie or dinner jacket and black tie, unless Court dress (breeches with evening dress) or uniform is indicated.

BEFORE he raises his hat in salutation, a man waits for a woman or girl to bow to him with a smile of recognition.

For home dinners, theatres perhaps, and concerts, certainly for hotels when travelling (unless a compromise is introduced or a cool afternoon frock worn), "little" dinners specifically given on "quiet" lines, and for charity entertainments, the simplest dresses devoid of extremes of fashion and moderate in decolletage are chosen.

For these occasions men wear dinner jackets in place of tail coats.

More elaborate evening frocks worn with more and more jewels meet the case for dinner parties, dances and receptions.

In one's own home it is better to err on the side of moderation unless it is a party of such importance that there can be no question about it.

Jewels are little worn by day, other than strings of pearls, brooches, or the simple jewellery of semi-precious stones which "go" with the particular frock.

Speech, when translated into clothes, proves a stumbling block. There is the terrible "costume"—as tailored suits are dubbed sometimes. "Coats and skirts," "tailor-mades," "tweeds," "suits," if you like, but never "costumes."

Nor must a color be used as a descriptive name. "I think I'll wear my blue to-day," is horrible. "Their black" for mourning is also impossible.

NEXT WEEK

Etiquette of Weddings

ALL the questions of etiquette which arise when a wedding is to take place will be dealt with by Mrs. Massey Lyon in the next instalment of "Etiquette."

Who pays for the bride's and bridesmaids' bouquets? Who issues the invitations? What arrangements are made with the officiating minister? Who arranges for cars for the bridal party? How are the guests seated in the church?

These and many other questions will be answered.

"KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES taste twice as good!"

—vote famous Taste Experts, Champion Cooks, Leading Chefs and 403 everyday people after making Kellogg's amazing Blindfold Test!

Kellogg's Representative might even knock on your door—and ask you and your family to make this Blindfold Test.

There's a thrill to it—Excitement with cameramen coming along. High-powered lights shining down on the dining-room table.

One by one the members of the family come into the room. Each is blindfolded and given four popular breakfast flakes to taste. Then comes the question: "Which tastes best?"

Incredible as it may seem, 403 out of 403 agree that Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste far the best.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from specially grown white Australian Corn, flavoured with malt, sugar and salt, baked crisp and crunchy in Kellogg's shiny ovens!

Listen to Kellogg's new programme, HOWIE WING, a Saga of Aviation, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday at 6.45 p.m., from 2GZ, 2TM, 2LM, 3DB-LK, 3SR, 3TR, 5AD-MU-PI-SE and 6IX-WB. From 2CH and 4BK-AK-IP at 7.30 p.m. Also 2KO every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

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Sydney sculptor creates an Australian Venus

Glamor and beauty of our own modern girls

Signor Angelo Rossi, notable sculptor, has completed a statue of the Australian Venus, which he says is representative of the Australian girl.

Signor Rossi recently was married by proxy at St. Mary's Basilica to a bride in Schio (Italy).

JUST as the Venus de Milo represents the classic ideal of womanhood, Mr. Rossi says his Australian Venus represents the beauty and glamor of our modern Australian girlhood.

The statue will adorn the Macquarie St. penthouse of Mr. J. Brennan, patron of Australian Art.

When Mr. Brennan wanted a statue for the garden of the penthouse he commissioned Angelo Rossi to create an "Australian Venus." It was to represent an ideal of Australian girlhood.

Angelo Rossi began about two months ago, and put in an hour or two every day. It was too tiring to do any more.

The statue was modelled in clay, and when this was done a plaster cast was taken. From this the statue was cast in bronze.

Signor Rossi modelled from life. Let him tell in his own words how he arrived at his conception of the perfect Australian type.

Used three models

"I FOUND I couldn't do it from just one model," he said. **"No one model is ever quite perfect. One may have beautiful legs, another beautiful shoulders, and so on. I had to work from three, and in the end I was able to make a synthesis of all their perfections.**

"One of the tasks of the artist is to improve on Nature, and this is what I have tried to do with my Australian Venus.

"I have tried to create what I consider would be a perfect Australian girl.

"She is, as you see, a healthy girl," said Signor Rossi. "She is similar to the old Roman type of womanhood such as you find in old statues. Australians generally, I think, take after the old Romans of Caesar's time."

Here are the measurements of Signor Rossi's "Australian Venus":

Height, 5ft. 6in.	**Waist, 36in.**
Ankle, 9½in.	**Bust, 38in.**
Calf, 14in.	**Neck, 14½in.**
Thigh, 26in.	**Wrist, 6½in.**
Hips, 40in.	

Signor Angelo Rossi was born in Schio (Italy), 41 years ago.

He studied at Cignaroli's Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and Brenzoini School, Verona. The great war interrupted his studies, and he served five years. He was a prisoner of war in Germany for a year.

"I was very hungry," he said speaking of his war experiences.

After the war Signor Rossi exhibited at an exhibition of works of art by Italian soldiers.

He resumed his studies at the Academy and won the principal prize for three years. In 1927 he left Italy for Australia and landed in Melbourne in November. He came to Sydney a few months later and set up his studio.

He exhibited at the Royal Art Society's 1931 show.

Signor Rossi has done other excellent work. His "Gladiator" is a striking piece of sculpture. He has also done a very fine bust of Peter Brennan, young son of Mr. J. Brennan, who commissioned the Australian Venus for his penthouse. Mr. Brennan has some exquisite works of art in his new home.

In the entrance hall is a beautiful mural in oils by Norman Lindsay. In the office there is a fine bust of Norman Lindsay done by the late Rayner Hoff.

Signor Rossi, when he went through a proxy marriage on May 16 at St. Mary's Cathedral, was a bridegroom without a bride.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL gazes on Signor Rossi's Venus, which the sculptor says is typical of the modern Australian girl.

Signora Emma Rossi, veiled in white, attended by her maids, was present at a church in Schio (Italy) at about the same time as Signor Rossi and his two witnesses were married by a priest in Sydney.

In Schio the bride's brother stood for Signor Rossi.

Signora Rossi, who was a childhood friend of her husband, will arrive in Sydney in six or seven weeks' time.

This King doesn't want his crown back

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Ex-king Prajadhipok of Siam is a former monarch who doesn't want his crown back. He admitted that he prefers his garden in England to his throne in Bangkok.

THE diminutive, spectacled ex-king, who, until four years ago, ruled over 14,000,000 people, is happy in the peace of English village life.

With his wife, he is now living in a 400-year-old timbered mansion on the outskirts of Biddenden, Kent. The couple potter among the flower-beds, cycle about the local lanes and lead the sheltered life of local English "country gentry."

Both deprecate stories that they personally were involved in the recent abortive plot in Siam to oust King Amanda, Prajadhipok's 9-year-old nephew.

"I'm happy in my English home, my wife and I have great fun here, sailing our four model boats on the ornamental pond and lazing about in our rowing boat.

"I am waiting for the goldfish to come up in the warm weather and for our ducks to have ducklings.

"Flying used to be one of my hobbies, but I've had to give it up because my medical advisers warned me about my heart.

"But there is plenty to do pottering about the garden, cycling slowly round the beautiful loveliness of the English lanes.

"The people have been very friendly, and I have opened several village events, including a flower show."

Prajadhipok pointed to his favorite quotation framed on the wall. It starts: "Give me a nook and a book and let the proud world spin by."

Is the HOUSEWORK getting you down?

"I felt I wanted to scream. My nerves were at breaking point," writes Mrs. C. H. F., of Numurkah, Victoria. *"I couldn't eat or sleep, and my housework was getting on top of me . . . As soon as I started taking Phosphorated Iron my appetite began to come back, I slept like a child, and felt new life."*

Here's a test worth trying—which physicians find often increases the strength, vitality and endurance of weak, nervous, run down men and women 100 per cent!—the famous

"8 day" Wonder Test

First see how far you can walk, or how long you can work before feeling tired, achy and nervous. Next, take two tablets of Phosphorated Iron with each meal for 8 days. Then test your energy and staying power again, and see for yourself how much you have gained.

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific concentration of organic elements in handy tablets, which seem to send an enriched supply of iron-laden blood right to the starved nerve cells. Note the way you brighten up, and get back to the old time restful, *relaxed*, sleep at night. **Why not go round to your chemist—to-day—and get a 60-tablet flask of Phosphorated Iron tablets.**

IT'S THE FINISHING TOUCH THAT COUNTS IN MODERN HAIR STYLES

Californian Poppy BRILLIANTINE

gives that touch of Perfection

With all eyes on your newest hair-style (and to be really smart this season you must have a very individual one!), make sure of its perfect finish with a touch of Californian Poppy Brilliantine. This fine, light brilliantine gives new lustre and colour to even the dullest and most lifeless hair, and makes lovely locks more lovely still—lustrous, exquisitely glossy.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY perfectly blended, from the finest, costliest oils.

Only the lightest, most delicate brilliantine should be used on a woman's precious hair. Californian Poppy is the safest choice, because it contains costly fine oils that are really beneficial.

Rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands, then lightly pat it on the hair. See how it keeps the wave in place and smooths away frizziness . . . how beautifully it brings out the colour and gleaming highlights.

Californian Poppy Brilliantine

ATKINSONS OF LONDON

24 Old Bond Street, London, W.1

1/6 Per Bottle

Atkinson's Brilliantines also in English Lavender, White Rose, or Unscented.

"Every winter had terrible COLDS!"

NURSE'S GRATEFUL LETTER

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine. *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone—it does such quick work." — Mrs. C. Davis.

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What Women are Doing

Gifted handicraft worker creates beautiful designs on linen

RARE examples of the art of weaving designs on linen are created by Mrs. Andrew Pedersen at her home at Norman Park, Brisbane.

Expert at many handicrafts, she is at present working on a beautiful religious design illustrating a quotation from "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a' Kempis.

Worked on linen and chiefly appliqued, it depicts an angel wearing a blue robe and with wings of a deep shade of cream.

It is a difficult art requiring years of study and practice, together with color sense and plenty of patience.

As well as needlework, Mrs. Pedersen takes a practical interest in pottery, lettering, illuminating, bookbinding and modelling.

One of the loveliest examples of her work is a hand-lettered copy of the wedding service, beautifully illustrated and bound.

Leather work appeals to her, and in her study is a hand-tooled fire-screen, with Spanish galleon motif, which she completed some time ago.

A graduate of the Manchester School of Art, Mrs. Pedersen was designer for a firm of calico printers in Manchester before she came to Australia soon after the War to be married.

For the last two years she has been treasurer of the Queensland Arts and Crafts Society. Recently she undertook a refresher course in handicrafts.

TO WORK her delicate hand-embroidery, Mrs. Andrew Pedersen has the linen background carefully stretched on a wooden frame.
—Dorothy Coleman.

❖ ❖ ❖

New woman lawyer to practise in Adelaide

MISS LILIAN LOVICK, well known in Adelaide for her good looks and smart frocking, was recently admitted to the South Australian Bar. She was the only woman among a group of men candidates.

Miss L. Lovick
—Dickinson-Monbeath

Miss Lovick, who began her law course in 1934, has joined the legal firm of Patricia Hackett and Napier.

"There are more opportunities in South Australia for women lawyers," she said, "because the profession does not seem to be so overcrowded as in the other States."

❖ ❖ ❖

Women's Legion president has busy time ahead

"WE expect that many capable and clever girls will join our newly-formed organisation which will fill the gap between the Red Cross and the front line," said Mrs. A. H. James, who was elected president at the inaugural meeting of the Australian Women's Legion in the Melbourne Town Hall.

Mrs. James, who is the daughter of the late Judge Neighbour, K.C., has been working to form the Legion since soon after the crisis last year.

Members are being trained to assist in an emergency as an active unit of the Defence Department.

Mrs. James was a V.A.D. in London during the great war while her husband was serving in France.

Girl guider was air raid warden in London

WHILE the interests of the Girl Guide organisation occupied most of her attention during a two years' tour abroad, Miss Cecily Travers, of Tasmania, studied many other aspects of the youth movement in England.

State honorary secretary of the Tasmanian Guides, Miss Travers has returned home very much impressed with the way in which the services of youth are being encouraged overseas.

"Quite young people are being appointed Guide commissioners and secretaries," she said.

While she was away Miss Travers attended two Guide conferences, one at Gleneagles in Scotland, and the other at Oxford.

Like many other overseas visitors, Miss Travers offered her services for civilian defence work during the crisis in England, and worked as an Air Raid Precautions warden for several months.

To qualify for the role she had to take a course of 14 lectures on precautionary measures to be taken in the event of a raid.

The A.R.P. work kept her very busy, as she was given the responsibility of the Holborn district. She had to visit over eighty blocks of flats in that locality and distribute gas masks.

❖ ❖ ❖

Established Australian ward in Palestine hospital

THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. Rose Slutzkin, of Melbourne, an Australian ward has been provided for women in the Jewish hospital at Tel-Aviv, Palestine.

Mrs. R. Slutzkin

Mrs. Slutzkin first became interested in maternal and child welfare work in Palestine during a visit there thirty years ago.

After training in London as a district nurse, she returned to Australia, where she lived for a number of years.

On a second visit to Palestine some years ago, she was so impressed by the need for improved conditions for mothers and babies that she decided to organise an appeal for funds in the Commonwealth. Her efforts were so successful that a new ward has been provided in the hospital. A large quantity of woollen clothing for children of impoverished Jewish families has also been given by Australian sympathisers.

Honor paid to leading welfare worker

RECENTLY a newly-built baby health clinic in Brighton (Vic.) was named the Elizabeth Bleazby Baby Health Centre.

Mrs. Bleazby
—Ronald Esler.

The committee felt that this was a fitting tribute to pay to Councillor Elizabeth Bleazby for her untiring philanthropic work.

A daughter of the late Sir Thomas Bent, Mrs. Bleazby has been president of the Victorian Association of Ladies' Benevolent Societies for the last 12 years. She has been a member of the Brighton society for 20 years, and is at present its president. For four generations women of her family have been closely identified with welfare work in Melbourne.

A woman with varied interests, Mrs. Bleazby is a member of the Brighton Municipal Council.

In addition, she is a vice-president of one of the Brighton horticultural societies and is a member of the council of Firbank Church of England Girls' Grammar School.

She has always been deeply interested in the work of baby health centres, and it is principally due to her efforts that the new centre has been built.

There are now two baby health centres in Brighton, but Mrs. Bleazby thinks there should be a third.

SHE TOPS THEM ALL

Regardless of pretty clothes and expensive jewels, the woman with the most beautiful head of hair at a social gathering is sure to stand out as the belle of the party.

And if you ask her to tell you the secret of her success, like every other woman of good taste she will readily say: "Barry's Tri-coph-erous."

Its steady daily use imparts a silklike softness to the hair, keeps it brilliant and attractive and renders it easy to curl and set.

Its lubricating action maintains the natural functions of the scalp, prevents it from becoming dry and saves the hair from premature greyness—the dread of every woman.

Trust the beauty of your hair to the delightful and beneficial action of Barry's Tri-coph-erous. It will keep it always clean, attractive and lovely to look at.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle

SICK KIDNEYS CAN BE CURED

For more than sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been proving to grateful users in almost every country that disorders of kidneys and liver definitely can be cured. There was a time, perhaps, three generations ago, when one might have been sceptical of the large claims made for Warner's Safe Cure. That time is now past. Scepticism has been drowned in a flood of thankful, voluntary testimonials — tangible, Black-and-white evidence that Warner's Safe Cure does not only give relief, but actually cures once and for all, disorders of these extremely important organs.

A typical letter came recently from a lady in Birdwood, S.A. She writes: "I have much pleasure in writing you regarding your Warner's Safe Cure. I had been suffering from liver and kidney trouble, and tried all sorts of medicine without much relief. I couldn't sleep at night until a friend of mine told me about Warner's Safe Cure, which I tried. I am pleased to say I am now free of all my trouble and can sleep well at night. I can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, biliousness, sleeplessness, etc., are only a few of the many dangerous symptoms that may occur when the body is flooded with harmful poisons from deranged kidneys or liver. The prompt application of a proven remedy is most essential to prevent these symptoms becoming chronic.

Warner's Safe Cure has been thoroughly tried and proven by more than sixty years of constant use. It has been found the cheapest effective remedy by three grateful generations. Warner's Safe Cure may be had at all chemists and stores.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to F. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

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100 YARDS REELS
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Coughing, Strangling Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco can easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. Mendaco guarantee protects you.

Mendaco
Ends Asthma ◆ Bronchitis ◆ Hay Fever

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Cards on the Table

DR. ROBERTS
ugged his shoulders.
"That's easy. Off-hand, I'd say
ward. The man's got plenty of
ve; he's used to a dangerous life
ere you've got to act quickly. He
idn't mind taking a risk. It
esn't seem to me likely the women
in on this. Take a bit of
ength, I should imagine."
"Not so much as you might think.
ke a look at this."
Rather like a conjurer, Battle sud-
ly produced a long thin instru-
nt of gleaming metal with a small
ed jewelled head.
Dr. Roberts leaned forward, took
and examined it with rich pro-
onal appreciation. He tried the
and whistled.
"What a tool! What a tool! Abso-
y made for murder, this little
Go in like butter—absolutely
better. Brought it with him, I
ppose."
ttle shook his head.
o. It was Mr. Shaitana's. It
on the table near the door with
ed many other knick-knacks."
y the murderer helped himself.
of luck finding a tool like that."
Well, that's one way of looking
t," said Battle slowly.
Well, of course, it wasn't luck
Shaitana, poor fellow."
"I didn't mean that, Dr. Roberts.
eant that there was another
of looking at the business. It
s to me that it was noticing
weapon that put the idea of
ne into our criminal's mind."
"You mean it was a sudden in-
ion—that the murder wasn't
editated? He conceived the idea
he got here? Er—anything to
est that idea to you?"
ancied at him searchingly.
"It's just an idea," said Superin-
nt Battle stolidly.
"Well, it might be so, of course,"
Dr. Roberts slowly.
Superintendent Battle cleared his
t.

"WELL, I won't
you any longer, doctor. Thank
for your help. Perhaps you'll
e your address."
Certainly. 200 Gloucester Terrace,
Telephone No. Bayswater
."
"Thank you. I may have to call
you shortly."
"Delighted to see you any time.
There won't be too much in the
I don't want my nervous
em upset."
Superintendent Battle looked
at Poirot.
"Excuse me, M. Poirot. If you'd
to ask any questions, I'm sure
doctor wouldn't mind."
"Of course not. Of course not.
admirer of yours, M. Poirot.
grey cells—order and method.
all about it. I feel sure you'll
of something most intriguing
me."
Hercule Poirot spread out his
in his most foreign manner.
"Well, I just like to get all the
clear in my mind. For in-
how many rubbers did you
?"
"Two," said Roberts promptly.
"Not to one game all, in the
rubber, when you came in."
"And who played with whom?"
"First rubber, Despard and I
the ladies. They beat us,
them. Walk over; we never
scored.
"Second rubber, Miss Meredith and
Despard and Mrs. Lorri-
Third rubber, Mrs. Lorrimer
against Miss Meredith and
. We cut each time, but it
not like a pivot. Fourth
Miss Meredith and I again."
"Who won and who lost?"
"Lorrimer won every rubber.
Meredith won the first and
next two. I was a bit up
Miss Meredith and Despard
were been down."
"He said smiling, "The good
ndent has asked you your
of your companions as can-
for murder. I now ask you
opinion of them as bridge
."
"Lorrimer's first class," Dr.
replied promptly. "I'll bet
a good income a year out
. Despard's a good player,
I call a sound player—
ed chap. Miss Meredith
describe as quite a safe
She doesn't make mistakes,
isn't brilliant."
"Yourself, doctor?"
eyes twinkled.
"Well, my hand a bit, or so
But I've always found it
."
Smiled.
Roberts rose.

Continued from Page 7

"Anything more?"
Poirot shook his head.
"Well, good-night, then. Good-night, Mrs. Oliver. You ought to get some copy out of this. Better than your untraceable poisons, eh?"
Dr. Roberts left the room, his bearing springy once more. Mrs. Oliver said bitterly as the door closed behind him:
"Copy! Copy, indeed! People are so unintelligent. I could invent a better murder any day than anything real. I'm never at a loss for a plot. And the people who read my books like untraceable poisons!"

. . . . . .

Mrs. Lorrimer came into the dining-room like a gentlewoman. She looked a little pale, but composed.
"I'm sorry to have to bother you," Superintendent Battle began.
"You must do your duty, of course," said Mrs. Lorrimer quietly. "It is, I agree, an unpleasant position in which to be placed, but there is no good shirking it. I quite realise that one of the four people in that room must be guilty. Naturally, I can't expect you to take my word that I am not the person."
She accepted the chair that Colonel Race offered her and sat down opposite the superintendent. Her intelligent grey eyes met his. She waited attentively.
"You knew Mr. Shaitana well?" began the superintendent.
"Not very well. I have known him over a period of some years, but never intimately."
"Where did you meet him?"

GIRLIGAGS

IN spite of modern science, there are still a few people who die of old age.

"At an hotel in Egypt—the Winter Palace at Luxor, I think."
"What did you think of him?"
Mrs. Lorrimer shrugged her shoulders slightly.
"I thought him—I may as well say so—rather a charlatan."
"You had—excuse me for asking—no motive for wishing him out of the way?"
Mrs. Lorrimer looked slightly amused.
"Really, Superintendent Battle, do you think I should admit it if I had?"
"You might," said Battle. "A really intelligent person might know that a thing was bound to come out."
Mrs. Lorrimer inclined her head thoughtfully.
"There is that, of course. No, Superintendent Battle, I had no motive for wishing Mr. Shaitana out of the way. It is really a matter of indifference to me whether he is alive or dead. I thought him a poseur, and rather theatrical, and sometimes he irritated me. That is—or rather was—my attitude towards him."
"That is that, then. Now, Mrs. Lorrimer, can you tell me anything about your three companions?"
"I'm afraid not. Major Despard and Miss Meredith I met for the first time to-night. Both of them seem charming people. Dr. Roberts I know slightly. He's a very popular doctor, I believe."
"He is not your own doctor?"
"Oh, no."
"Now, Mrs. Lorrimer, can you tell me how often you got up from your seat to-night, and will you also describe the movements of the other three?"

Please turn to Page 38

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NEW PLASMIC

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Age, 56. | Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, after using one tube of New Plasmic.

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Next Bathurst St., 6th Floor. Take lift. Also obtainable at Washington Soul, Pattinson's, and other leading chemists.

Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 37

MRS. LORRIMER did not take any time to think.

"I thought you would probably ask me that. I have been trying to think it out. I got up once myself when I was dummy. I went over to the fire. Mr. Shaitana was alive then. I mentioned to him how nice it was to see a wood fire."

"And he answered?"

"That he hated radiators."

"Did anyone overhear your conversation?"

"I don't think so. I lowered my voice, not to interrupt the players." She added dryly: "In fact, you have only my word for it that Mr. Shaitana was alive and spoke to me."

Superintendent Battle made no protest. He went on with his quiet methodical questioning.

"What time was that?"

"I should think we had been playing a little over an hour."

"What about the others?"

"Dr. Roberts got me a drink. He also got himself one—that was later. Major Despard also went to get a drink—at about 11.15, I should say."

"Only once?"

"No—twice, I think. The men moved about a fair amount—but I didn't notice what they did. Miss Meredith left her seat once only, I think. She went round to look at her partner's hand."

"But she remained near the bridge table?"

"I couldn't say at all. She may have moved away."

Battle nodded.

"It's all very vague," he grumbled. "I am sorry."

Once again Battle did his conjuring trick and produced the long, delicate stiletto.

"Will you look at this, Mrs. Lorrimer?"

Mrs. Lorrimer took it without emotion.

"Have you ever seen that before?"

"Never."

"Yet it was lying on a table in the drawing-room."

"I didn't notice it."

"You realise, perhaps, Mrs. Lorrimer, that with a weapon like that a woman could do the trick just as easily as a man?"

"I suppose she could," said Mrs. Lorrimer quietly.

She leaned forward and handed the dainty little thing back to him.

"But all the same," said Superintendent Battle, "the woman would have to be pretty desperate. It was a long chance to take."

He waited a minute, but Mrs. Lorrimer did not speak.

"Do you know anything of the relations between the other three and Mr. Shaitana?"

She shook her head.

"Nothing at all."

"Would you care to give me an opinion as to which of them you consider the most likely person?"

Mrs. Lorrimer drew herself up stiffly.

"I should not care to do anything of the kind. I consider that a most improper question."

The superintendent looked like an abashed little boy who has been reprimanded by his grandmother.

"Address, please," he mumbled, drawing his notebook towards him.

"111 Cheyne Lane, Chelsea."

"Telephone number?"

"Chelsea 45632."

Mrs. Lorrimer rose.

"Anything you want to ask, M. Poirot?" said Battle hurriedly.

Mrs. Lorrimer paused, her head slightly inclined.

"Would it be a proper question, Madame, to ask you your opinion of your companions, not as potential murderers but as bridge players?"

Mrs. Lorrimer answered coldly:

"I have no objection to answering that—if it bears upon the matter at issue in any way—though I fail to see how it can."

"I will be the judge of that. Your answer, if you please, Madame."

IN the tone of an impatient adult humoring an idiot child, Mrs. Lorrimer replied:

"Major Despard is a good sound player. Dr. Roberts overcalls, but plays his hand brilliantly. Miss Meredith is quite a nice little player, but a bit too cautious. Anything more?"

In his turn doing a conjuring trick, Poirot produced four crumpled bridge scores.

"These scores, Madame. Is one of these yours?"

She examined them.

"This is my writing. It is the score of the third rubber."

"And this score?"

"That must be Major Despard's. He cancels as he goes."

"And this one?"

"Miss Meredith's. The first rubber."

"So this unfinished one is Dr. Roberts'?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Madame. I think that is all."

Mrs. Lorrimer turned to Mrs. Oliver.

"Good-night, Mrs. Oliver. Good-night, Colonel Race."

Then, having shaken hands with all four of them, she went out.

"Didn't get any extra change out of her," commented Battle. "Put me in my place, too. She's the old-fashioned kind, full of consideration for others, but arrogant as the devil! I can't believe she did it, but you never know! She's got plenty of resolution. What's the idea of the bridge scores, M. Poirot?"

Poirot spread them out on the table.

"They are illuminating, do you not think? What do we want in this case? A clue to character. And a clue not to one character, but to four characters. And this is where we are most likely to find it—in these scribbled figures. Here is the first rubber, you see—a tame business, soon over. Small neat figures—careful addition and subtraction—that is Miss Meredith's score. She was playing with Mrs. Lorrimer. They had the cards, and they won.

"In this next one it is not so easy to follow the play, since it is kept in the cancellation style. But it tells us perhaps something about Major Despard—a man who likes the whole time to know at a glance where he stands. The figures are small and full of character.

"This next score is Mrs. Lorrimer's—she and Dr. Roberts against the other two—a Homeric combat—figures mounting up above the line each side. Overcalling on the doctor's part, and they go down; but, since they are both first-class players, they never go down very much. If the doctor's overcalling induces rash bidding on the other side there is the chance seized of doubling. See—these figures here are doubled tricks gone down. A characteristic handwriting, graceful, very legible, firm.

"Here is the last score—the unfinished rubber. I collected one score in each person's handwriting, you see. Figures rather flamboyant. Not such high scores as the preceding rubber. That is probably because the doctor was playing with Miss Meredith, and she is a timid player. His calling would make her more so!

"You think, perhaps, that they are foolish, these questions that I ask? But it is not so. I want to get at the characters of these four players, and when it is only about bridge I ask everyone is ready and willing to speak."

"I never think your questions foolish, M. Poirot," said Battle. "I've seen too much of your work. Everyone's got his own way of working. I know that. I give my inspectors a free hand always. Everyone's got to find out for himself what method suits him best. But we'd better not discuss that now. We'll have the girl in."

Anne Meredith was upset. She stopped in the doorway. Her breath came unevenly.

Superintendent Battle was immediately fatherly. He rose and set a chair for her at a slightly different angle.

"Sit down, Miss Meredith, sit down. Now, don't be alarmed. I know all this seems rather dreadful, but it's not so bad, really."

"I don't think anything could be worse," said the girl in a low voice. "It's so awful—so awful—to think that one of us—that one of us——"

"You let me do the thinking," said Battle kindly. "Now, then, Miss Meredith, suppose we have your address first of all."

"Wendon Cottage, Wallingford."

"No address in town?"

"No, I'm staying at my club for a day or two."

"And your club is?"

"Ladies' Naval and Military."

"Good. Now, then, Miss Meredith, how well did you know Mr. Shaitana?"

"I didn't know him well at all. I always thought he was a most frightening man."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, he was! That awful smile! And a way he had of bending over you. As though he might bite you."

"Had you known him long?"

"About nine months. I met him in Switzerland during the winter sports."

"I should never have thought he went in for winter sports," said Battle, surprised.

Please turn to Page 39

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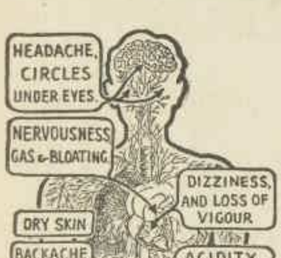


If you have any friend or relative who suffers from any of the symptoms shown above, tear out this page and hand it to them. It may be the means of saving them years of agonized suffering.

For some years now the proprietors of Cystex have been literally bombarded with requests from sufferers from **Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and other Kidney and Bladder Troubles** to introduce their world-famous **medicine** for such complaints in a smaller and cheaper package. Such heart-rending letters cut deeply, and made us realize that even those with little or no money to spare suffered equally with the comparatively wealthy from the tortures, agonies and discomforts of these prevalent health troubles, wearing down the once strong, making a nervous wreck of the housewife, and incapacitating the breadwinner from bringing in the wherewithal with which to live.

Therefore Cystex—the remedy which has brought back to complete health and strength over 5 million people throughout the world—the medicine which is known and approved by users and former sufferers in 73 countries—is now obtainable, for the first time, in a handy new size.

What are the Causes of

Rheumatism, Aching Joints, Pains in the Back, Leg Pains, Nervy, Circles Under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Frequent Night and Day Calls, Burning and Smarting when nature calls, Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc.?

There are 3 Causes

Toxic poisons which enter the kidneys through faulty kidney action and cause loss of energy, nervousness, frequent headaches and colds, and circles under eyes. GERMS IN KIDNEYS which cause the burning and itching which brings about "disturbed nights," leg pains, etc., and ACIDS IN BLOOD which corrode, fasten and lock joints, thus causing rheumatic pains, Backache, etc.

Fortunately for sufferers, chemists now have the new twin tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and underlines the cause of your trouble in these three ways:

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in 2 hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue. 2. Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys and stimulates the entire system.

Troubles Start to End in 24 Hours

Cystex is scientifically prepared to heal, soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder, and remove acids and poisons from your system and starts work almost immediately. Within 24 hours you should feel decidedly better, while within 8 days you will feel and look years younger.

Results Guaranteed

So confident are we of the power of Cystex to do you good—to make you wholly and completely fit and well—that we will refund every penny of the money you spend on a Cystex treatment at your Chemist or store providing you return the empty package should Cystex not prove of benefit in your case.

Former Sufferers Praise Cystex

6 Years Kidney Trouble Gone in One Week.

B. Mann, Mosman, N.S.W.

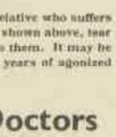
"For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly run-down condition. I tried many remedies without success, and was becoming a physical wreck. My appetite was gone, I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man and many years older than my actual age. Fortunately, I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, I decided to try it. Within twenty-four hours I noticed quite an improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so marked that I knew that at last I had found a remedy which would restore me to health. After a twenty-four day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I can eat anything—I sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

Operation Saved, Thanks to Cystex

G. N. Williamson, Hurstbridge, Vic.

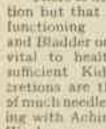
"Cystex has saved me from going under an operation which would have meant death to a man of my age, nearly 80 years. I would have to get up nearly every hour of the night. Now I sleep well. Cystex has set me up, and I feel better right through. I recommend Cystex to all suffering as I did. You may use this letter, as it may benefit someone else. I am well known in Rochester and Camperdown."

Famous Doctors Praise Cystex



Dr. W. R. George

"There is little question but that properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Weakness, Swollen Joints and Rheumatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down condition. Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes of such conditions."



Dr. C. Z. Rendelle

"Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

Guarantee MONEY BACK IF NO BENEFIT

If you suffer from ailments mentioned in this advertisement, get Cystex from your chemist or store. If it fails to do good, return empty package and money will be refunded!

Sooner or Later Nearly Everyone Needs Cystex

For Your Kidneys' Sake

This GUARANTEED Remedy is the RIGHT Medicine to take

★ NOW 3 SIZES — 1/9; 4/-; 8/-

Gorgeous, glamorous redness . . . dawn-dewy lips by Tattoo!

Lips shaped for love, life and laughter . . . dewy lips lovely as the flaming Hibiscus bloom in the South Sea's dawn! The South Sea's maiden knew her lips must be softly dewy, *thrillingly red!* She found the secret . . . in Tattoo Lipstick now! Tattoo with its dewy transparent stain instead of greasy, uninviting coating. Lips soft, young, tender . . . unforgettable lips . . . as open to love as Hawaii's dawn. You haven't got to wonder "is my mouth on straight" with Tattoo! It is! Tattoo'd lips . . . loveliness that stays on while romance lasts and lasts.

So lovely are lips by

TATTOO

CORAL · EXOTIC · NATURAL · PASTEL · HAWAIIAN · BLACK

Cards on the Table

"HE only skated. He was a marvellous skater. Lots of figures and tricks."

"Yes, that sounds more like him. And did you see much of him after that?"

"Well—a fair amount. He asked me to parties and things like that. They were rather fun."

"But you didn't like him himself?"

"No, I thought he was a shivery kind of man."

Battle said gently:

"But you'd no special reason for being afraid of him?"

Ann Meredith raised wide limpid eyes to his.

"Special reason? Oh, no."

"That's all right, then. Now about to-night. Did you leave your seat at all?"

"I don't think so. Oh, yes, I may have done once. I went round to look at the others' hands."

"But you stayed by the bridge-table all the time?"

"Yes."

"Quite sure, Miss Meredith?"

The girl's cheeks flamed suddenly.

"No—no, I think I walked about."

"Right. You'll excuse me, Miss Meredith, but try and speak the truth. I know you're nervous, and when one's nervous one's apt to—well, to say the thing the way you want it to be. But that doesn't really pay in the end. You walked about. Did you walk over in the direction of Mr. Shaitana?"

The girl was silent for a minute, then she said:

"Honestly—honestly—I don't remember."

"Well, we'll leave it that you may have done. Know anything about the other three?"

The girl shook her head.

"I've never seen any of them before."

"What do you think of them? Any likely murderers amongst them?"

"I can't believe it. I just can't believe it. It couldn't be Major Despard. And I don't believe it could be the doctor—after all, a doctor could kill anyone in much easier ways. A drug—something like that."

"Then, if it's anyone, you think it's Mrs. Lorrimer."

"Oh, I don't. I'm sure she wouldn't. She's so charming—and so kind to play bridge with. She's so good herself, and yet she doesn't make one feel nervous, or point out one's mistakes."

"Yet you left her name to the last," said Battle.

"Only because stabbing seems somehow more like a woman."

Battle did his conjuring trick. Anne Meredith shrank back.

"Oh, horrible. Must I—take it?"

"I'd rather you did."

He watched her as she took the stiletto gingerly, her face contracted with repulsion.

"With this tiny thing—with this——"

"Go in like butter," said Battle with gusto. "A child could do it."

"You mean—you mean"—wide, terrified eyes fixed themselves on his face—"that I might have done it? But I didn't. Oh, I didn't. Why should I?"

"That's just the question we'd like to know," said Battle. "What's the motive? Why did anyone want to kill Shaitana? He was a picturesque person, but he wasn't dangerous, as far as I can make out."

Was there a slight indrawing of her breath—a sudden lifting of her breast?

"Not a blackmailer, for instance, or anything of that sort," went on Battle. "And anyway, Miss Meredith, you don't look the sort of girl who's got a lot of guilty secrets."

For the first time she smiled, reassured by his geniality.

"No, indeed I haven't. I haven't. I haven't got any secrets at all."

"Then don't you worry, Miss Meredith. We shall have to come round and ask you a few more questions, I expect, but it will be all a matter of routine."

He got up.

"Now you go off. My constable will get you a taxi; and don't you lie awake worrying yourself. Take a couple of aspirins."

He ushered her out. As he came back Colonel Race said in a low, amused voice:

"Battle, what a really accomplished liar you are! Your fatherly air was unsurpassed."

"No good dallying about with her, Colonel Race. Either the poor kid is dead scared—in which case it's cruelty, and I'm not a cruel man; I never have been—or she's a highly accomplished little actress, and we shouldn't get any further if we were to keep her here half the night."

Mrs. Oliver gave a sigh and ran her hands freely through her fringe until it stood upright and gave her a wholly drunken appearance.

"Do you know," she said, "I rather believe now that she did it! It's lucky it's not in a book. They don't really like the young and beautiful girl to have done it. All the same, I rather think she did. What do you think, M. Poirot?"

"Me, I have just made a discovery."

Continued from Page 38

"In the bridge scores again?"

"Yes. Miss Anne Meredith turns her score over, draws lines and uses the back."

"And what does that mean?"

"It means she has the habit of poverty or else is of a naturally economical turn of mind."

"She's expensively dressed," said Mrs. Oliver.

"Send in Major Despard," said Superintendent Battle.

Despard entered the room with a quick springing step—a step that reminded Poirot of something or someone.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting all this while, Major Despard," said Battle. "But I wanted to let the ladies get away as soon as possible."

"Don't apologise. I understand."

He sat down and looked inquiringly at the superintendent.

"How well did you know Mr. Shaitana?" began the latter.

"I've met him twice," said Despard crisply.

"Only twice?"

"That's all."

"On what occasions?"

"About a month ago we were both dining at the same house. Then he asked me to a cocktail party a week later."

"A cocktail party here?"

"Yes."

"Where did it take place—this room or the drawing-room?"

"In all the rooms."

WASTE

I wish we could remember
All we said when first we met.
The tiny, unimportant things
That both of us forget.

I wonder what we talked about,
Books, music, or the weather?
Each unaware that every word
Was drawing us together.

Oh, dear, inconsequential things
That flamed the first warm ember—
That we could hold in treasury
If we could but remember.

—*Yvonne Webb.*

"See this little thing lying about?"

Battle once more produced the stiletto.

Major Despard's lip twisted slightly.

"No," he said. "I didn't mark it down on that occasion for future use."

"There's no need to go ahead of what I say, Major Despard."

"I beg your pardon. The inference was fairly obvious."

There was a moment's pause, then Battle resumed his inquiries.

"Had you any motive for disliking Mr. Shaitana?"

"Every motive."

"Eh?" The superintendent sounded startled.

"For disliking him—not for killing him," said Despard. "I hadn't the least wish to kill him, but I would thoroughly have enjoyed kicking him. A pity. It's too late now."

"Why did you want to kick him, Major Despard?"

"Because he was the sort of Dago who needed kicking badly. He used to make the toe of my boot fairly itch."

"Know anything about him—to his discredit, I mean?"

"He was too well dressed—he wore his hair too long—and he smelt of scent."

"Yet you accepted his invitation to dinner," Battle pointed out.

"If I were only to dine in houses where I thoroughly approved of my host I'm afraid I shouldn't dine out very much, Superintendent Battle," said Despard dryly.

"You like society, but you don't approve of it?" suggested the other.

"I like it for very short periods. To come back from the wilds to lighted rooms and women in lovely clothes, to dancing and good food and laughter—yes, I enjoy that—for a time. And then the insincerity of it all sickens me, and I want to be off again."

"It must be a dangerous sort of life that you lead, Major Despard, wandering about in these wild places."

Despard shrugged his shoulders. He smiled slightly.

"Mr. Shaitana didn't lead a dangerous life—but he is dead and I am alive!"

"He may have led a more dangerous life than you think," said Battle meaningly.

"What do you mean?"

"The late Mr. Shaitana was a bit of a 'Nosey Parker,'" said Battle.

The other leaned forward.

"You mean that he meddled with other people's lives—that he discovered—what?"

"I really meant that perhaps he was the sort of man who meddled—er—well, with women."

Major Despard leant back in his chair. He laughed, an amused but indifferent laugh.

"I don't think women would take a mountebank like that seriously."

"What's your theory of who killed him, Major Despard?"

"Well, I know I didn't. Little Miss Meredith didn't. I can't imagine Mrs. Lorrimer doing so—she reminds me of one of my more God-fearing aunts. That leaves the medical gentleman."

"Can you describe your own and other people's movements this evening?"

"I got up twice—once for an ashtray, and I also poked the fire—and once for a drink——"

"At what times?"

Please turn to Page 40

FACIAL FROM YOUR PURSE WITHOUT CREAM!

Improved Cleansing Pads Won't Dry the Skin ...Actually Soothe and Soften!

Escape at last from "AFTERNOON FACE"

Late afternoon...away from home...make-up stale...date with MAN for dinner...mirror says: "Complete new make-up needed." No cream with you...no time for a regular facial...but, thanks to the QUICKIES in your purse, MR sees you at your best!

QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion! One QUICKIES instantly wipes away powder and rouge...cleanses your skin *without drying it*...freshens your skin...smooths it and gives a base *that powder will really stick to*. Carry QUICKIES...for quick facial anytime, anywhere!

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The Australian Women's Weekly
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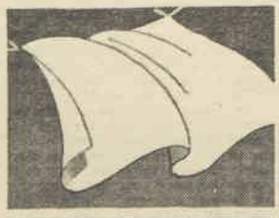
To stop your clothes turning YELLOW

To preserve their sparkling fresh WHITENESS



Give them the last rinse in BLUE *water*

Reckitt's BLUE
Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

3-fold RELIEF for INDIGESTION SUFFERERS

1 Quickly neutralizes stomach acids

2 Protects delicate stomach lining.

3 Actually digests portions of your food.

If you have indigestion you can obtain complete and lasting relief with DeWitt's Antacid Powder! This extremely effective remedy acts at once and does everything necessary to conquer your indigestion.

1. It quickly neutralizes excess acid, rendering it harmless to the inflamed stomach, and so relieves flatulence and imparts an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. Through its valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient, De Witt's Antacid Powder coats your stomach walls, protects them from burning acids and at the same time allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.
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These are the reasons why De Witt's Antacid Powder brings instant relief to your indigestion. More than that, it will, after a short time restore your digestion to its normal healthy state, so that you can digest your food easily without the help of medicine.

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The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canister, 2/6.

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Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain, How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed, and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from your nearest chemist or store some Salix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid, and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.***

Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 39

"I COULDN'T say. First time might have been about half-past ten, the second time eleven, but that's pure guesswork. Mrs. Lorrimer went over to the fire once and said something to Shaitana. I didn't actually hear him answer, but then, I wasn't paying attention. I couldn't swear he didn't. Miss Meredith wandered about the room a bit, but I don't think she went over near the fireplace. Roberts was always jumping up and down—three or four times at least."

"I'll ask you M. Poirot's question," said Battle with a smile. "What did you think of them as bridge players?"

"Miss Meredith's quite a good player. Roberts overcalls his hand disgracefully. He deserves to go down more than he does. Mrs. Lorrimer's darned good."

Battle turned to Poirot.

"Anything else, M. Poirot?"

Poirot shook his head.

Despard gave his address as the Albany, wished them good-night and left the room.

As he closed the door behind him, Poirot made a slight movement.

"What is it?" demanded Battle.

"Nothing," said Poirot. "It just occurred to me that he walked like a tiger—yes, just so lithe, easy, does the tiger move along."

"H'm!" said Battle. "Now, then"—his eye glanced round at his three companions—"which of 'em did it?"

Battle looked from one face to another. Only one person answered his question. Mrs. Oliver, never averse to giving her views, rushed into speech.

"The girl or the doctor," she said.

Battle looked questioningly at the other two. But both the men were unwilling to make a pronouncement. Race shook his head. Poirot carefully smoothed his crumpled bridge scores.

"One of 'em did it," said Battle musingly. "One of 'em's lying like fury. But which? It's not easy—no, it's not easy."

He was silent for a minute or two, then he said:

"If we're to go by what they say, the medico thinks Despard did it, Despard thinks the medico did it, the girl thinks Mrs. Lorrimer did it—and Mrs. Lorrimer won't say! Nothing very illuminating there."

"Perhaps not," said Poirot.

Battle shot him a quick glance.

"You think there is?"

Poirot waved an airy hand.

"A nuance—nothing more! Nothing to go upon."

Battle continued:

"You two gentlemen won't say what you think——"

"No evidence," said Race curtly.

"Oh, you men!" sighed Mrs. Oliver, despising such reticence.

"Let's look at the rough possibilities," said Battle. He considered a minute. "I put the doctor first, I think. Specious sort of customer. Would know the right spot to shove the dagger in. But there's not much more than that to it. Then take Despard. There's a man with any amount of nerve. A man accustomed to quick decisions and a man who's quite at home doing dangerous things, Mrs. Lorrimer? She's got any amount of nerve, too, and she's the sort of woman who might have a secret in her life. She looks as though she's known trouble. On the other hand, I'd say she's what I call a high-principled woman—sort of woman who might be headmistress of a girls' school. It isn't easy to think of her sticking a knife into anyone. In fact, I don't think she did. And lastly there's little Miss Meredith. We don't know anything about her. She seems an ordinary good-looking, rather shy girl. But one doesn't know, as I say, anything about her."

"We know that Shaitana believed she had committed murder," said Poirot.

"The angelic face masking the demon," mused Mrs. Oliver.

"This getting us anywhere, Battle?" asked Colonel Race.

"Unprofitable speculation, you think, sir? Well, there's bound to be speculation in a case like this."

"Isn't it better to find out something about these people?"

Battle smiled.

"Oh, we shall be hard at work on that. I think you could help us there."

"Certainly. How?"

"As regards Major Despard. He's been abroad a lot—in South America, in East Africa, in South Africa—you've means of knowing those parts. You could get information about him."

Race nodded.

"It shall be done. I'll get all available data."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Oliver, "I've got a plan. There are four of us—four sleuths, as you might say—and four of them! How would it be if we each took one? Backed our fancy! Colonel Race takes Major Despard, Superintendent Battle takes Dr. Roberts, I'll take Anne Meredith, and M. Poirot takes Mrs. Lorrimer. Each of us to follow our own line!"

Superintendent Battle shook his head decisively.

"Couldn't quite do that, Mrs. Oliver. This is official, you see. I'm in charge. I've got to investigate all lines. Besides, it's all very well to say back your fancy. Two of us might want to back the same horse! Colonel Race hasn't said he suspects Major Despard. And M. Poirot mayn't be putting his money on Mrs. Lorrimer."

Mrs. Oliver sighed.

"It was such a good plan," she sighed regretfully. "So neat." Then she cheered up a little. "But you don't mind my doing a little investigating on my own, do you?"

"No," said Superintendent Battle slowly. "I can't say I object to that. In fact, it's out of my power to object. Having been at this party to-night, you're naturally free to do anything your own curiosity or interest suggests. But I'd like to point out to you, Mrs. Oliver, that you'd better be a little careful."

"Discretion itself," said Mrs. Oliver. "I shan't breathe a word of—of anything——" she ended a little lamely.

"I do not think that was quite Superintendent Battle's meaning," said Hercule Poirot. "He meant that you will be dealing with a person who has already, to the best of our belief, killed twice. A person, therefore, who will not hesitate to kill a third time—if he considers it necessary."

Mrs. Oliver looked at him thoughtfully. Then she smiled—an agreeable, engaging smile, rather like that of an impudent small child.

"You have been warned," she quoted. "Thank you, M. Poirot. I'll watch my step. But I'm not going to be out of this."

POIROT bowed gracefully.

"Permit me to say—you are the sport, Madame."

"I presume," said Mrs. Oliver, sitting up very straight and speaking in a business-like committee-meeting manner, "that all information we receive will be pooled—that is, that we will not keep any knowledge to ourselves. Our own deductions and impressions, of course, we are entitled to keep up our sleeves."

Superintendent Battle sighed.

"This isn't a detective story, Mrs. Oliver," he said.

Race said:

"Naturally, all information must be handed over to the police."

Having said this in his most "Orderly Room" voice, he added with a slight twinkle in his eye: "I'm sure you'll play fair, Mrs. Oliver—the stained glove, the fingerprint on the tooth-glass, the fragment of burnt paper—you'll turn them over to Battle here."

"You may laugh," said Mrs. Oliver. "But a woman's intuition——"

She nodded her head with decision.

Race rose to his feet.

"I'll have Despard looked up for you. It may take a little time. Anything else I can do?"

"I don't think so, thank you, sir. You've no hints? I'd value anything of that kind."

"H'm. Well—I'd keep a special lookout for shooting or poison or accidents, but I expect you're on to that already."

"I'd made a note of that—yes, sir."

"Good man, Battle. You don't need me to teach you your job. Good-night, Mrs. Oliver. Good-night, M. Poirot."

And, with a final nod to Battle, Colonel Race left the room.

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Oliver.

"Very fine Army record," said Battle. "Travelled a lot, too. Not many parts of the world he doesn't know about."

"Secret Service, I suppose," said Mrs. Oliver. "You can't tell me so—I know; for he wouldn't have been asked otherwise this evening. The four murderers and the four sleuths—Scotland Yard. Secret Service. Private. Fiction. A clever idea."

Poirot shook his head.

"You are in error, Madame. It was a very stupid idea. The tiger was alarmed—and the tiger sprang."

"The tiger? Why the tiger?"

"By the tiger I mean the murderer," said Poirot.

Battle said bluntly:

"What's your idea of the right line to take, M. Poirot? That's one question. And I'd also like to know what you think of the psychology of these four people. You're rather hot on that."

(To be Continued)

ELECTRIC HOT WATER

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AN APPROVED ELECTRIC RANGE NO DEPOSIT . . 5 YEARS' TERMS

A fast-cooking, money-saving modern electric range installed in your own home for monthly payments of a few shillings—WITHOUT DEPOSIT! Terms, spread over 5 years, are as low as 11/4d. a month (2/10d. a week!). All installation costs are included in the terms. Apply PROMPTLY.

Badly Inflamed Varicose Veins

Relieved and Reduced by Simple Home Treatment.

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the new, powerful, yet harmless germicide called Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well-stocked chemist's.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal. It is so powerful that old chronic cases of running sores are speedily healed. The leading chemists are selling lots of it.***

Results of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" Competition

If your name is not listed below you still may be a winner. Other results will be published June 24, July 29, August 26, September 2.

Raymond Atkinson, 8 Hobbs Street, QUEANBEYAN.—"Breakfast D-Light is the food for me; it's so palatable, nourishing and germ-free. Builder of muscle, bone, and vitality, for highbrow, lowbrow, and gentility."

Edward Bannerman, George Street, SOUTH GRAFTON.—"Breakfast D-Light is one of the cheapest porridges to buy, and one of the nicest to eat, and only takes five minutes to cook."

Gordon Broadfield, 34 Brilliant Street, BATHURST.—"I can always be sure of my porridge, even if Mum gets up late. Breakfast D-Light is cooked in five minutes, and is easily digested."

Murray Duff, 3 Inverary Street, WAGGA.—"This delightful cereal is health-giving, economical, satisfying, nourishing, easily digested, and quickly prepared. In fact, the best cereal of its kind in the world."

Kenneth Miller, "Vigna," Hallville, Stanilla Road, TAMWORTH.—"Breakfast D-Light is a very nourishing, strengthening, economical, quickly prepared food, easily digested, delicious in flavor, wonderful in building muscle and bone, enjoyed by everyone."

Audrey Fye, 57 Denison Street, MUDGEE.—"Breakfast D-Light is more convenient, packed, has that nourishing, never-to-be-forgotten flavour, is quickly prepared, easily digested and gives more energy than other breakfast foods."

Marion Bradburn, 86 Charters Towers Road, Hermit Park, TOWNSVILLE, QLD.—"Little sister suffering with gastric ulcers can't eat most foods. Mother got Breakfast D-Light. Now she eats porridge, scones, pancakes. All the family love it."

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New TRIPLE-ACTING Compound

Acclaimed Best by Outdoor Workers!

"BEST WE HAVE EVER USED," SAY ROAD-WORKERS

"My mate and I are road-workers, out in all sorts of weather. If we pick up Influenza, we work in real misery, or stay away and lose our money. We have tried everything, but the best thing we have ever used is Mountain Peppermint. It fixes us up in no time, as nothing else has before." (Signed) M. MURPHY, Marrickville, N.S.W., 18.3.'39.

★ **"Here's Defence" *against***

INFLUENZA
WHOOPING COUGH
COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP
BRONCHITIS, CATARRH

Combining, for the first time, in one scientifically-balanced treatment, the triple-acting benefits of three most important elements—Carrageen, Peppermint and Thymus—Mountain Peppermint Mixture achieves results hitherto impossible. Its soothing, healing, nutritive ingredients are absorbed into the bloodstream, which carries them through the lungs, the bronchial tubes, the catarrhal mucous membranes and the digestive tract. It impregnates the membrane cells with anti-germ properties. It soothes, it relieves, it heals, it defends!

Outdoor workers whose jobs subject them particularly to exposure and the risks of Influenza, Coughs and Colds, are the best judges of an effective remedy. They say Mountain Peppermint Mixture is the best. Read their remarkable letters, judge their enthusiasm for yourself, and realise that you, too, can get these same benefits.

Get Mountain Peppermint Mixture to-day. Here's REAL Defence against winter ills!

Family Size 8oz. bottle 64 doses

3/6

Perfected in the famous BIDOMAK Laboratories

10 Vital Benefits

1. Stops pain in throat and chest.
2. Reduces temperature — eases headaches.
3. Loosens phlegm.
4. Stops coughing.
5. Ends sniffling.
6. Clears nose, throat and bronchial tubes of germ-laden mucus.
7. Soothes inflamed mucous membranes.
8. Makes breathing easy.
9. Assists digestion.
10. Soothes tickling nerves — brings sweet sleep.

SEA-CAPTAIN BENEFITS

"I looked for a treatment for Influenza which was really effective, and I have found this in Mountain Peppermint. I was overcome by a severe Influenza attack, with Bronchitis. I tried your wonderful remedy, and in a couple of days was feeling thoroughly well." (Signed) Capt. TAYLOR, Sydney, 18.3.'39.

Scientific Control

Manufactured in one of the most up-to-date hygienic Laboratories in the Southern Hemisphere, to which is attached a fully qualified Doctor of Medicine, and under the control of Chemists who were trained in the most modern and largest English Laboratories in the world.

Mountain Peppermint is equal to the highest of the high standards required by the British Pharmacopoeia.

RADIO SINGER'S PRAISE

"I went down with a horrible attack of Influenza, and my sore throat would have prevented me singing. I took Mountain Peppermint, and went on the air without a suspicion of hoarseness, my throat easy and my Influenza disappeared. Mountain Peppermint is a certain, safe and rapid treatment." (Signed) Miss NELLIE LAMPORT, Sydney, 16.3.'39.

Moun-tain Peppermint

REGD.

MIXTURE

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Product of the DOUGLAS DRUG COMPANY, Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth. Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: L. Fairthorne & Son Pty. Ltd., Launceston.

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SAYED, nursemaid to the cats.

THERE'S EASTERN MAGIC in these queer Arab dishes

If you want to vary the family menu or dazzle your friends, cook them a native dish from Iraq.

Pomegranate seeds, apricots and prunes are probably ingredients you would not expect to put with chops, but the Iraqi people do, and like it.

RUTH and Helen Hoffman, American artists, who are twin sisters, went to keep house in Iraq, 300 miles from Bagdad, and "somewhere near the Garden of Eden."

Together they have written an unusual book, which they call "We Married an Englishman." Ruth married the Englishman, but Helen helped her to keep house in the home they built on the banks of the Tigris.

HELEN, in Iraq robes.

RUTH, who married the Englishman, with Girlcat and her family.

The various cooks that came and went were reluctant to cook their own native dishes, preferring to serve roast lamb or roast beef almost daily with Oriental stubbornness.

But the sisters persuaded Mohammed, one of the cooks, to teach them this native dish:

Ingredients: 12 lamb chops; 2 tablespoons dripping or butter; 1 cup water; 1 cup dried apricots; 1 cup prunes; 1 cup walnut meats in halves; ½ cup homos beans (small haricot beans may be substituted); 1 cup raisins; 1 heaping tablespoon curry powder; dried seeds of pomegranates (use instead slices of one half of a lime or lemon).

Soak the prunes, raisins, and beans separately for several hours. Then brown the lamb chops in the butter and let stew for about 15 minutes. Add more butter if needed.

Then add the salt, apricots, prunes, walnuts, raisins and beans. Let this simmer over a low fire for two hours or more. During the last hour, add the curry and pomegranate seeds.

Rice is usually served as an accompaniment.

Here is another Iraqi dish:

Strange but tasty

SLICE enough liver and heart for six people. Fry in fat or dripping until crisp. In another pan fry in fat three sliced onions. To this add four diced tomatoes and fry with the onions until brown.

Then add the liver and heart, and salt and pepper to taste. Now you will probably not take the trouble to dry and powder the pomegranate seeds, but you may use two limes that are pretty well dried out. Slice the limes and drop them into the mixture, seeds and all.

Add a heaping tablespoon of curry powder—or enough to give a definite curry flavor. Cover this mixture with water and let it cook slowly for several hours.

The two sisters took with them to Iraq their two Siamese cats, Boycat and Girlcat, all the way from America.

Later the family menagerie was increased with a pet gazelle which ate cigarettes with relish, and a baby jackal reared on milk fed to him with an eye-dropper. All the animals played happily together, and the sisters took them out for walks, each on a lead.

Ruth and Helen met the young King Ghazi, who has since been killed in a car accident.

He told them he spent two hours a day dressed in overalls working in his garage. He had three motor cycles, six cars, a plane, and several motor boats.

"Have you seen my phosphorescent car?" asked the King.

"It must have been terribly expensive!" said we. (Imagine talking prices to a King!)

"Yes, it was very dear. It cost about five hundred pounds for the paint job alone, but it shines at night!"

They were guests at luncheon of handsome, bearded Sheik Araby, who did not know how many wives he had.

"At two o'clock we sauntered in to lunch, each with a bath towel as table napkin, which we needed, for we ate by hand.

"With his own hands our host passed us very special bits of meat torn from the breasts of roast chickens. After we had eaten of the fifteen or twenty dishes, we finished the meal with a jellied pudding that tasted of roses.

"After lunch we went to call on the harem, located in a section by itself and approached through an open court. In the centre of the harem building there was another court, completely bare, on to which the rooms of the harem opened. We were shown into one of these rooms.

"... WORE an aviator's fur cap when working."

"It was a very surprising room, and very large; fifty by thirty feet perhaps.

"On shelves reaching to the twenty-five-foot ceiling stacks and rolls of bedding practically formed two sides of the room.

"The two remaining walls were also shelved. There on display was a dazzling assortment of hundreds of vases, jars, strange lamps and glassware. On the lower shelves were toys such as miniature electric fans, kewpie dolls, and teddy-bears. (Just like a shooting gallery, we thought, and just as hard to tear yourself away.)

"Wall space that otherwise would have been empty was plastered with magazine advertisements and photographs.

"Finally, around the entire ceiling, sparkled a row of glittering oversized Christmas tree spheres in all the familiar colors."

Servant problems provided hilarious and trying incidents for the American pioneers.

One of their many cooks always wore a fur aviator's cap while he was on duty.

"Sayed was personal bodyguard and nursemaid to the Siamese cats.

"Sayed was the biggest bandit in the whole district. Therefore it was considered wiser to pay him more to refrain from robbing us than he could possibly get by following his regular occupation with us as the victims.

"His flowing robes were weighed down by nasty-looking knives, curved daggers, and an old pistol. Besides these weapons, he carried a horrible-looking club.

"Mohammed, who became First Boy, appeared out of nowhere. There was simply a knock at the door and there he stood. After all, we were in the well-known Flying Carpet country and we asked no questions. We took him on."

Next morning they were in the garden when suddenly and quietly Mohammed appeared in white, very laundered and correct.

He stood faultlessly at attention and drew himself up Jeeves-like.

"Memsahib, the cats' lunch is served," he announced.

"We Married an Englishman." By Ruth and Helen Hoffman (Robert Hale). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4626670

London wants more of their comedy

New play by clever Australian sisters

The brilliant Australian girls, Mrs. Ann Neville and her sister Margot Goyder, who write as Margot Neville, have had their play, "Giving the Bride Away," accepted in London.

It will be presented at a West End theatre with Basil Radford as the star.

Radford, who became a film topliner with the film, "The Lady Vanishes," says that "Giving the Bride Away" is the best comedy he has read in years and he predicts a big success for it.

MRS. ANN NEVILLE (left), and Miss Margot Goyder, Australian playwrights, whose play, "Giving the Bride Away," is to be produced in London.

IT is a distinct triumph for these Australian girls, whose novels were first published by The Australian Women's Weekly, since Radford decided not to go to Hollywood, but to remain in London to take the lead in their play.

This is not the first play they have had produced in London. Their first was "Once a Husband," with Owen Nares and Fay Compton, who recently visited Australia, playing the leading roles.

Later, at St. Martins, they scored a triumph with "Heroes Don't Care." The "Theatre World" classified it as the best comedy of the year.

The girls were in Melbourne when the show was put on.

Over the wireless telephone from London they heard about the success of the play, and left shortly after for London, where they have been living ever since.

A very successful scenario for Matheson Lang brought the girls into the limelight, and now comes their greatest success.

Naughton Wayne, another famous British player, will appear in the play with Radford.

Wayne is at present appearing in a cabaret at Dorchester Hotel.

The girls first saw Wayne and Radford in "The Lady Vanishes," and realised that they were perfect types for the waiter and George in their play, "Giving the Bride Away," so they set to work to interest them in the play.

The sisters live in a flat at Kensington, and are devoted. They work in collaboration, and discuss their work like a dialogue as they write.

Their sister in Melbourne, Miss Dorothy Goyder, said: "I'm thrilled to bits to hear the good news. It was a lovely present for Margot, as the day of announcement of the play's acceptance was her birthday."

The sisters belong to an interesting family.

Their name in the original Welsh spelling was Gwydir, and is associated with a river in N.S.W.

Goyder Line, also well known to all wheat-growers in Australia, is named after a relative who experimented with drought - resistant wheat.

The authors are members of a family of six—Mrs. W. A. Morrison (London), Guy Goyder (Melbourne), Miss Dorothy Goyder (Melbourne), Alistair Goyder (New Zealand).

Great excitement

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY and Charles Hesiop, both of theatrical fame, are relations.

The girls, writing from London recently, were wildly excited as negotiations proceeded for the play.

This will be the first time they have been present at a production of their own play in the West End.

"Giving the Bride Away" was first written as a novel. It was published in The Australian Women's Weekly as a free novel on October 26, 1935. It's delightful Wodehousean humor attracted attention, and Margot Neville was advised to make a play from the novel. The West End play is the result.

Asked how they manage to get such a smooth effect out of their collaboration the sisters said:

"We discuss the theme first. We have the same ideas of working out comedy, and then we just sit down and write it.

"It is remarkable how the play smooths itself out in the general dialogue of a scene, although we may have written different parts of it."

TOO FAT FOR COMFORT

It is dangerous to carry round too much fat.

"What is a safe way to reduce my weight?" One often hears this question, and we can only repeat that slimming can be done at home, with safety, and in most cases certainly, by a seaweed treatment. This can be used in three ways, either separately or all together.

Mr. LEN O. SIGGS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, Western Australia, has made a careful study of fat-reducing properties over many years, and, in his opinion, the seaweed treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases. Having only health-giving and tonic properties, no derangement of the system can result. The treatment will not affect the heart, and can have no ill-effect; and on getting down to the normal weight desired one does not put on flesh again immediately as in the case of reduction by exercise.

Users all say they never felt better in their lives.

The Special Reducing Tablets are 4/6, plus 1d. post, for three weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these. The formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream, an easy running massage, delightful to use, and acts by absorption, is 4/6 jar, post 6d.; and the Seaweed Slimming Bath Salts (for drastic reduction) are 2/- each, or 10/6 for six packets, freight 1/6. A diet chart for meals day by day is supplied free; also a list of the comparative value of foods of various kinds.

Why be uncomfortable? Post your order to LEN O. SIGGS, M.P.S., Collie, W.A., to-day. Many unsolicited testimonials arrive every day, some as much as three-stone reduction in six weeks ***

MAKES SEWING EASIER

Use 3-in-one oil on all working parts and see how much easier and smoother your sewing machine runs.

CLEANS
LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL
"Trade-Mark"

DAZZLING WINDOWS 3 TIMES QUICKER

No need to splash on carpets — no hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy — removes grease and fly-marks — gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's economical, too — a tin cleans over [illegible] square feet of glass! Try it on your windows and mirrors. Send today for the sample tin of Windolene to [illegible] (Over Seas) Ltd., Dept. A [illegible] Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

ECZEMA

SENSITIVE PEOPLE feel eczema acutely. The continued irritation, the unsightly eruptions and the uncertainty where the trouble will next spread makes them feel almost ashamed.

Eczema is not due to dirt, but to the fact that certain skins react badly to various forms of irritation (internal or external). Poor general health increases the liability.

As there is a great tendency for eczema to spread and to become chronic, early and treatment is imperative, and the best [illegible] for this purpose is DOAN'S Ointment. It penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies, is antiseptic and healing and quickly allays the irritation. DOAN'S Ointment is also good for other [illegible] skin complaints and for the relief of piles. Buy a tin to-day, but, be sure to get DOAN'S.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

"Wait, Mother— none of your dosing;

HIS COLD IS NOT IN HIS STOMACH"

His cold is in the air-passages of his nose, throat, and chest, and that is the place to fight it.

TO GET TO THE ROOTS of a cold, simply massage Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. There is nothing to swallow, so it cannot possibly upset even the most delicate stomach. Children actually *like* this pleasant ointment.

WORKS IN TWO WAYS. VapoRub's medicinal vapours go with every breath *direct* to the air-passages where the cold is. *At the same time,* VapoRub also acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice.

RELIEF BEGINS INSTANTLY. VapoRub's unique double action quickly soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. Breathing easily, the child soon drops off to peaceful sleep.

HOUR AFTER HOUR, while the little one sleeps in comfort, the poultice-and-vapour actions go on fighting the cold. Next morning, almost always, he wakes feeling fit again, the worst of his cold over.

IN 71 COUNTRIES, over 26 million jars of Vicks VapoRub are used every year—for children's colds and colds of all the family.

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Everyone's Eyes can be beautiful . . by using **MAYBELLINE**

the non-smarting tear-proof mascara

Just a touch of Maybelline and this colourless eyelashes appear long, dark and luxuriant, making the eyes look larger and wonderfully expressive. Insist on MAYBELLINE, because it is non-smarting, tear-proof, and absolutely harmless. Brown, Black and Blue.

MAYBELLINE EYELASH DARKENER
Standard size 6/6 Vanity size 8/6
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NEW MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA
Keeps lashes soft and silky. Easily applied without water, and wonderfully effective. The very newest addition to the smart woman's ensemble.
Price, including brush, 1/6

Maybelline

From all good Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists
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Are Baby's pains due to a DELICATE STOMACH?

Every infant's stomach is easily upset. The finest soothing agent any mother can give her baby is Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia. When there is a tendency to acidity, or an attack of wind or colic, give Baby a teaspoonful or so of Dinneford's. In addition to its soothing effect it keeps the child regular. Get Dinneford's today. *Insist* on Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia.

Be sure to give

DINNEFORD'S pure fluid MAGNESIA

Bland : Safe : Effective

Dancing Time

Continued from Page 5

ROGER'S charming little grey-haired mother and shrewd-eyed, soldierly father had tried so hard to put her at her ease, to be charming to this lovely thing their son had suddenly set his heart on. They had always expected him to marry among his own set, and—although they had never spoken of it to him or to each other—even chosen the girl he should marry. Nothing so chic, so slender, so much of the world or great cities had ever set foot in Donnington until Kay had come.

When he had accompanied Kay to the car, Roger had returned, eager and anxious for his parents' verdict.

"She's exquisite," his mother had said. "Exquisite! But it will almost be like a marriage between people of different religions or different races. Is she going to adapt herself to our ways? It must be like trying to catch a butterfly, Roger."

"But don't you think she is lovely?"

"She's the loveliest thing I have ever seen," said his father.

"That's all right, then——"

Yet Sir Geoffrey might have added: "But her eyes don't light for you as mine used to for your dear mother's at her age; and hers for me. Nor as little Anne Gerrard's do when she sees you or comes here to tea——"

. . . . . .

Up in her room, Kay tossed off her hat and rang for her maid, and in a few moments she had changed into her practice kit.

She tied her hair back with a thin black ribbon and swung her skirt about her shoulders like a cape before going down to the dance floor. The restaurant was empty, with dimmed lights, the tables looking lost and dull without their silver and glass and the lights in their small rose-tinted shades.

Presently the waiters would begin to lay the tables for dinner, but this was one of the few brief half-hours that Kay and Michael could snatch to try out their act actually on the floor, which was raised automatically to lift them above the heads of the diners. The rest of their rehearsing was done in the practice-room.

The orchestra was trying through a new number as she came in and Michael was standing near them listening.

She stood, watching him, before he was aware of her presence.

"Roger Graham has asked me to marry him," she told Michael abruptly when they had paused for a rest during rehearsal.

He rose sharply to his feet and turned away so that she should not see the sudden drain of color from his face. It was odd that the very thing he had anticipated should cause him so much pain when it came.

The moment he had met Roger Graham it had seemed to him that here at last was the man who could give Kay everything her heart desired, everything she deserved from life.

Michael remembered that when she had been so ill, such a young, helpless thing, he had suddenly thought how wrong this vagrant theatrical life was for her and had realised that it was the only life he himself could ever offer her.

He had bottled up his love that night, had put it away in the dark places of his heart, and, unconsciously at first, he had been searching among the hosts of people they met for the man who could give her all the things that he himself would like to give her.

So now Michael turned round, quite calmly, and forced himself to smile down into her eyes.

"Congratulations. Roger is a splendid fellow. When do you want to leave?"

It was like a cold hand remorselessly quenching that little flame of hope within her heart. She had thought that, perhaps, confronted with the fact that she was really going, that awful coldness of his would melt.

"Don't you care at all?" she said incredulously.

He said harshly:

"OF course, it will upset things a little, as I said. It will take some time to find the right girl and teach her the routine."

She rose, her shoulders drooping a little, so that his heart ached for her.

"Come along," she said. "We'd better rehearse."

"You haven't answered my question yet. When do you want to go?"

She shrugged.

"Roger's mother has taken a small villa near Nice, and she has asked me to stay there with them. I can drive in every night for the show at the Cabaret Russe."

"And when are you going to find time to rehearse? How can you be the young lady of leisure and a dancer at the same time? It is impossible. You had better finish at the end of this week; the finish of the London season."

"Just as you like," she said.

He turned to her swiftly, his strong, vibrant hands resting momentarily on her shoulders. "Be very happy, Kay."

Then he went quickly away.

She did not see him again until the evening cabaret when he tapped, as usual, on her dressing-room door at the time for their performance.

The applause was tumultuous at the close, and they were encored again and again. Then, bowing gracefully but unwillingly, they flashed away to change.

Later, Kay joined Roger and his parents at their table. Roger, his fair face a little bewildered and puzzled, said:

"You excelled yourselves to-night, Kay. There was a quality about your dancing I have never seen before." And then he added: "Before, I have never worried about taking you away from all this."

Watching Michael join a party on the other side of the room, Kay answered:

"Don't let that worry you, Roger," and, hearing the queer, husky note in her voice, Roger's father followed her glance and caught the strange expression of hopelessness, of tenderness, in her blue eyes as they rested on Michael.

It was with a feeling of anxiety that he heard Roger say, as the two young people rose to dance:

"It's 'yes,' then, Kay?"

And Kay's almost inaudible answer:

"It's 'yes.'"

. . . . . .

Kay lay on a scarlet mattress in the sun and listened as the bathing-party crossed the garden.

A blonde with a golden tan is nearly always an attractive proposition, but a blonde with a golden tan, with azure-blue eyes and an abbreviated turquoise bathing suit is even lovelier; so, at any rate, thought Roger's father, glancing down from his study balcony above, as he saw Kay behaving as no other lounging, sun-worshipping visitor to the villa had ever behaved.

Anne Gerrard, small, brown-eyed, trying with not much success to conceal her love for Roger, had arrived at the villa, and Kay seemed utterly unaware of her as a rival. Was she unaware, or did she just not care?

Even now, he had watched her make lame excuses to be left alone on the terrace while the others went down to the sea, apparently suffering no qualms when Anne thrust her arm through Roger's in the old familiar way.

He saw Kay raise her head, listening until the chattering group were well out of sight, then rising swiftly she raced across to where a delicate wrought-iron balustrade edged the terrace, choosing a place out of the sun glare in the shadow of a great Lebanon cedar. She began to go methodically through the daily routine exercises that are the basis of every good dancer's technique. Graceful, rhythmic as music, taut and precise as a machine, she worked hard within sound of splashing and youthful shrieks of laughter from the nearby beach.

Sir Geoffrey smiled, rubbed his white moustache thoughtfully, an amused little twinkle in his eyes. What sort of prospective daughter-in-law was this who worked so hard while other young people played? How was she ever going to adapt herself to the life of gracefully filled leisure that was being Roger's wife?

He went quietly down the steps from his balcony on to the terrace. Just as Kay had finished her exercises she caught sight of him and stopped poised like a startled nymph.

Sir Geoffrey sat down in a brightly colored lounge chair, lit a cigarette and laughed.

"GO on," he said. "But wouldn't you like some music? The radio is in the lounge."

"You startled me," she gasped, laughingly. "No. I don't want any music. The others might hear and come back before I can finish."

"What if they do?" he said gravely. "There's no rule in our house against people working, if they want to work, you know."

She laughed again, and dropped down by his side. In the brief days of her visit, they had become great friends, understanding each other well.

"I know. But if I said I was going to dance they would all stop and watch, and then one can't concentrate. And you can never make anyone realise that dancing is a very serious business."

"You don't seem to have realised that it shouldn't be a serious business for you any more," he said gently.

She glanced up at him, a little worried.

"No. I don't think I do. I can't explain. It seems so odd that I shall never dance with Michael again."

"As though a bit of you had died," he said.

She said sharply, defensively:

"How did you know?"

"My dear, I'm an old man with much experience. I've seen that look in the eyes of other people." He might have said, "In little Anne Gerrard's eyes, the day she heard that Roger was engaged to you."

Almost as though she had gathered a thought from his mind, she said with sudden frankness:

"Sir Geoffrey . . . this girl, Miss Gerrard . . . who arrived yesterday. She . . . she isn't in love with Roger, is she?"

"Not that I know of," he lied. "Why?"

"She is so awfully nice to me," said Kay, with her disarming smile. "It is as though she was trying to make up for some hidden hate in her heart."

Please turn to Page 46

Joint Pains

TORTURE YOU BECAUSE

KIDNEYS ARE SLUGGISH

You need a Real Kidney Restorative

The agonising pain of stiff, swollen knees, knuckles and joints is almost invariably due to weak kidneys. These vital organs are the filters of the body. When they become choked up with impurities, they cannot possibly remove excess uric acid from the system. As the uric acid accumulates, it takes the form of tiny sharp-edged crystals which settle in the knees, the fingers and the small of the back, causing constant pain day and night.

The only way to stop the pain is to get the uric acid out of your system. You must wake sluggish kidneys to healthy action. They need cleansing and strengthening.

Start taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day. Within 24 hours from the first dose you will have proof positive that these are specially prepared to cleanse and strengthen weak kidneys.

10 YEARS' AGONY ENDED

Mrs. R. R. Wall, of 94, Wells Street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., says:—*"I am 42 years of age and have suffered continually for 10 years from joint pains, pains in the back and headaches caused by uric acid. A friend recommended me to try your De Witt's Pills and I have not yet finished one bottle and my pains have vanished like magic, and I feel young again. I am very thankful for this marvellous relief, and shall always recommend De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to all my friends."*

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO TAKE A CHANCE WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE

Wrong treatment or neglect will wreck your health. That is why you should get your De Witt's Pills to-day. Take two to-night. They will cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. These quick-action pills show their cleansing action 24 hours after the first dose.

Carry on with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and you will find a few doses give you relief from pain; you will soon be feeling and looking really strong and well. Persevere with this finest of all kidney restoratives and all the pain caused by weak, sluggish kidneys will go for good.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Specially prepared to end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have not yet solved the mysteries of the queer house which belongs to
ELLEN: Who is trying to collect a legacy. She faints at the sight of a picture on the wall, and on recovering explains that it looks exactly like
MRS. WOODS: A queer old woman who previously told them she had come to collect a box from the house. Actually the picture is that of a woman from whom her grandfather bought the house and who died 30 years previously. Consequently they decide to look upstairs for their visitor. Meantime Lothar has met her, and after asking him if he believes in ghosts the woman suddenly disappears. NOW READ ON.

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World's Most Worried Man

I've just met the most worried man in the world. His worry is making life increasingly miserable for him. His health is impaired so that he catches "anything that's going." He is pessimistic, thoroughly "down."

His case is a salutary example of the evils of constipation aggravated by incessant purging.

When I mentioned purging he was irritated. "But what else can I do? 'Eat Bulk' or 'roughage'? I've done that. Perhaps," he added, "you'll advise me to drink milk now?"

"Well," I said, "that's exactly what I do advise—so long as you put a tablespoonful of Bemax in it."

Constipation, I explained, usually has a simple cause—intestinal muscles *starved* into a weak state. Doctors have learned that intestinal health depends on Vitamin B—so sadly lacking in our "over refined modern food."

Happily Bemax the richest natural source of Vitamin B restores this vital element to one's diet. A daily tablespoonful has completely banished my life-long constipation and has given me such remarkable vitality that I rarely catch colds or other ills.

Send for free book, "Vitamins and Health." B. Max (Dept. P13), P.O. Box 3679, S.S., Sydney.

Bemax—From Chemists and Stores. 3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

Dancing Time

Continued from Page 44

"OH, so our Kay is a psychologist, too?" he teased her. She blushed, and, rising, returned to her arduous practice, going beautifully through the routine of the new dance that she and Michael had been working on for their Riviera season.

"Was Michael annoyed at losing such an ambitious partner?" he asked with careful casualness.

"If he did mind, that was the only reason. I don't think he cared for me at all, ever. Even when I was ill and he was so kind it was just a valuable part of his act that he was caring for."

He picked up his newspaper and tossed it across to her. "I don't think much of his new partner. Do you know her? Of course, she's an experienced dancer, but he's taking a risk. After all, with him, people are used to youth and the sort of innocence that clings round youth. A sort of Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca—fire and light rather than flesh and blood—and this new partner of his—Helena—has rather a reputation. And she's—well, beyond her first youth."

Kay snatched up the paper and looked in amazement at the photograph of the famous, or rather notorious, American dancer.

"That girl!" she raised aghast eyes to his face. "He must be mad. We know her well. She won't care tuppence about the act. All she wants is money and publicity and opportunities to meet wealthy men."

Sir Geoffrey Graham wondered if it was so strange, after all.

Somehow he must find out about the fourth party, the dark, reserved dagger of a man, Michael. So, with the aid of a mutual friend, he managed to meet Michael's new partner, Helena, on the beach at Juan, where she had motored with a friend for a day of fashionable sunbathing.

"I'm supposed to be rehearsing," she announced. "But a girl can't rehearse the whole time. That guy Michael Kerr is crazy. He'd work all night and all day, too, I guess. He doesn't seem to be able to rest since Kay Allan got linked up with your son. I bet he's struck on her himself, only he won't let them get a newspaper story out of it."

"Oh, you think it would make good publicity?" inquired Sir Geoffrey with interest.

"I know it would. But he wouldn't make publicity out of her. She's too good for it. According to him, she's too good for anything. Fancy letting the girl you love marry another man because you think she is too good for the sort of life you can offer her! Isn't that crazy?"

Looking at Helena, listening to Helena, Sir Geoffrey could quite well understand her amazement. He understood, too, just what had prompted Michael to engage her. In this loquacious, artificial blonde there was no trace of a reminder of Kay's clear, boyish grace. He knew clearly now that if he could prevent it, Kay must not marry his son, not only for the sake of Roger's happiness, but also for her own.

So at dinner that night he told them that he had booked a table for the opening night of the cabaret where Michael was to dance with Helena, and avoided the glance of Kay's frightened, inquiring eyes.

The Cabaret Russe was one of the very smartest night places in Nice and Sir Geoffrey had taken a table for his party of young people right on the dance floor. He placed them skilfully; Kay where she could watch the cabaret, Roger where he could watch Kay, Anne next to Roger.

Carelessly, Roger glanced at the programme.

"Oh, Kay . . . Michael's dancing to-night. That's interesting." He looked up and saw her white tense face, blue eyes shadowed with pain, her hands knotted tightly together. "Why—what's the matter?"

"This is his first night with his new partner," she said quickly, nervously. "We have danced together for eight years, he and I—ever since I was sixteen. She has only been rehearsing for a few days and Michael's so brilliant . . . he's not easy to dance with . . . I'm so afraid for him . . ."

Roger went a little pale, his mouth tightened.

"Kay," he said slowly, quietly, so that the others could not hear, "does he mean so much to you, then?"

"More than all the world," she answered. She saw the stricken disappointment in his eyes.

"I'M sorry Roger. I made a terrible mistake. I thought, perhaps, that my liking for you might kill my love for him because he didn't seem to need me. I don't think there's any cure. I know I shall go on loving him for ever."

Before she finished speaking there was the fanfare of silver trumpets that announced Michael's act, and he led Helena into the white circle of the spotlight.

Helena was so wrong. Everything about her was wrong. She seemed to be deliberately making the whole thing vulgar.

This dance was Kay's and Michael's. Where was the lilt, the rhythm, the loveliness? Even Michael's superb technique, steely strength and dark, splendid good looks could not build it into beauty in the face of Helena's deliberate staginess.

And—final horror—as he held her high above his head in the final pose, she crumpled, her muscles relaxed and she nearly fell. His swift grasp saved her. A soft titter of laughter ran round the restaurant and there was a burst of faintly ironical applause.

The color flamed suddenly up in Kay's cheeks and she rose to her feet and left the table without a word. Over his wine, Sir Geoffrey's kind, shrewd eyes watched her threading her way between the tables towards the staff door, going, he knew, to Michael.

Outside his dressing-room she stopped. The door was open and she could hear his voice, cold with fury.

"Is it that you deliberately want to ruin us? You were at least stepperfect this afternoon. Why should you behave like this?"

"Listen, brother. I was a dancer before you were born," came Helena's raucous voice. "I have my own way of doing things."

"In my act you will do them my way or not at all. Now go . . . get out. And tell Pierre that we're not going on again to-night."

Helena came flouncing out of the dressing-room and yet she did not wear the look of a really angry woman. She saw Kay standing there, white, slender, lovely . . . and she laughed out loud.

"Go on, kid," she said softly. "Good luck."

Without a word Kay passed her and stood for a moment in Michael's doorway, watching him. He was standing with his back to her, facing the rack on which his costumes were hung.

"Michael, my dear——"

He turned his haggard face and reached hungry arms for her, unable in that unguarded moment to conceal his love or his longing.

"Kay, Kay"—he thrust her away from him—"why had you to come to me now, just when I can't fight your loveliness any longer, just when I need you so?"

SHE came to him again, her hands on his shoulders, round his neck, pulling his face down to hers.

"I've broken my engagement to Roger," she said.

"I worked so hard for that," he said grimly. "I wanted so much to get you away from this life, away from the work, the routine, the risk, and you have thrown it all away."

"I'm not a child to be sheltered and lied to," she said furiously. "I'm the woman who loves you, whose place is by your side. Oh, Michael, if you had only spoken one word of need for me, I should never have gone."

"That is why I did not speak," he said, his lips in her soft hair. "I'm defeated, Kay. I can't send you away again. I love you with my whole life, Kay. Will you marry me?"

Monsieur Pierre, the manager, annoyed, angry, came to the door.

"What is all this about you not dancing again, M'sieur Kerr?"

Michael took Kay's hand.

"Come," he said.

That night they danced, as they were always to dance afterwards, with a wild perfection of beauty that brought people to their feet in overwhelming applause and wrote their names in lights across the great cities of the world.

Watching them dance, Roger smiled, ruefully, knowing Kay had been right. A small, warm, comforting hand crept under his elbow into his hand and he turned and smiled gratefully into Anne's eyes.

. . . . .

Lying on her sunbathing mattress next day Helena told an admirer the true story of her dance fiasco.

"I wasn't in his class as a dancer and I knew it, but I couldn't afford to lose the contract, so when Sir Geoffrey offered me a really nice cheque to be a failure, I thought 'O.K. by me!' He figured that Kay Allan wouldn't be able to stand seeing me spoil Michael's act, and that she'd go back to him . . . and he was right. 'They're both artists,' said Sir Geoffrey, 'and they belong together. Just as my young son and Anne Gerrard belong . . . that's the county young miss he'd forgotten for Kay.' Well, it worked, you see. Kay and Michael are getting married by special licence, and young Roger is already holding hands with Miss Gerrard, and Yours Truly is having a nice holiday with no work, everything found. So everyone's satisfied. I guess the old man was right."

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DOROTHY LAMOUR

Private lives of Hollywood Stars . . .

In their own luxurious bathrooms, Hollywood's lovely stars guard their most precious asset—complexion beauty. Would it surprise you to know that their favourite skin care is one that you can use? Yes . . . 9 out of 10 of these famous stars use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

Skin loveliness ~ yours so easily with Lux Toilet Soap ~ it's Supercreamed

(SKIN-CREAM-IN-THE-SOAP)

Study the needs of your skin as the film stars do! Then you'll see why you should always use Lux Toilet Soap—because it's *supercreamed*. Rich, softening skin cream is blended into the soap itself . . . so that every time you wash, you cream your face at the same time. The supercreamed lather sets the tiny oil ducts in your skin functioning normally . . . softening a dry skin, refining an oily one . . . giving you a complexion as delightfully clear and petal soft as Dorothy Lamour's.

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When your feet ache and burn, give yourself instant, glorious relief this way. One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your crippling pains go. **First** you feel your skin begin to glow. **Second** your sore muscles relax . . . pain goes. You actually feel the soothing oil sinking into your tired muscles. You feel it drive the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Give yourself glorious relief. Get a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil right away.

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

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The Movie World

May 27, 1939 — The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement — Page One

1 **PENNILESS** Claudette Colbert arrives in Paris by train from Monte Carlo.

2 **SHE** is befriended by a sympathetic taxi-driver, Don Ameche, who gives her her first meal in Paris.

3 **PLAYBOY** Francis Lederer finds the mysterious lady very charming.

4 **AT A GREAT** reception, John Barrymore suspects that Claudette is no duchess.

5 **MR. AMECHE** causes consternation when he gives the show away at an exclusive week-end party.

6 **DON AMECHE** and Claudette Colbert take their troubles to an amazed court of law.

MOVIE GOSSIP

From John B. Davies and Barbara Bourchier, New York and Hollywood

Perfect screen beauty

A GROUP of Hollywood photographers recently made a composite portrait using features of well-known feminine stars, and called it "the perfect screen beauty." Then they chose a girl from a group of contestants as the one most nearly resembling the portrait. She is Marilyn Hope, stand-in for Hedy Lamarr!

Eggs a la ostrich

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN will have to scramble an ostrich egg in the latest "Tarzan" picture. MGM had to find twelve ostrich eggs which they kept on ice on the set until the domestic scene between Maureen as Tarzan's mate and Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan. The extra eggs were needed in case more than one "take" was necessary for the scene.

Man in the making

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW was a small lad when he came to Hollywood to play the title role in "David Copperfield," but the years have slipped by and the youth is quickly advancing to man's estate.

He is now 5ft. 7½in. tall, with every indication that he will be a six-footer by the time he is twenty-one.

Too handsome

WARNERS may cut out an important scene in "Juarez" because Brian Aherne, who enacts the Austrian Emperor Maximilian, is too handsome, in the opinion of studio experts.

Reason given is that too much sympathy would militate for Maximilian against Juarez, Mexican patriot.

Claudette in Parisian Comedy

● *In Paramount's "Midnight," Claudette Colbert returns to the role of sophisticated comedian which suits her so admirably. Set in Paris, the light-hearted plot casts her as a girl who has lost all her money in Monte Carlo. By a misunderstanding Claudette is mistaken for a duchess; she is whirled into high life; she enlists the aid of taxi-driver Don Ameche in carrying on the deception; but Mr. Ameche has some plans of his own!*

Harmony restored

HELEN VINSON and Fred Perry are holding hands more fervently than ever since their recent difference and brief separation.

They are facing a separation again, but this time through professional necessity. Fred is going on a tennis tour, while Helen remains in Hollywood to play a leading part in "Memory of Love." Carole Lombard, Kay Francis, and Cary Grant are the other stars.

Awkward moment

A TENSE moment occurred at a recent social affair in the film colony when Mary Pickford came face to face with Douglas Fairbanks, jun., son of her former husband.

Onlookers held their breaths. They expected that stony glares would be exchanged, but to their surprise Mary greeted Doug., jun., cordially, and he kissed her on the cheek.

Naturalness in Make-Up

ROSALIND RUSSELL knows how much loveliness and appealing charm depend on naturalness in make-up. So she uses Max Factor Make-up in her correct color harmony, like 96% of all the Hollywood Stars. There's a shade in Max Factor Powder, Rouge and harmonising Lipstick for blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead. Whatever your type, Max Factor Make-up will give thrilling new radiance and flattering naturalness to your appearance! By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor★ Hollywood, your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart, which lists the correct shades for your individual type.

Sold at all leading stores and chemists, and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell. Stars in MGM Production, "The Citadel."

NEW! MAX FACTOR NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM

The sensational new cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor purse-size Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. **FREE**

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Fair ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE	Moist ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
	Dark ☐	If hair is Grey, check deep shade and here ☐	

Max Factor★ Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia: Fred C. James and Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 3962V., G.P.O., Sydney

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Eyes like emeralds

THIS REDHEAD, GREER GARSON, FOLLOWED FAME FOR 6000 MILES

From
BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood

YOU rarely come across a story as fantastic as that of Greer Garson—the girl whom it took Hollywood one year and 6000 miles to "discover."

But then you rarely come across a person as unusual as this glittering girl, with her red hair, her emerald eyes—and her brilliant wit.

Greer's story began in California the summer before last, when she arrived from the London stage accompanied by her mother and an MGM contract.

The studio was very nice to this new creature, whose distinctive voice fell so arrestingly on the ear. It gave her parties—Greer gave it parties in return. But it somehow forgot to give her any screen work.

Summer slipped into autumn. Greer had a beautiful time—socially. Professionally, time just stood still. She and her mother decided to look for a house. Greer's humor sparkles in the description of her mother being shown a typical "star mansion" by an agent.

"And this, madam, is the bar," he said.

Waited a year

"BAR!" said Mrs. Garson, her English eyebrows going up. "But we want a house—not a tavern."

In the end they moved into a home—not that typical "star mansion," by the way—entertained charmingly, and waited, and went on waiting for a call from the studio.

In the end Greer waited a whole year—a year spent between parties, the racecourse, and, unfortunately, the hospital. An operation on her spine ate largely into that twelve months. Her closest contact with the film cameras of Hollywood was turning down a couple of ludicrously unsuitable parts.

A lesser actress would have made violent scenes. Greer, carefully convalescent, indifferently remained on the very best terms with her employers.

Then the studio casting office suddenly remembered her. "We have an ideal role for you, Miss Garson—want you to play Robert Donat's wife in 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips'." It was an ideal role—with just one catch in it. "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" was being made in England!

Greer had to pack her trunks, sell the house, and travel 6000 miles to do her very first piece of work for the studio.

Back in London, and glad to be there, Greer settled into her Berkeley Square flat again, and prepared to be a home-lover for life.

Future is bright

THEN MGM saw the first rushes of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips"—and leapt to its collective feet in enthusiasm over Greer Garson. Bulletins went out—"Among the brightest stars of 1939 you may confidently look for Greer Garson!"

Greer, who had worked her soul out in the film—and, incidentally, enlivened her social life by detailing a thousand-and-one stories of that fantastic Hollywood—smiled very, very cautiously.

But, to her amazement, the film offers began to pour in—and this is where Greer's fortune becomes linked with that of another—enough film offers to keep her busy until the end of 1940.

Greer's own studio should come first—but I am keeping that till the last. You will see why.

During Greer's extraordinary Hollywood year she met the Hungarian producer Gabriel Pascal. He had just made "Pygmalion," but it had not been released.

When Greer came back to London to be Mrs. Chips, Pascal was already there. "Pygmalion" had broken records at international box-offices. And Mr. Pascal could dictate his own terms as to the films he made, and why.

And here are the films that Mr. Pascal wants—Bernard Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," with Ralph Richardson—and Greer Garson. Shaw's "The Millionairess"—with Greer Garson. And the life story of airwoman Amelia Earhart—with Greer Garson.

In the meantime MGM got to work, drew up a new contract for the girl—and will she please make "May Flavin," from Myron Brinig's new novel, as soon as possible?

So there it is—a success story as glittering as Greer herself—with just as quixotic an ending. For MGM is insistent—and she must once again pack her trunks, and, accompanied by her mother, travel 6000 miles back to Hollywood to make her second film for her studio.

As unusual as her name: Greer Garson, of M.G.M.

THEY DREAM TOO MUCH

MARY PICKFORD wants to come out of her retirement—in order to play Mary Baker Eddy on the screen. In this wish, Mary joins the large band of present-day stars who have each "a dream role"—some part which colors their screen ambitions. MADELEINE CARROLL, for example, would "give anything" to play Florence Nightingale—Kay Francis took this role a few years ago. OLYMPE BRADNA dreams of herself appearing as both Joan of Arc — portrayed by Geraldine Farrar as a silent—and Camille: Garbo got ahead of her here. CLAUDETTE COLBERT, whose "Zaza" fulfilled one long-felt desire, now wants to play Lady Hamilton. DOROTHY LAMOUR sees herself as the great Swedish singer, Jenny Lind.

✦

The perfect role of which every star dreams is often incongruous. A crooner wants to play a great statesman. A broad comedienne sees herself as a suffering mother. A middle-aged man, famed for his gunman roles, knows he would be ideal as a gallant Elizabethan and a sarong girl wishes to forget the South Seas and portray an opera star. They dream too much.

✦

And, if IRENE DUNNE had her pick, she would take Madame Curie. Universal may yet star Irene in this role. When BARBARA STANWYCK was chosen to portray "Stella Dallas," three other actresses were cheated of their favorite role. They were Gladys George, singer Shirley Ross, and, of all people, Martha Raye! Just as bitter a disappointment, to GARY COOPER and BOB BURNS is the recent news that HENRY FONDA is to play "Young Mr. Lincoln" for 20th Century-Fox. Both Gary and Bob long to play the famous Abraham. If ever that Cossack fighter, "Taras Boulba," is brought to the screen, AKIM TAMIROFF and LLOYD NOLAN will fight for the part. But EDWARD G. ROBINSON wants to be Francis Drake.

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Kindness of Hollywood . . .

Helping others to movie fame

NOTED FILM PLAYERS HAVE FOUND YOUNGSTERS WHO WERE NEGLECTED BY THEIR STUDIOS

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

Producer aided this brunette

● LYNN BARI, Fox starlet, who will appear opposite Warner Baxter in her next important film, "The Return of the Cisco Kid."

MOST people regard film stars off screen as hard-hearted individuals, who fight for the biggest and best scenes in every picture, and keep a firm hand down upon the struggling movie aspirant.

But such is not the case. Humanity and kindliness blossom in the film colony, as all the world over; and many a movie player has given another his first chance on the screen, or helped him over the harder hurdles to fame.

Woman helps woman, contrary to conventional notions of feminine behaviour. Joan Crawford is well known as a disinterested talent scout. Her latest discovery is Frances MacInery, a Hollywood girl who has been given a role in "The Hardys Ride High." Frances was working as an extra on the set of "Mannequin," when Crawford was attracted by her striking resemblance to Gloria Swanson. She used her influence to get her a small part, and later personally trained her in dramatics and superintended her first screen test. Polly Ann Young, Loretta's sister, got Lynne Carver her first screen test.

Bette Davis, meeting Jane Bryan on the set of "Kid Galahad" for the first time, liked the youngster's enthusiasm, respected her ability, and gave her friendly encouragement. Jane later obtained her important part in "The Sisters" partly through Bette's friendly offices.

Now twelve-year-old Janice Chambers, under contract to MGM, is receiving guidance from Milisa Korjus. The star was much impressed with the youngster's rendition of the laughing song from "Die Fledermaus," and has been quietly coaching her ever since.

Helped with acting

AMONG the men, David Niven has Ronald Colman to thank for his present position in films. Niven had played in a number of small parts beginning with "Dodsworth," without making much impression. He met Colman when assigned to a part in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and, as Briton helps Briton in far-flung places, Colman gave his fellow Englishman help and advice, showing him little acting tricks he himself found invaluable before the camera.

Clark Gable is another always ready to do any young man a good turn despite possible challenge to his own star position. Noticing a nice little bit enacted by an unknown young man in "Saratoga," Gable induced MGM to put him on their stock lists. His name was Dennis O'Keefe.

So Gable, like Carole, passes on his good turn from Lionel Barrymore, who, years ago, induced him to take a screen test at MGM. Pat O'Brien credits Jimmy Gleason with his film career; Jimmy's help proved invaluable to him when he first came to Hollywood. Kenny Baker received his first important work from Jack Benny—on the radio. One young woman to receive a boost from a fellow actor is Lynn Bari, who, after posing for publicity stills without getting further with her acting career, was given a bit part by Gregory Ratoff in "Lancer Spy." This has meant the beginning of a very promising career.

Since then Lynn has played lead in several pictures, her two latest, both with Preston Foster, being "Chasing Danger" and "News Is Made By Night."

Ann Rutherford had a role in Walter Huston's "Of Human Hearts," but after that MGM forgot her. She was ready to give up in despair when Lew Ayres proffered help and encouragement. He told her how to walk, to talk, to make the best of herself in front of the cameras. Now she has an assured position with MGM as Mickey Rooney's sweetheart in the "Hardy" films.

Jean Chatburn, once Barbara Stanwyck's stand-in, eyes William Powell with gratitude. When days were darkest, and Jean found no work to do, Powell gave her valuable advice and the confidence to go on.

Woman has helped man on numerous occasions. The late John Gilbert fell from his pedestal as the screen's greatest lover when the talkies arrived. So, when all others had forgotten, Garbo asked for him as her leading man in "Queen Christina." Joan Crawford asked for Robert Montgomery to play opposite her in "Possessed." Later she performed a similar service for Clark Gable—thus giving a powerful boost to both their careers.

And, of course, Eddie Cantor and Charles Chaplin, the one as radio entertainer, the other producer, have done much to discover movie talent. Eddie Cantor can claim as his personal discoveries Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, Burns and Allen, and others not so successful, who came to him via the radio and whom he launched on a movie career.

RIVAL FOR DEANNA

● Bing Crosby has taken under his wing a thirteen-year-old songstress whom he believes will be a serious rival to Deanna Durbin. He discovered her, brought her to Hollywood, and presented her to Paramount, who have signed her to a long-term contract. She is Linda Ware, and she was reared in an orphanage. Her debut will be with Bing in a featured role in "The Star Maker." Linda has not previously appeared on the screen or stage.

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● ERROL FLYNN and Olivia de Havilland in their new film, "Dodge City," which recently had a spectacular world premiere in the city of that name.

● CANDID CAMERA spots Errol Flynn on the set sharing sandwiches with his stand-in, Don Turner (at left), and his Schnauzer dog, Arno.

● FRAMED IN the archway of a covered waggon, Olivia de Havilland, star of the new Western epic.

Bigger and better

World premieres

By JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York.

TWO hundred film stars, studio executives, newspaper and magazine writers on a five-day jaunt through the Mid-West is the latest publicity stunt to be launched from Hollywood.

This was for the world premiere of Warner Brothers' "Dodge City." As the picture is founded on the great pioneering days in the city of that name, studio executives chose it as the location for its grand opening.

A special fifteen-car train was chartered from Hollywood to Dodge City. The trip took five days, from Thursday to Monday, beginning at 9 p.m., Thursday.

All the biggest stars from Warners' took part in the expedition, headed by Errol Flynn, Rosemary Lane, Ann Sheridan, Humphrey Bogart, Wayne Morris, Frank McHugh, John Payne, Priscilla Lane and Bruce Cabot.

So great was the exodus of film stars from Hollywood for the mammoth week-end that Lili Damita, Flynn's wife, staged a "Dodge City-Widows' Party," for those who were left behind.

It was the most hilarious jaunt ever taken in the interests of selling pictures.

Santa Fe station, where passengers boarded the train, was lit by arc lights and the continuous flare of flash-lights as one distinguished passenger after another was posed by the newsmen.

EVEN HOLLYWOOD IS LEFT GASPING AT THE MAMMOTH PUBLICITY STUNTS WHICH ARE USHERING IN THE NEW WESTERN EPICS

Errol Flynn, star of the film, made a hasty entrance, left baggage behind, and had to borrow clothes for the rest of the journey.

Passengers lived in luxury.

Music was supplied by courtesy of Warners', and penetrated every part of the train.

There were two troupes of strolling players to serenade and lead folk-dances, wandering between compartments.

Flocks of hairdressers and make-up artists were aboard to make the stars glamorous to face the public.

Fun was fast and furious. Errol Flynn was the life and soul of the party; and led community singing round the piano.

First stop was Flagstaff, Arizona, and this whole township turned out in a body to view their distinguished visitors. At Winslow, 4000 locals met the train, and gave Buck Jones and Hoot Gibson a rousing reception.

At Gallup, 7000 strong were at the station, and by the time the train stopped at Albuquerque the crowd of gaping spectators numbered 20,000.

The train pulled in at Dodge City on Friday morning, where a large tent city had been erected to accommodate fans and sightseers from the Mid-West.

Passengers were accorded a civic reception, and at night bands played the stars and the guests to three theatres in the city to simultaneous showing of the picture.

For the great world premiere of "Alexander Graham Bell," Fox chartered a special train from Hollywood to take the cast of the picture to the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco.

A preview of the film was held at the same time in Washington, at the home of Mrs. Gilbert Grosvenor, daughter of Alexander Graham Bell. It actually took place in the Constitution Hall, and was sponsored by the Grosvenor family.

Paramount was even luckier in their premiere of "Union Pacific," saga of a great U.S. railway, starring Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. The Union Pacific Railways gave them co-operation and put posters throughout train carriages, stations, and depots. The premiere took place in Omaha. Troops of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians attended, as well as most of Paramount's headline stars and directors.

NOW! Apply "SKIN-VITAMIN A" direct to your skin with Pond's Two Creams

For years we have been hearing about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G. Who hasn't heard of them?

And scientists have found that one of these vitamins is related in particular to skin health and beauty. Lack of this "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, produces roughness, dryness, a dull appearance of the skin. Now you can apply this "skin-vitamin" direct to your skin in Pond's two creams . . . Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. Every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"!

Use these Pond's Creams as you have always used them. And soon you'll notice how smooth your skin has become. How much fresher and more radiant it looks. And if you've never used Pond's before, start to-day!

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- jars for your dressing table, 1/- tubes for your handbag, and economical 2/6 jars which contain approximately 3½ times as much.

LADY PATRICIA FRENCH

"A wonderful improvement in my complexion—after using Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin.' They have made my skin exceptionally smooth."

Doctors Found that one certain vitamin, when applied to wounds and burns, healed skin very quickly. They also knew that, without this "skin-vitamin," skin became rough, coarse and dull.

Then Pond's had this "skin-vitamin" tested in Pond's Creams for 3 years. Skin which had become rough and dull through lack of this vitamin was made smooth, clear and supple. Now women all over the world are turning to Pond's for extra beauty care!

"THOSE WE LOVE"

The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's . . . every Thursday at 9 p.m. on 3CH, 2GZ, 3DB-LK, 4BK-AK, 6IX-WB, 1HT, at 7.45 p.m. on 1SR; at 8.30 p.m. on 5AD-MU-PI-SE, every Monday at 7.30 p.m. on 2KO.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS — the active "skin-vitamin"

FREE! Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

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SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

ROBERT TAYLOR and Barbara Stanwyck are the latest Hollywood twosome to join the ranks of the happily-weds. They were married last week at San Diego, California, at the home of Thomas Whalen, former district attorney. The civil ceremony took place shortly after midnight. They have already returned to Hollywood. The honeymoon had to be cut short as Taylor is in the middle of work on "Lady of the Tropics."

❖ ❖ ❖

STAN LAUREL is divorcing his third wife, Illiana (Vera Shuvalova), the Russian dancer, whom he married early last year. Laurel complained that since this third marriage his professional career had been nearly wrecked.

❖ ❖ ❖

MARY BOLAND is celebrating her twenty-fourth anniversary in pictures this year. She began making pictures in 1915, playing romantic leads opposite Willard Mack. Except for a brief return to Broadway, she has been in pictures ever since. "The Magnificent Fraud" is her ...

❖ ❖ ❖

DON AMECHE and Bob Burns will soon be proud fathers. Ameche for the third time. He has already ... sons, so he hopes the next will be a girl.

LATEST news on "Gone With the Wind": The little daughter of Vivien Leigh, who is Scarlett O'Hara in the film, is being considered for the part of Bonnie, Scarlett's child.

❖ ❖ ❖

HARPO MARX will provide a feast of music in the next Marx brothers' film, "A Day at the Circus." Fans already know Harpo's prowess at the piano, clarinet, and harp. But in his new picture he will play every instrument in a circus band, from piccolo to tuba, switching from one to the other throughout a march without missing a beat.

❖ ❖ ❖

LORETTA YOUNG, who recently left Fox because she wanted more money, has closed a big deal with Columbia. Her contract with this studio gives her £25,000 for every picture she makes—and top starring roles.

❖ ❖ ❖

MYRNA LOY, long typed as the "perfect wife," is in for a spell of exotic roles.

As the strong-willed temptress, Lady Esketh, in "The Rains Came," she gets away from "nice girl" roles for the first time since she became a major star.

What is more, she is to follow up with "Sea of Grass," in which she plays a wife who is so far from perfect that she deserts husband Spencer Tracy.

Myrna's last siren part was in "The Woman in His House," and that was a long, long time ago.

BAKER'S GOOD OLD ENGLISH DESIGN

STERLING SILVER PLATED SPOONS and FORKS

A1 is very heavily plated. B is medium plated.

	A1 Heavy per ½ doz.	B per ½ doz.
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...Spoons	30/-	22/6
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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.
★ One star—average entertainment
★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

★★ SPRING MADNESS

(Week's Best Release.)

Lew Ayres, Maureen O'Sullivan. (MGM.)

THERE'S a laugh in nearly every line of this film—not only in the smart back-chat scattered generously throughout, but in the gently satiric picture of youth, which takes life, its loves, ambitions and problems so seriously.

It's an unpretentious picture with a slight theme, but very brightly done.

It centres on Lew Ayres, Harvard student, torn between his first great love and ambition: whether to marry and get a job when he graduates, or to go to Russia for a two years' educational tour. His girl, Maureen O'Sullivan, wants him to stay. His boy friend, Burgess Meredith, is just as determined that he'll go to Russia. But her girl friends, and their boy friends, rival students from Yale, take a hand—and they're plugging for Maureen.

Burgess Meredith, as Ayres' eccentric friend, who trails him round to see that he doesn't slip up on his promises, and takes back-view candid camera shots, simply for the reason that he's made a vow not to take front views till he gets to Russia, nearly steals the show.

But the youthful cast, which includes Ruth Hussey, Ann Morriss, and comic Sterling Holloway, don't let him get away with that.—St. James; showing.

★ THE LAMBETH WALK

Lupino Lane, Sally Gray. (MGM.)

GO along to see this film for a delightfully spontaneous rendering of the Lambeth Walk en masse (if you are not too tired of it in the local ballroom), and for half a dozen wisecracks that are quite up to vaudeville standard.

And for sweet Sally Gray, quite the prettiest, most natural girl to be seen on the screen for some time.

Otherwise, there isn't a great deal to amuse Australian audiences in the film. It's made in England, and done in the English musical-comedy manner, with plenty of patter from Lupino Lane.

A satire on the English aristocracy, it is adapted from Lane's stage success, "Me and My Girl," and tells of Bill Snibson, of Lambeth, London's slum area, who turns out to be Lord Barford. First comment on his imposingly aristocratic relatives is, "Blime, Madame Tussaud's!"—Liberty; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★★ **Pygmalion.** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 24th week.
- ★★★ **Mayerling.** Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux in fine French film of tragic love story. Embassy, 3rd week.
- ★★★ **Gunga Din.** Cary Grant and Doug Fairbanks, jun., in grand action drama. Regent, 4th week.
- ★★ **Three Smart Girls Grow Up.** Deanna Durbin in bright musical entertainment for everybody. State, 5th week.
- ★★ **Yes, My Darling Daughter.** Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn in delightful modern comedy. Century, 2nd week.
- ★★ **This Man is News.** Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson in racy English thriller. Prince Edward, 2nd week.
- ★ **Just Around the Corner.** Shirley Temple not up to standard. Plaza, 2nd week.

★ HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Mickey Rooney, Walter Connolly. (MGM.)

MICKEY ROONEY dons the garb of the boy of the 'fifties, plays truant from school, worries the Widow Douglass, enjoys colorful adventure along the Mississippi. But he's not Huckleberry Finn.

Just twentieth century Mr. Rooney, play-acting, not living Huck's role.

Nor does he play-act very heartily. Only occasional glimmers of that jaunty devilry are revealed.

If, however, you accept the film as just a story of boyhood adventures, it is fair enough entertainment. It concerns Huck's efforts to help Jim, a runaway slave, to escape to freedom, and has its exciting moments. And you will like handsome Rex Ingram as Jim, the humble negro, who only makes his bid for freedom through desperation, and bears no grudge to the white man.—St. James; showing.

★ STORM OVER BENGAL

Patric Knowles, Rochelle Hudson. (Republic.)

MORE Indian adventure. It follows the tradition of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," highlighting heroic deeds of the British Army fighting rebels in north-west India.

Patric Knowles is the central figure who survives more than fearful odds to return to the arms of his fiancee, Rochelle Hudson.

Richard Cromwell plays the less spectacular brother who also loves Rochelle, and dies a hero (as do a good many extras).

Douglas Dumbrille distinguishes himself as the villainous Rahman Khan who leads the rebellion of the hill tribes.

On the whole, it is a reasonably enjoyable film of its class.—Lyceum; showing.

★ NAUGHTY BUT NICE

Dick Powell, Ann Sheridan. (Warners.)

DEAR, dear, what are they doing to our Mr. Powell? He lets two delightful, but not very tuneful young ladies, Ann Sheridan and Gail Page, sing all the songs except one, and he never blossoms forth into that bright, peppy personality we used to know so well.

Still, for all that, even if subdued, Dick is a likeable young actor. He plays a bespectacled country college professor who gets loose in the Big City, and becomes an ace song-writer. And even—though unintentionally—wins a jitterbug contest.

Ann Sheridan is just too glamorous—but the gal can act, too—but definitely, as she would, and does, say amusingly all through the film. But Zasu Pitts, as one of Powell's spinster aunts, is tiresome.—Capitol; showing.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

MICKEY ROONEY as "HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

* * *

You'll be seeing this picture *soon!* It is enjoying its highly successful Australasian premiere currently at the St. James' Theatre, Sydney. Soon it will be in your neighbourhood.

* * *

You'll not want to miss the swellest screen performance of Mickey (*the Spencer Tracy of to-morrow*) Rooney as the "spittin' image" of Mark Twain's immortal bad boy vagabond!

* * *

In honour of Mickey Rooney's *happiest* role, in honour of his *greatest* screen performance, in honour of the fine way in which *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer* has brought this exciting adventure to the screen, we are happy to make available to you *(at no charge except return postage)* a souvenir photographic reproduction of *Mickey Rooney as "Huckleberry Finn"*.

* * *

This fine illustration, showing *Huck Finn in all his ragged glory*, is suitable for framing, and is an ideal memento for all you who have enjoyed the entertainments made all the more amusing by the screen's greatest boy actor, *Mickey Rooney*.

* * *

The supply of these photo reproductions is, of course, limited, and we urge you to avail yourself of this portrait *as soon as possible*.

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All you have to do is to address your request as follows:
HUCKLEBERRY FINN,
Box 2576-E, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

And please enclose 2d. (*two pence*) in stamps to cover postage on the envelope that will bring this *grand* souvenir to you!

LEO, of M-G-M!

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NIGHTLY AT 8.
MATINEE WED. & SAT. at 2.
Australian and New Zealand Theatres Ltd. Present Broadway's Super Streamlined Musical Comedy,
"I Married an Angel"
With a brilliant imported cast.

DANGER!

Disinfect with 'Dettol!'

Be always ready for accidents—with 'Dettol.' The tiniest scratch is an open door to germs which cause festering and blood poisoning. But 'Dettol' is a safe and powerful antiseptic which instantly kills all germs—cannot hurt the skin—and is non-poisonous. Keep it always handy and apply it to injuries at once.

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THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

WILL MAHONEY STARTS SYDNEY LAUGHING AGAIN!
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PROP. GEO. MARLOW... LESSEES TIVOLI THEATRES
TWICE DAILY 2-30 & 8.

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Making radio listeners laugh is not easy

Hours of work on "gags" before show goes on air

Providing amusement for radio listeners is not an easy task, particularly if, like Miss Dorothy ("Dilly") Foster, popular star of many plays and sketches, you write your own jokes.

Hours of strenuous "spade work" are necessary, even for one short sequence.

Now for that rehearsal!

"DILLY" FOSTER and Claude Perry prepare for rehearsal of "The Dilly Show," new 2GB feature, which is broadcast every Wednesday evening at 8.30.

ANYONE who has seen Miss Foster working in her office with her secretary over the knotty problems of bigger and better jokes will realise that they involve terrific energy and nerve-strain.

That her efforts are appreciated by the listening public was demonstrated once again last week when it was announced that she would renew her association with Bert Lowell and his band in a new 2GB feature, "The Dilly Revue."

"Some of the Dilly sequences were written for me when I first began to build up the character," said Miss Foster, who has a lively smile and humorous eyes. "But since then I've had to work out gags and sequences myself."

The real-life Dilly occupies a chair behind a large desk in a Sydney advertising office, and here, besides doing a variety of jobs associated with radio production, she lives a portion of the day as Dilly, and prepares material for her 3GB programmes.

She says that a comedian's job would be paradise if some genius could be found to "rip off" an unrestricted flow of sparkling jokes—and keep them consistent with the personality of the character delivering them.

Dilly's introduction to radio came in her native Tasmania when she conducted a children's hour from 7ZL, the national station in Hobart. Then she crossed Bass Strait to join the staff of 3UZ in Melbourne. Her greatest success has come, however, since she has been in Sydney.

When Miss Foster first "gagged" in the now famous "Dilly" voice, she had not thought of giving her new character a name. She nicknamed some of the other members of the cast with whom she happened to be playing, and was called Dilly in return. The name "stuck."

There is physical as well as severe mental effort involved in producing Dilly.

"As you can hear, my own real voice is nothing like Dilly's," said Miss Foster. "I have to throw my voice back to my tonsils for the act. I don't use a throat spray or anything like that, but I really do feel the dryness and strain when a double rehearsal is over.

"I have to assume quite a separate personality to prepare Dilly for the air. It's no good testing a Dilly act on myself in my ordinary workaday tone of voice. I have to make sure that it fits properly, and Dilly is the only one who can try the real value of gags.

"Therefore I write all of the copy aloud, as it were, just as it sounds over the radio.

"Sometimes it makes me a little unpopular with other members of the staff, I must admit. When they come in and say in pained voices, 'I know it's funny, Miss Foster, but ——' I know that some client has expressed wonder at my Dilly noises."

Sifting ideas

WHEN preparing for her part in "The Dilly Revue" from 2GB, Miss Foster examines hundreds of ideas for gags. Sometimes they come to her in the night and she jots them down on a pad for reference in the morning.

"However, I haven't got a special Dilly turn for parties and personal appearance shows," said Miss Foster. "I don't look enough like the usual impression of Dilly to carry it off."

Miss Foster was married recently to Mr. Robert Nicolson, of Melbourne.

"As well as radio gags," she said, "I now have to keep tag on such things as milk, butter, and ice!"

"The Dilly Revue" is broadcast from 2GB on Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m.

Ugly Fat Banished

Excess Weight Easily Dissolved by New Natural Method

Dr. D. McClaskey, New York, says:—*"Acid conditions in Intestinal Tract (Self-Poisoning) is real cause of the deposit of adipose tissue."*

Self-poisoning (autoxima) overthrows the body's alkaline reserve and develops acid conditions which impair the normal functions of the body. Instead of the body eliminating the fatty acids (which result from digestion) in a natural way, these fatty acids are absorbed into the blood stream with other waste residues.

Was 10 st. 6 lbs. Now 9 st. 3 lbs.

Hamilton, Dunedin, 25.

"Your wonderful Coloseptic has been the means of reducing my weight over 17 lbs. . . . I tried all kinds of things before I used Coloseptic, but they had no effect . . . COLOSEPTIC keeps me so well."

—*Miss J.M.*

COLOSEPTIC overcomes acidity, activates nutrition, dehydrates the excess moisture weight, breaks up the fatty acids, sweeps the intestines clean of all heavy fermenting residues and other acid products and passes them smoothly out of the system. It also activates the dehydrating action of the other vital eliminative organs—the kidneys, pores of the skin and respiratory apparatus. COLOSEPTIC is the one natural, safe way to permanent weight control.

Trial Offer . .

Send 3d. in stamps to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 25 O'Connell Street, Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Coloseptic

ADVERTISEMENT

£100 MUST BE WON

CORRECT LINES COMPETITION

Here is a fascinating New Competition which should appeal to you regardless of your age, education, or experience. Below you will find six short, well-known lines. You'll see at once there's a mistake in every line.

HERE IS THE LIST:—

1. *"Silver threads the gold among."*
2. *"There's nothing new the sun under."*
3. *"Lo! Hear the lark gentle."*
4. *"Accidents happen will."*
5. *"There's method in madness his."*
6. *"A drop a bucket in."*

SINGLE CORRECTION OF THE SIX LINES **6d.**

Example: No. 1 line should read: "Silver Threads Among the Gold"

You can correct these lines, can't you? Well, do so, giving the author's correct words in their proper order, and send in your corrected list on plain paper to the address below. The one whose list is correct or nearest correct will receive £100. The £100 must be won. In case of a tie (or ties), the £100 will be divided equally, and (at the discretion of the Adjudication Committee) ten Consolation prizes will also be awarded.

Rules Governing Competition

Solutions must be correct. There are no alternatives. The correct solutions have been lodged under seal with a Sydney branch of one of the largest banking houses in Australia, to be opened by the Adjudication Committee after the Competition closes.

Closing Date, June 20th

Results will be published in the "Women's Weekly," July 8th issue. Prices will be kept for 14 days after distribution of prize-money. Rescrutiny £1 1/-.

The Adjudication Committee will consist of Mr. C. N. Bayerle, an examiner in the art of speech for the Universities of Australia, and the N.S.W. Conservatorium of Music, and Gordon Bell, Esq., of the firm of Parkhill, Lenn, and Bell, Chartered Accountants, Sydney, and it is an essential condition of entry that their decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters appertaining to the competition.

Anyone is eligible to enter, except employees of the Contest Director and their families, and contestants may send any number of entries on plain paper with their name and address on back. Entries must be accompanied by 6d. in stamps for a single correction of each of the six lines, or Postal Note value 1/- for each two, three, or four corrections of each of the six lines.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Fair Play is Guaranteed to All

No partiality shall be shown to anyone. Every entry will be carefully examined. Every promise shall be fulfilled, and the prize money awarded exactly as advertised. The Director of the "Correct Lines" Competition has a reputation throughout the Commonwealth for honest and straightforward business dealings, extending over many years, and you can send in your entry or entries with his sincere assurance that if you are entitled to a prize you will get it. Remember, promptness pays! Comply with the simple conditions and the £100 or one of the £5 Consolation Prizes may be awarded to you. Send your entry or entries to—

Director, "Correct Lines" Competition (G.P.O. Box 1483DD), 311a Commercial Bank Building, Margaret Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, May 24.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her Beauty Talk with "Janette."

THURSDAY, May 25.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, May 26.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Tea Party with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, May 27.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

SUNDAY, May 28.—4 to 4.30 p.m: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, May 29.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her Fashion Talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, May 30.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

. . . How long is it since YOU tried a new recipe?

. . . How long is it since YOU spent an exciting hour in the preparation of something new, something deliciously different?

. . . And how long is it since YOU felt that thrill of pleasure when the experiment proved a success?

Learn today from

Mrs. Dorothy Jordan

She will be delighted to help you, in every way—of course, at no cost to you.

Listen to **2GB** **Mrs. Jordan's Session** Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 10.15 a.m. and Banish Drudgery

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At home you can make a really good weekly income by making French hand-made flowers in all kinds of materials for frocks, millinery, etc. Demand is unlimited. You'll enjoy making them! It's simple and fascinating! You don't need one bit of experience. We show how. No matter what your age or where you live, you can join in with our members of this wonderful Organisation.

Life-like French flowers, made by a La Paula student.

A BIG CHANCE FOR YOU.

Why not enjoy all those extra pleasures in life—new clothes, money to travel as you wish, new comforts in your home—by easily making money through taking up this profitable craft, not overcrowded. Start now! You can easily right away make these gorgeous flowers and earn extra money.

You can enjoy quick profits without months and months of dreary monotonous study. The La Paula simplified methods help you turn your spare time into profit. We supply free packing boxes and pay the freight.

Postal or Personal Course

La Paula Academy offers two courses:

(1) a special Postal Course for those who wish to learn at home, and (2) a Personal course of tuition at the Academy. You can learn equally well by whichever method suits your convenience. You will quickly learn by the simplest, easiest methods the secrets of hand-made flowers for additional income at home. If it's extra money you need, here's your real opportunity.

SUCCESS GUARANTEED

La Paula methods show you how to make these rich, colourful flowers the kind of floral work that "sells on sight." You can make these gorgeous flowers for sale through us, or to your own friends, or for your own use.

This wonderful new craft ensures quick success and means extra money to you.

WE GUARANTEE TO BUY YOUR WORK

You do not have to rely only on your OWN efforts to sell your finished work, as WE DEFINITELY GUARANTEE TO PURCHASE the goods—and this guarantee is included with every course. We have contracted arrangements with important buyers for prompt purchase of supplies.

Remember, you don't risk one penny in becoming a member of the La Paula Academy under this guarantee. You have nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by making your enquiry now.

FREE WORKING OUTFIT

To prompt enquirers—and for a limited time only—we will give, absolutely free, with the La Paula course, a splendid working outfit, including complete set of tools and materials, with which anyone can begin immediately to make the most beautiful hand-made flowers.

Send now—to-day—for free book.

POST YOUR ENQUIRY NOW.

Send No Money

LA PAULA ART ACADEMY,
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Without obligation to me, please send your free book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers for you. Also your PURCHASE GUARANTEE, as I am anxious to be independent and have extra money of my own.

I am interested in postal / personal course.

(Cross out course not required.)

Name .....

Address .....

..... W W 27/5/'39

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HOLIDAYS ANYWHERE
IN OR OUT OF AUSTRALIA

Write us about your annual vacation or the bigger tour you contemplate. Free friendly advice.

Women's Weekly Travel Bureau. St. James Bldgs., Sydney

It Must Happen Once

Continued from Page 6

SHE was breathless. For she had hurried. But all along the cliff's edge she had felt herself dogged. Once she had turned quickly, sure that she was not alone.

When she opened the door and the shadow rose behind her and laid its hand on her shoulder she was almost thankful. Now it was real. Her fear had substance. It had a voice.

"Get in," it said. "Don't scream. It won't help you. Light the lamp."

The door closed. He had his back to it. They were alone in the stormy twilight of her room. She set the young seagull in her chair where it lay still with exhaustion. She lit the lamp as the voice had bidden.

He had risen out of the depths of the sea. That was her first thought. A wild and dreadful thing, the rags of corruption hanging from it.

"Frightened?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"You may well be. Light the fire. I am cold to the bone. I've been two nights out there, watching you. I wasn't sure you were alone."

She put a match to the fire as though she were accustomed to obey him.

"You are alone, aren't 'ee?"

"Yes."

"What a fool to tell! Why not have a brother or a father who'll be back in a little while? By Heaven, it's better that you haven't. I'll kill anyone—— To-night I'll have a decent roof over my head. I'll have food. And what else I want. Get food," he ordered.

He watched her. She laid the table as she would have done for a friendly guest— a clean tablecloth, a napkin set between the knife and fork. She set out cold meat and pickles and white Cornish pasties and thick clotted cream. He lifted his black brows.

"Well, what are you staring at? Reckon men don't often come your way."

"I was thinking. You said you had been two nights out there. It has been bitter cold. You must have suffered . . ."

"Iss, fay." He let the Cornish affirmative slide from him like a hiss.

"I was sorry. Surely someone in the village would have given you shelter. If you are Cornish . . ."

"A good Cornishman. Maybe they'd think different." He jerked his head towards the sea. "My pals put me ashore two nights ago. I was sick. No use to them. They had enough trouble on board. I went up to the village——" He stopped eating. "Who lives now in the Morgan house?" he asked.

"The Penryns. Mrs. Morgan died—two years ago."

"She was my mother."

"Then—then you're Zeb Morgan?"

"Ay. Heard tell of me?"

"Yes—from her."

He let out a short grinding laugh.

"Now you know why I don't show my face. Bad Black Morgan. That's me. Reckon, though, she'd have taken me in. Now it's up to you—whoever you are. I'll need money, my pretty—all the money you've got."

"I have none."

"Then you'll find it." She shook her head and her stubbornness seemed to amuse him. "All right, I'll stay. My pals will put in again some black night. I'll be fit by then."

"You can't," she whispered. "You don't understand. I'm all alone. You can't——"

"Can't I? Think you'll go telling on me first chance? You won't. Not after to-night. You'll hold your darned tongue."

She saw that his hand shook.

"You're ill," she said in her small voice.

"Ay," he muttered, "I'm ill. Take care of that heart of yours,' the prison doc said. I've been taking care of it—in fo'c'sles you couldn't breathe in—sleeping under hedges, beggin', stealin', dossin' with dirty tramps in workhouses where they treat you worse nor a lost dog. But now I'll be fine. You'll set me on my feet, pretty."

The young seagull had cried out. She went to it and knelt beside it, examining its wing with gentle fingers. She spoke to it.

"I watched you," the man said. "I thought how like a sickly woman to risk her neck for a blamed bird. I've no use for such-like silliness. Throw the dashed thing out."

"No," she said.

"I'm master here. By Heavens—I'll wring its neck—and maybe yours too."

"Very well. You must kill us both then."

The sound of a man's gay whistle interrupted him.

"What's that?"

"The coastguard?"

"Does he come here?"

"Yes."

"In?"

"He knocks. If I answer, 'All clear,' he goes on."

"So you've fooled me. It's to be a fight then."

He snatched a knife from the table and lurched towards her. They heard the smart click of the gate, the crunch of strong feet on the shingled pathway.

"All clear, Miss?"

THE knife dropped. Zeb Morgan wrapped his arms about his breast. He crumpled to his knees like a man shot through the heart. The woman with her hand on the key looked down at him. She said quietly:

"All clear."

"Good-night, Miss."

"Good-night."

Black Morgan still knelt to her. In that attitude of grotesque, unwilling supplication he lifted his eyes to hers. They were wild with pain and mockery and defiance. She went to him and gathered him to her.

. . . . . .

He looked at his hands lying on the sheet, unfamiliar in their weak quietness. He fingered the rough, clean stuff of his shirt. Beyond the shadow where he lay the woman worked by a table under the light of an oil lamp.

"How did I come here?" he asked.

"You and I managed together," she said. "You were quite conscious. But the pain had worn you out. You fell asleep."

"How did I come by these clean duds?"

"They're my brother's."

"So you have a brother?"

"Not here. In London, now."

He tried to lift himself and fell back.

He lay still, and she went on with her work.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Henrietta Saxon."

"What are you doin' there?"

"Correcting the children's homework."

"What are you then?"

"The schoolmistress at Lanvean."

He threw back his head, laughing soundlessly.

"By crum! That's funny! The schoolmarm and Bad Black Morgan spendin' the night together! That'd give th' sour old hens up there summat to cluck about. Reckon I'll have to make an honest woman of 'ee——"

She thought a moment. She said simply, "I am an honest woman."

He stared at her, his eyes wide and black. But presently they closed slowly, reluctantly, as though under a slow, inexorable pressure. She looked at him then. It was strange and wonderful what sleep could do to a man's face.

He woke to clear, calm sunlight. The woman of the house was standing by him.

"I have to go now," she said. "You must try to keep quiet. No one will come here."

"When you come back reckon 'ee'll have the police with 'ee."

"Are they looking for you?"

"They'd think up summat. Reckon last night's job would be enough. For that they'd have me back in quod for six months."

"They won't ever know," she said. She smoothed out his upper sheet for him. "The seagull is in a hamper by the window. I think it knows now that we are its friends. It can hop round a little. Throw a crumbs for me."

"I may wring its neck instead."

"You must do what you must, Zeb Morgan."

BUT as she turned he snatched at her hand and crushed it so that the bones cracked. "You'll come back alone?"

"I've promised," she said. "You are not to be afraid."

He slept most of the day. But he was awake and watching her secretively when she lit the lamp and rekindled the dying fire. He had pulled the seagull's basket close to his bedside.

"Him and me have been takin' care of each other," he said. "We're wild birds, both of us. We take shelter where we can. And we bite the hands of them fool enough to feed us." But his eyes peered beyond her into the shadows of the passage. "Alone?" he asked.

"Yes. Didn't you trust me?"

She went about preparing supper for them both. Outside, the wind had risen again, rattling at the windows with skeleton winter fingers. The man's hands clenched themselves on the white sheet.

"There's someone lurkin' out there!"

"There's no one."

"Haven't you folks or friends?" he asked.

"I've friends, I think, up in the village. They don't come this way in winter."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Not any more."

Please turn to Page 56

Everybody Knew . . . what she meant by "Headache"

NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New —*Relaxing*—Way to Relieve Pain— You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realise just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm!

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Triumph for new theatre

MINERVA CENTRE has made new theatre history in Sydney, so here's a special outsize orchid for Managing Director David Martin and all his colleagues.

Ditto for the whole cast of "Idiot's Delight," Robert Sherwood's brilliant Pulitzer prize play which opened the splendid new Theatre. Never have I attended a more thrilling, stimulating and glamorous first night. Truly, it brought Hollywood and Broadway right into King's Cross.

Furs, frocks, coiffures were all in keeping with the super standard set by the streamlined modernity of the Centre. Thousands crowded the streets for hours before the opening and waited till near midnight to see the youth, beauty, age and wealth of the city getting sorted out into their limousines.

Marie Burke was one of the notables in the audience—graceful and lovely as ever.

Dave Martin made a nice speech at the end of the show, handing out warm praises to his trusty workmates, artists, technicians, and all. Star Lina Basquette made a special curtain curtsy instead of a speech.

Mrs. Martin was present to enjoy the general triumph. Her frock of black crepe had a jumper beaded in green bugles and she wore green orchids in her silver fox cape. After the show she and her husband entertained at a supper party at the Australia.

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Flying Corps Ball

JUNE 1 will see members of the Australian Flying Corps foregathering at the Trocadero for their 17th annual dance. The committee, under the presidency of Mrs. Claude Vautin, are busy planning table decorations, which will feature the corps colors of pale blue, royal-blue, and red.

Mrs. Eric Dare, Mrs. J. Ellison and Pauline Chappel are other committee-ites working for the success of the ball.

❖ ❖ ❖

Studying in Edinburgh

MRS. LESLIE SEABORN has returned to town after a holiday at Leura with her mother, Mrs. Frank Broughton, who has had a cottage there for several weeks.

And was I surprised to hear that Mrs Seaborn's son Rodney left some time ago for Scotland? He is at present in Edinburgh, studying for his medical degree, a long-cherished ambition.

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Mrs. Elink Schuurman is taking a keen interest in the International Ball this year. She has planned six bridge tables for this Tuesday at her home, and proceeds will help defray the ball expenses. Lady Jordan and Mrs. T. H. Kelly are taking tables.

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For a good cause

LOVELY old shawls, laid away in many a family treasure chest, will make a gorgeous reappearance in the ballroom at the Shawl Ball, at the Trocadero, on June 22. Funds for the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. A shawl quiz will be a highlight of the evening.

Mrs. Ben Edye, Mrs. Arthur Royle, Mrs. John McGeorge, and Mrs. Spencer Holloway are members of the ball committee.

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Interesting romance

IT makes interesting news, doesn't it? . . . the engagement of popular Argie Kitchen and Stanley Chalk, of Colombo, which came as a surprise to all her friends. Now they are waiting to hear further details of her plans when Argie arrives back in Sydney in about a fortnight to select her trousseau. She will then return to Colombo, where her marriage will take place and where she will live—on a rubber plantation.

I hear this is by no means a proud-new romance. It began when Argie and Stanley first met in Colombo, and flourished anew with Stanley on leave in England last year and Argie also holidaying there.

She only returned to Sydney at the end of last year, keeping the promise made to young son Micky that she'd be home for Christmas.

Dorothy Browning and Helen Basche photographed in the lovely garden at Dorothy's Darling Point home. Both girls are ardent workers for the International Ball, to be held at David Jones' on June 20.

Empire Day dinner

ROSES and the Union Jack will have pride of place in the decorations at Empire Day celebrations this Wednesday. Both will be featured at the Royal Empire Society's dinner at the Australia, which will be attended by four hundred members and guests. The Governor (Lord Wakehurst) will be received by the president, Sir Hugh Denison, and Lady Denison.

Other official guests will include the Attorney-General (Mr. W. M. Hughes) and Dame Mary Hughes, the Premier (Mr. B. S. B. Stevens) and Mrs. Stevens, Admiral and Mrs. W. N. Custance, General and Mrs. J. L. Hardie, Captain and Mrs. De La Rue, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. Norman Nock), Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll and Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Maguire.

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From England in August

I HEAR attractive Joan Simpson, who makes her home more or less permanently in London these days, will be paying Sydney a visit in the not distant future. Her sister, Mrs. John Barriskill, is expecting her in August, and hopes she will spend six months here.

Joan has a flat in the heart of London, and with a car of her own finds life there very much to her liking.

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Happy holidays in country

TOWN seems somewhat deserted at the moment. Hardly to be wondered at, though, with school holidays in full swing and many families off to the country. Leura has claimed the Richmond Scotts, who with David, Murray, and Campbell are staying at Simla.

Judge and Mrs. Stacy and their young family are also at Leura, in residence at their country home there.

Mrs. Geoffrey Davy has packed jodhpurs and sweaters for Jennifer and John, who will enjoy gallops along Bowral's highways and byways. With cousin Colin McKellar they're spending the vacation with Colin's mother, Mrs. George Douglas, at her home overlooking the Bowral golf links.

Shirley Gurton says good-bye

SHIRLEY GURTON is being royally feted before her departure for America this Friday . . . two parties arranged for her this Tuesday—Ina O'Keefe is entertaining at luncheon, and Margaret Cary and Mollie Cox are joint hostesses at a bridge party in the afternoon.

This Wednesday June Chamberlain does the honors.

Charming New Zealander

A CHARMING New Zealander greeting Sydney friends again is Nancy McFarlane, daughter of the G. G. McFarlanes, of Wellington, who has just arrived on a visit to her fiance, Pat McFarlane, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McFarlane, of Glen Lodge, Young. She'll also be spending some time in Cootamundra as the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. E. Munro.

You remember, it was just before she returned home to New Zealand last year after a holiday at Young that Nancy announced her engagement to Pat, who, though boasting the same surname, is no relation. Their future home will be at Cooma, where Pat has a property.

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Very thrilled is Vere Capper about her forthcoming trip to America and Honolulu. With her mother, Mrs. Basil Capper, she sails in the Mariposa this Friday.

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Will live in Perth

I'VE just heard that Sydney soon will be losing that popular couple, the Malcolm McRaes, who are to make their home in Perth. Malcolm, I believe, has already departed for the West, leaving his wife and young daughters, Margaret and Sheila, to follow in about two months' time.

They're to be found at the moment holidaying with the Alan Lloyds at their seaside cottage at Wamberal.

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Change of address

MR. AND MRS. DAVID CAMPBELL have given up their home in Cranbrook Road, Rose Bay, and have taken a house at Gordon for the next two years.

The M. D. Mackeys are also moving. They have left their flat in Claverston, Edgecliff Road, and will make their home at their attractive seaside cottage at Collaroy.

Modern decor

THIS Thursday sees Sydney with yet another night-club, when Romano's new restaurant in Castlereagh Street opens its doors. Lots of tables have been booked for the opening night, and the octagonal dance floor will be tried out by the Lionel Dares, the Doug Levys, and Mrs. Mollie Carter, who has come from Dubbo specially to be there. Mr. and Mrs. F. Z. Eager, of Brisbane, will also entertain.

I love the interior decoration—silver-ash panelling, topped by mirrors, and above that concealed lighting which ranges through pastel greens and ambers to soft blues and greys. The carpet is fascinating. Of shot peacock-green, it is woven with cocktail glasses and shakers, and knaves and kings of playing cards, all in a silvery-grey, looking as though they have been etched on to the fabric.

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To visit Magnetic Island

TRAVEL-ENTHUSIAST Isabel Bremner is once more packing her bags. This time she's heading north to spend a month at Magnetic Island. Continuing the good work, I hear she is planning, with her parents, her fourth trip overseas for next year.

Isabel is a frequent visitor to Wellington, where her brother Bruce has a property. She's an adoring aunt to her small nephew, Jock, who, at the moment, is staying with his grandparents, the J. Crostings, at Oakey Camp.

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DO YOU KNOW—

That during Mrs. A. E. Grace's absence abroad her son-in-law and daughter, the Rupert Kings, and their young family are staying in her lovely Vaucluse home? Mr. and Mrs. King have let their home to Mrs. A. C. Rowley, mother of charming Mrs. Graham Pratten.

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TO MEN
Nearing MIDDLE-AGE

Beware Age 40—When your Life Line starts threateningly to decline.

The average life ends at about 55. At 40 the pace noticeably slows—and worrying signs appear. These tell of kidney and bladder breakdown: failure to eliminate the system's poison wastes, especially of uric acid. Back, loin and groin pains appear, swollen joints and limbs; increasing need for urination; possibly severe inflammation of the bladder and urinary tract; **Rheumatism, which cripples and weakens the heart. Keep your kidneys and bladder in health** by taking Harrison's Pills the signed remedy of a London doctor. These will free you from aches, pains, stiffness, and that growing weariness and weakness arising from your kidney and bladder strain. Harrison's Pills will give you a new source of strength and health at a time when **neglect may prove irreparable.** Doctors and nurses recommend Harrison's Pills while chemists everywhere sell them at 2/-, 3/-, and 5/-. If the very first bottle of **HARRISON'S PILLS** does not give immediate relief and unmistakeable benefit, return the empty bottle to the Distributors, Amalgamated Laboratories, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

It Must Happen Once

Continued from Page 54

"I CAN make you a shame and a byword to them wry-faced psalm singers up yonder. You're a schoolmarm. In my day the schoolmarm had to mind her ways. I can 'most hear them cluckin' over 'ee. They'd take your job from 'ee. They'd drum you out o' the country."

"I know," she said.

"What'll you do then?" He sneered. "Maybe you've got rich folk. Rich folk can afford such-like fancy notions."

"We are all poor. My mother is ill in the hospital at Truro. My brother, Rob, couldn't get through his studies if I didn't help him."

"You weren't thinkin' much o' them when you sang out 'all clear.'"

"I wouldn't have thought of them," she said proudly, "if your ship had been wrecked and you were drowning. They wouldn't have wanted me to."

"Seems like you've risked the little you've got for nought. But maybe you got summat out o' it — something I don't understand. 'I am an honest woman,' you said. You didn't need me or anyone to make you. You know. Sure o' yourself. Out o' reach o' me and aught that me or anyone could do to 'ee." He blazed at her. "Reckon that's what you've got out of it—and out of me——"

"But it wasn't for that," she said "I thought of your mother." She went on almost to herself. "You were like the seagull. Not good or bad. Only in pain and terribly afraid. When your wing is mended you can go."

"Where?" he demanded. "Where?"

"I don't know. But your chance must come, too, some time, Zeb Morgan, so that you will never be afraid again."

He turned his face to the wall.

. . . .

Mrs. Penryn was the postmistress at Lanvean. Her wrinkled apple-face, as she pushed the buff-colored envelope into the pocket of Ben Williams' oilskins, was sorrowful and anxious.

"I never did hold with them things," she said. "Even with good news they frighten the life out of folk. And it isn't often good news comes that way, as I know. You take it down to her. You're her sort. Maybe you can comfort her."

She and Jim Penryn went out into the yard, and by the light of a storm lantern they harnessed up their pony for Ben Williams.

Ben Williams set out for the wreckers' cottage. He called out as he knocked, "It's a friend—Ben Williams."

He heard the sound of an overturned chair, hurrying footsteps, the snap of a lock. The door flew open. She stood against it.

"There is a telegram," he faltered. "I was in the village and offered to bring it for them. I thought—if it was bad news you might need help."

She read the telegram and sat down at the table without a sound, her hand covering her face. And in that moment he seemed to rise above the storm and that silent grieving to a place where he could look down upon them both. He knelt beside her.

"I love you," he said. "Perhaps you need me to tell you now."

She rested against him Like a child confiding a secret hurt, she pushed the crumpled yellow paper into his hand. He read the message and gently freed himself and stood up. "I have the Penryns' jingle outside. I can drive you to Helston. There's a ten o'clock train to Truro. We can catch it." Then the sense of disquiet—as of some third and watching presence—came over him again. "I'll wait outside for you, my darling. The pony's frightened. She might bolt for home."

She let him go, not moving for a minute. Then she unlocked the door of the inner room. Zeb Morgan jeered wildly at her.

"I heard. I didn't need to see. So that's the way of it. 'My darling.' So you have a lover after all."

"Hush," she said. She spoke to him as to a frantic child. "My mother is dying. I am going to her. I may be gone — some time. You can stay here. If you don't show any light no one will come. There is food enough. In a few days your friends may put in again and you can go with them. You are almost strong enough."

"STRONG enough to go out now and tell that friend of yourn, 'See what your light o' love has been hidin' from 'ee?'"

"If that is what you must do, Zeb Morgan——"

He panted.

"You love the fellow?"

"I have always loved him. I did not know till now that he loved me."

She put out the lamp. The House of the Woman was in darkness as she fought her way against the wind. Ben Williams lifted her in his arms and set her in the jingle.

"I am going with you—all the way," he said.

. . . .

On their return the police sergeant at Helston walked beside them down the railway platform. He was sorry for the little thing in her quiet morning. And now there was this new trouble . . .

"The coastguards caught him, Miss. They'd had a tip there was to be a landing of French brandy the first quiet night. So they were watching out by the Cove. It was about sunset. They saw him sneak out of your house. It was a queer go. He had a bird in his arms—a young seagull. The men were so 'mazed they just watched him. He let it loose. But first it was frightened like. He had to coax it. Then it flew over the house and away to Alsodhu. The coastguards pounced on him then, and he sort of crumpled up—fainted like. It was a weak heart. Won't last long the doctor says." Though it was a cold day the sergeant mopped himself. "Makes me go hot all over, Miss, to think what might have happened if he'd found you there alone!"

Ben Williams pressed her arm fiercely against his side. She drew herself free. Now she must walk apart from him.

"Where is he?"

"Up before the magistrate, Miss. You don't have to worry yourself. We've got all we need. Housebreaking. He's an old hand. Queer thing. He had been hiding there for days. And the place was clean as a new pin."

"We must go at once," she said.

She didn't hear what they said to her. She walked as she always did, her shoulders very straight. But the man beside her limped with weariness. She loved him. And he was to be hurt again by the foul things she expected Black Morgan to say.

Someone pushed open a door for her. She had never been in a court before. It took her a minute to grow accustomed to the dim and dusty light.

Then she saw Black Morgan, high up and isolated, facing his judge. He did not look directly at her, but something passed over his face like the reflection of a far-off searchlight. It was gone instantly, leaving his eyes dark and remote. He had greatly changed. He held himself straight, without defiance.

"Have you anything to say, prisoner?"

She heard Black Morgan's voice.

"NOT much, your Honor. I got caught. That's all there is to it. And fair enough. I didn't mean great harm—not this go. I'd been looking for an old hideout o' mine. The place had gone. There was this new-fangled cottage. I hunted round and saw a woman come out of it. She drove away with some man. It was a wild night and I took a chance. I broke in. It was easy. A window had been left unlatched. I took what I could find—a few clothes and food. No one came. So I stayed right on. Leastways I had a roof over my head."

"You have a bad record, Zebedee Morgan."

"Reckon that's true, too, sir."

"Too bad you waste your life. All we can do is to keep you out of mischief for a while—for six months."

She took a step forward—into the well of the court. "Please, Sir John——"

She stood immediately beneath the dock. Black Morgan looked down at her for the first time.

"Lady," he said, "I've done no great harm. I've not hurt you or yours. Reckon you've had your chance—some time. Let me have mine."

They thought that he was pleading for her intercession. But he was not pleading. There was a demand in his eyes, made with authority and a stern pride. She understood then. He had found sanctuary. They would never treat him again like a lost dog. Whatever happened he would never be afraid.

"Is there anything you want to say, Miss Saxon?"

She shook her head. "No—not now."

A constable touched Black Morgan on the arm and he walked through the court, out from among them all, alone, but carrying himself gallantly, like a free man.

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THE HOMEMAKER

May 27, 1939 | The Australian Women's Weekly | First Page

It's easy when you know the

TRICKS *of the* TRADE!

IN this business of looking beautiful, success is a matter of attention to little details . . . details that seem too small to count yet make all the difference between looking lovely and just missing out. Tricks of the trade they are—just as in any other business!

BY JANETTE

● *GROOMED TO HER FINGER-TIPS—well-brushed coiffure and careful make-up—Florence Rice, MGM player, makes a lovely picture in her dubonnet frock, with flowers of dubonnet, blue and gold in her hair and at the neckline.*

AS I go my way seeking beauty news I am impressed over and over again by the difference between the professional and the amateur touch.

You would think, for example, that brushing the hair was just easy business. I have always thought myself a pretty conscientious brusher.

Yet every time a hairdresser takes a brush to my hair I am astonished at the difference between his way and mine. I can brush so my hair looks tolerably neat.

He brushes till my scalp tingles, my hair flies out as if it were mad, and yet when the brushing is over it subsides tractably and really shines.

Part of the professional success is due to a strong trained professional wrist—part to the really good brushes used. But a good deal comes from the fact that the hairdresser has brush up on the customer's hair.

It's hard to do this for yourself unless you bend your head over and, paradoxically, brush up by brushing down.

Try this if your arms get tired over your hair-brushing. You will be able to get a stronger stroke and look to it longer.

Another good professional tip is to sit down at your dressing-table and rest your elbows on it when you massage your scalp. Again you get a firmer touch with less fatigue.

Putting on a liquid nail polish is another job that needs a steady wrist. Try the supported arm for this and rest on a firm surface the finger-tip on which you are working.

Nothing can probably quite take the place of the strength and skill of fingers trained to massage, but a beauty specialist I know has evolved an at-a-pinch system for her clients to use at home, which is a pretty good substitute.

Instead of rubbing, slapping, patting or any of the usual methods, she advocates pinching your way along the accredited massage routes, using thumb and forefinger in a deep pinch-and-press movement which should be distinguished from a pinching and pulling out of the skin.

Up and out

YOU start your pinching, of course, at the base of the throat and always chart your courses up and out. Up the throat, up the jaw line, up the laughter lines, up the nose. Under and in very gently below the eyes, but up and out over the brows.

Very invigorating, you will find it, for flabby muscles and an inactive facial circulation.

Experts say that make-up suffers more from wrong application than wrong choice. Most women who use a powder foundation use it too lavishly, resulting in caking of powder or in shine.

Generally speaking, women should put on more face powder and then take off more than they do.

Some of the trouble with paste rouge would be eliminated if it were applied in three tiny dots on the cheekbone instead of in one smear; spreading and shading are easier if the color is distributed in this way.

Lipstick looks better if you start to apply it in the centre and work out to the corners instead of swooping it round in a circle. The latter method puts more color on one corner than the other and makes evening-up more difficult. Also, always blot with a tissue to remove excess.

Perfume and toilet water are not the only preparations that should be sprayed. Liquid brilliantine should always be applied with an atomiser. Why not do as the hairdresser does—spray the brilliantine on the hairbrush? It cuts down appreciably on uneven distribution.

For some time I've been putting a layer of colorless liquid polish under the colored polish I wear—to make it go on more easily and look better.

Also, with the new heavier-weight lacquers, I use a moderately full brush for the centre stroke and then fill in on each side with what's left on the brush. The polish in the centre then flows out evenly in each direction and I avoid that one-sided look I used to get by progressing from left to right.

A woman I know — a frugal housewife—keeps her reserve supply of scented toilet soap with her underwear. It gives to her clothing just the amount of perfume she likes without extra cost.

"Damp-Set" your hair with **Velmol**

IT works on hair of any texture . . . On any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "*damp-set*" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls — and save many shillings, and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store, or hairdresser.)

"*Damp-setting*" keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and neat . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

Holds finger-wave for days. Makes 'perm.' last a lot longer.

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They altered the house to . . .

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

SUIT THE GROWN-UP FAMILY

How a house that became too big when the family grew up was converted into two flats with special attention to the tastes of a grown-up son and daughter.

SHOWING the bay window recess fitted with built-in cupboards. The centre portion is flounced with curtains to represent a dressing-table.

THE SON'S BEDROOM, showing how the verandah which opens off the room has been built-in to make a sleeping alcove.

CREAM NET curtains, teal-blue hangings, and an old rose carpet and ivory woodwork combine harmoniously in this bedroom.

IT often happens that a house which suits a family when it was young becomes impracticable in many ways when it grows up.

This was the case with a home I saw recently. The original house, a solidly built place, had big rooms and was generally spacious, and the children, when they were little, romped upstairs and down.

But now that the son has left college and started business life and the daughter has taken her place in the younger set, the house has been altered structurally to suit grown-up requirements.

The top story was turned into a separate flat and let to another family. This meant the removal of the centre staircase and the closing up of the gap with an extra piece of wall to complete the side of a room. This room is now the daughter's bedroom and a prettier sanctuary would be hard to find.

The photograph shows how the additional section of wall was made into an ornamental panel, slightly recessed, to take the head of the bed.

Soft curtains showing a pretty china plaque design fall beside the bed, while pink and white floral chintz covers the head panel. Chintz of the same pattern covers a tub chair and the firescreen.

Another new structural feature of this room is the bay window treatment. The wall space below the windows was fitted with built-in cupboards and drawers, with the centre section flounced with net to represent a dressing-table.

This window fixture is about eighteen inches wide and is covered with mirror along the top. It holds crystal bottles and vases, pink candles in crystal candlesticks, a white porcelain vase of flowers and a dainty mirror, quite small, and framed with modelled flowers at the top.

The window behind has white spotted net curtains and cream Venetian blinds.

Old rose carpet

THE decoration of this girl's room had to include a lovely old rose carpet. As mother said, "We could not discard all the carpets and furniture that the family had grown up with."

But the rose carpet now makes a perfect background for the cream bed and contrasts with the ivory-papered walls, ivory-painted woodwork and ceiling—all a lovely setting for the blonde-haired owner of the bedroom.

There are true-lover's knots in rose on the lace of the needlerun bedspread and draped curtains, the same bows adorning the dressing-table curtains.

As a contrast to the old rose the only other color is a lovely greenish-blue, something like teal, which appears in the silk damask hangings beside the bed and at the windows.

One big window seat is upholstered in ivory satin; there is a round frilled cushion in ivory in the middle, flanked by rose velvet cushions. There is a floor pouffe of white satin and a creamy goatskin rug.

Lamp-shades are of white parchment with a narrow edging of gilt and the white fireplace tiles are touched with metallic gold. Intimate portraits, grey in white frames, are arranged in a panel beside the bed.

As a contrast to the daintiness of the girl's room, there is the mannish touch in the bedroom of the son of the house. The young man is delighted chiefly with his own entrance and bathroom.

This part of the house is at the back where a verandah used to go across and form a sun-room for the children. Now, new walls, two of which are almost filled with windows, have converted the balcony into a sleeping alcove jutting off the bigger den. The same ivory walls and woodwork and carpets of the same deep blue with string-colored fringes give unity to the two rooms.

The colors of the boy's old school determined the color scheme of the room, and a cushion with the school escutcheon and motto gives the keynote of dark-blue and white.

A dull blue repp covers the bed. Cottage weave in broken blue and oatmeal hangs at windows and forms upholstery for the dark oak chairs.

Desk and wardrobe are in dark oak, but the sombreness of these is relieved by the built-in bookshelves and cupboards of white with leaded windows.

Need it be stressed that ornamental accessories include a pottery mug and a silver cup or two?

S7269: Copy of an old needlework design in linen union fabric. 31 inches wide.

You may not realise that there are still people who pull the blinds at the first sign of a sunbeam. 'You've no idea,' they say, 'what a lot of harm it does the curtains, cushions and covers.' Harm indeed! There's harm only in shutting out the light and sunshine when it's not a bit necessary — when you can buy Sanderson Indecolor Fabrics, fast as fast to sun *and* washing, at such moderate prices. Yes, and choose from the comprehensive range of the loveliest furnishing fabrics in the world.

Sanderson Indecolor range includes reversible woven fabric, cretonne, linen and linen union, glazed chintz and the new lustrous-finish washable chintz called 'Sanderlin', all guaranteed sun-resisting and washproof.

They are sold by leading furnishers & stores.

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Trade enquiries to R. H. Wilson (Pty) Ltd. 46, York St., Sydney; 200 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

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Plants grown in tubs and large pots . . . .

NOTHING looks better on paved courts or near the house entrance than a tall shrub in a large tub.

ARE PICTURESQUE AND INVALUABLE TO THOSE WHOSE GARDEN AREA IS LIMITED.

Says **THE OLD GARDENER.**

THEY look well on paved courts near the house, in little formal gardens, near flights of steps, or on pedestals.

The African lily (agapanthus) is a favorite plant for cultivation in tubs, and looks well if set near a garden pool.

Its tall spikes of blue or white flowers last extremely well if the soil in the tub consists of rich loam enriched with well-decayed manure.

In recent years the dwarf pomegranate, punica nana, has received much attention, and if afforded plenty of sunshine and water does extremely well in a tub or concrete pot.

The foliage is very beautiful, and later the whole plant is covered with semi-double flowers of a glowing crimson scarlet.

For semi-shaded positions, untouched by the afternoon sun, fuchsias do well in pots. They are extremely long-lived, and if regularly pruned, well watered, and fed develop into handsome plants.

In frosty districts they need bringing indoors during winter, but in most of the warmer, coastal districts can remain outside throughout the year.

Hydrangeas are well known as among the showiest plants for pot-growing.

They, too, need regular feeding, for they draw heavily on the plant-food and need plenty of nourishment.

Although not flowering plants most of the small conifers and taxads do well in pots, and if afforded positions where they are not blown about too much develop into shapely specimens.

For a position where height without breadth is desired, the callitris columellaris is valuable.

Juniperus africana is another that does well under tub culture. It is hardy and compact and rather slow of growth, a quality that pot gardeners usually desire.

Thuya occidentalis compact aurea is the name of another beautiful plant that will grow into pyramidal form and thrive well in a big tub. It likes an open, sunny position.

Afraid to Sleep!

Nervy children scared of the dark—their imaginations working overtime. Give BROMURAL TABLETS occasionally—inducing deep, refreshing sleep, calming nerves, establishing confidence. Non-habit-forming, non-depressive, harmless.

BROMURAL (KNOLL)

ASK YOUR CHEMIST (2 K 39)

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

White potatoes

To keep potatoes white, do not use the saucepan in which they are boiled for any other purpose.

Ice-chest repairs

A leaking drip pan under an ice-chest may be temporarily mended if melted paraffin wax is poured over the hole. It may then last for twelve months without leaking again.

Gas-saver

Saucepans and kettles that have been used over a coal fire should never be placed on a gas stove unless cleaned. The coating of soot that has accumulated is a non-conductor of heat, and, therefore, a waste of gas wastage.

Odor of onions

The taste and smell of onions, or other strongly-flavored food, can be removed from the utensils in which they were cooked by scrubbing well with dry mustard.

Rust stains

To remove rust stains from any material, use equal parts of table salt and cream of tartar. Wet the stain and sprinkle the mixture on lightly. Then place the material in the sun.

Burn marks on furniture

To remove cigarette burns from a table scrape away all the burnt part very gently with a sharp penknife. Do not remove any more of the surface than is absolutely necessary. Then apply linseed oil and leave to soak well in. The wood can then be polished with furniture cream or wax polish. Slight burns on light wood can often be entirely erased by rubbing lightly with emery paper.

Care of vacuum flasks

To keep vacuum flasks sweet when not in use, wash and dry the flasks thoroughly and then put a lump of sugar into each. Keep the sugar in the flasks until you want to use them again, and you will avoid all danger of the contents tasting musty.

Stains on copper

Stains on copper and brass, such as verdigris, can be removed by rubbing with salt and lemon juice. Remove all traces of acid by washing the articles in warm soapy water. Dry well before polishing.

To keep bread

To keep bread fresh longer and from becoming mouldy sprinkle the inside of your bread bin with a layer of salt before you put the bread into it. Over the top of the salt spread sheets of clean white grease-proof paper.

Washing chamois leather

Chamois leather should be washed in warm water in which a pinch of baking soda has been dissolved. In this way the leather's softness, which often is lost in the process of washing, is retained.

The A.B.C. of Cookery

Naartje: Tangerine (South Africa).

Navarlin: Stew of lamb or mutton like "hariot mutton."

Neapolitan Ice: Ice-cream in style of Naples, 2 or 3 different colors frozen together in slices.

Neasel Node: Name of elaborate iced pudding.

Noissette: Hazel nut. Small pieces of meat served as entree (French).

Noyou: A syrup or liqueur flavored with the kernels of nectarines or peaches.

Bright Brass from the right tin

To reveal a new richness in your brass, all you need is Brasso and a soft cloth. Surely and safely this quality polish gives a brilliant and lasting shine. Look for this tin.

Brasso
LIQUID METAL POLISH

A Reckitt's Product—Made in Australia

You eat 3 meals a day—

YET YOU MAY BE STARVING

for the Vital Vitamins

B1 B2 and P.P. (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Vegemite—the YEAST EXTRACT—assures special concentrated supply of these 3 vitamins

Shortage of Vitamin B1 —Poor digestion:

A fallen stomach, weakened intestines (see above), poor digestion and various nerve disorders may all be caused by lack of the vital vitamin B1, the NERVE VITAMIN.

To keep the intestinal tract healthy (see above) and to keep the bowels active and nerves steady, your body needs a rich supply of vitamin B1 every day. Remember Vegemite is one of the richest natural food sources of this essential vitamin. . . . Eat Vegemite daily.

Shortage of Vitamin B2 —POOR GROWTH:

Growing children must have a good supply of vitamin B2, the GROWTH VITAMIN, for normal development. Without it, they become weak, fretful and under-nourished. Don't let that happen to your children. Give them Vegemite, rich in vitamin B2.

(ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Shortage of Vitamin P.P. (anti-Pellagric factor) ***—Pimples!***

When you suffer from skin eruptions it usually means one thing—that you're not getting enough of the vitamin P.P. Vegemite is rich in this anti-Pellagric factor. Eat some Vegemite every day to keep skin clear and healthy.

Vegemite — the delicious highly concentrated extract of YEAST

Modern over-refined foods mostly lack the essential Vitamin B complex. Yeast is the richest known food source of the three vital vitamins B1, B2 and P.P. (anti-Pellagric factor) — and VEGEMITE is an extract of yeast. Delicately flavoured with pure vegetable juices and concentrated at a specially low temperature, Vegemite contains **intact** all these essential food elements of the yeast plant in their highest possible degree of concentration.

Now—you needn't let your family run the risk of shortage of these vitamins B1, B2 and P.P. Give them Vegemite daily. Vegemite is so highly concentrated, even a little every day does an amazing amount of good. And everybody enjoys the appetising flavour of Vegemite on bread or biscuits, with cheese or eggs, for soups, stews and gravies.

Ask for

VEGEMITE

—the concentrated extract of YEAST

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Since when have YOU been using GIBBS?

Better to learn early than late the value of Gibbs Dentifrice. Its fragrant antiseptic foam penetrates to every corner of the mouth . . . sweeps away every decay-causing particle . . . leaves your teeth polished to gleaming whiteness—your mouth toned up and refreshed. Gibbs Dentifrice is economical, too—lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

YOU CAN FEEL YOUR TEETH ARE CLEANER WHEN YOU USE . . .

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins 1/-. Large Tins 1/6
Large Refills . . 1/3

Write your name on your own tin!

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

S7.30.25

Strengthen Bladder

STOP Strain of "frequent-Night-rising"

Certain Relief in 24 hours.

Dr. Southworth declares that it is now not true that bladder weakness—frequent, burning spasms—headache—pains in back and legs, cannot be helped . . . and this world-famous specialist offers a simple home test to quickly prove it!

Its remarkable *triple-action* starts at once: One—to quickly stop "burning" of excessive acid. . . . Two—to flush kidneys of poisons, and thoroughly clean out the bladder . . and Three—to soothe and heal urinary tract.

"This last 6 months, I could hardly bear the pain, I tried all sorts of medicine. After the second dose of Urodyne I began to get relief." *Mrs. H. Evans.*

Urodyne must bring you great relief in 24 hours, and a definite improvement in 10 days—or its cost willingly refunded. Don't delay. Ask, today, for Urodyne tablets. They have brought new life, new youthfulness, and restful nights to thousands of men and women all over the world.

URODYNE

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME
BY A DOCTOR

THIS DOCTOR believes in treating the cause of a disease, so he provides his patient with a diet chart as the first step in the treatment of her particular complaint.

Rheumatism—get rid of the *cause!*

TELL me, Doctor, is there anything you can do about this rheumatism of mine? I've tried dozens of remedies that other people swear by, but none has done any good at all, so far as I can see.

So you've come to me as a last resort, eh, Mrs. Harris? I'm sorry about that because I might have been able to save you a lot of pain and worry if you had visited me earlier. That, however, is one of the difficulties we doctors are up against.

There are so many people who prefer to treat themselves up to the last possible moment with the result that they make the position more difficult both for the doctor and themselves.

Often, you know, early diagnosis of a disease offers the best chance of a cure.

Of course, I do not mean that everyone should go rushing to the doctor for every little minor ailment. But the first essential in curing any disease or illness is correct diagnosis. It is no use treating an ailment until you have found the cause, and it usually takes all the skill of a qualified doctor to do that.

Those old remedies

I HAD no idea you felt so strongly about the question of self-treatment, doctor.

I have two good reasons, Mrs. Harris. The first is that when people dose themselves they usually rely on the remedies that were regarded as the best treatment in their mothers' or even their grandmothers' day.

That's where the trouble lies. Medical science has progressed a long way in the last generation, and we know now that many of the old-fashioned remedies are not as useful as they were thought to be.

Do you mean they might do actual harm, doctor?

I do indeed, Mrs. Harris. For instance, take the old idea about giving castor oil for all and sundry "tummy aches."

That has caused more deaths than I care to think about—and is still causing them.

We know now that pain in the abdomen is very frequently a symptom of appendicitis and that dosing with castor oil is likely to cause rupture of the appendix and peritonitis. But if the patient complains of a pain in his "tummy" his parents most probably jump to the conclusion that he has been eating green apples and needs a good dose of oil to "settle him." The result is that the doctor often has peritonitis to cope with instead of a simple case of appendicitis.

I could quote you other more or less serious instances, too—such as bread poultices and hot foments for a boil. These spread the infection rather than draw it to a head as they are supposed to do . . . But I don't want to bore you.

You're not doing that, doctor, but I think you have told me enough to illustrate your point. You said you had another reason as well, though. What was it?

The indiscriminate use of patent medicines, Mrs. Harris. Mind you, I want to be just and fair on the subject. I freely admit that there are many scientific preparations on the market that are exceedingly valuable as an aid to the doctor. And there are plenty of simple remedies for minor ailments that may or may not do any good, but at least don't do any harm.

There is a third class, however, that is deliberately fraudulent. These preparations make impossibly extravagant claims, and cause serious damage, either because their contents are actually dangerous, or because they lull their victim into a sense of false security, thus causing serious delay in proper treatment. These are usually most expensive too.

What we want is that the general public will realise that health and fitness are only to be attained with the help of science, and that not to make the fullest use of the progress achieved by medical and scientific research during the last generation is to defeat the very object for which it was undertaken.

Now in your case the first thing I want to do is to endeavor to find the cause of your rheumatism. For that purpose, I would like to make a careful examination, and I may need an X-ray of the affected joints and your teeth.

My teeth?

Yes. Infected teeth are recognised to be one of the main causes of rheumatism.

Very well, doctor. I am only sorry that I did not come to you before. I can see now that you must get at the CAUSE of the rheumatism.

For young wives and mothers

(TRUBY KING SYSTEM)

When humanised milk is necessary

EARLY months in baby's life are the most important, and each month brings some further dietary requirement.

Sometimes in the third month the human milk supply is not sufficient for baby's need.

How to supplement the supply with humanised cow's milk has been dealt with in a special leaflet prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau.

Readers interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Winter Troubles Call for IODEX

Cold wintry weather brings with it many aches and pains, and at this time Iodex will prove a real "friend in need". For first-aid treatment of simple swollen glands, sore throat, stiff neck, pains and aches in joints and muscles, chapped hands and chilblains, Iodex will be found invaluable. Two interesting reports from our files are given below:—

Chilblains. "My daughter was suffering very badly with Chilblains on her fingers. They were itching badly, and inflamed and broken. Iodex gave her wonderful relief from the first dressing, and after a few applications they were quite cured."

Chapped Hands. "Iodex is excellent. I was suffering from very severe chapped hands. After three applications of Iodex my hands were completely cured."

FREE! *Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.*

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

Also 2/- from all Chemists

TO REMOVE HAIR-WITHOUT

Razors, electric needles or smelly depilatories

As amazing discovery of Science. Dissolves away superfluous hair completely in 3 minutes—leaves skin soft and smooth as velvet. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves—no coarse regrowth. Simply spread on this dainty sweet-smelling cream—wash off with plain water—the hair is gone. This priceless discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark "New" VEET." Soquick, clean and easy to use. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New "VEET." 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

NEW WHITE VEET

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with the guarantee.***

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HAVE YOU DISCOVERED ZEBO'S ADVANTAGES YET?

asks Mrs. ZIMMERMAN. 11 Carlyle Rd., Birmingham

ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH makes stove and grate cleaning uch simpler and quicker, I find. ust shake a little on to a cloth or rush, give the stove or grate a brisk olish, and it shines and sparkles. . Remember, you can keep your ove or grate shining all the week ood by giving it an occasional ub with Zebo."

s. Zimmerman is quite right. ith Zebo there's no need for elabrate preparations. Use it straight om the tin. Zebo doesn't dry up in the tin, no waste, saves time. Zebo lasts a long while.

ZEBO

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish for Stoves and Grates

ting Is No Pleasure If

FALSE TEETH

No Longer "Stay Put"

cannot eat, talk or laugh with al enjoyment, comfort or confiunless your dental plate is held in place at all times. If shrinkgums (the condition shown in the ration) have caused your plate become loose and wabbly, have dentist re-adapt it to gum tissue ges. And until your dentist does sprinkle your plate daily with TEETH, the original alkaline acid) powder, so that you can and talk with greater confidence. STEETH holds plates more firmly comfortably. Helps safeguard public appearance from embarment of a loose plate dropping, ing or rocking at just the wrong Mildly alkaline FASTEETH also the gums made tender by chafing loose plate or excessive acid . Does not sour. Checks plate denture breath). Get FASTEETH from any chemist enjoy the ease and ence of a more firmand dental plate.

dental plate held tighter by TEETH leads to easier eating ment and social pleasure.

FASTEETH

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

irdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Diana Manners, who has been dresser in Sydney for the past ars, gives this advice: "There hing to equal the remedy for air, made up from an ounce of um, 4 ounce of Glycerine and a box of Orlex Compound, mixed half-pint of water. Any chemist upply these ingredients at a ost and the mixing is so easy do it yourself and save the xpense.

combing this liquid through air you can turn it any shade e, black, brown or light brown, making it glossy and fluffy, e from itchy dandruff. It is ly harmless, free from stickiease or gum, and does not rub It should make any grey haired vastly more youthful in ap-

***

Angora trims this chic frock . . .

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Collar and front set is worked in fleecy white angora wool on fine curtain net.

BRING A TOUCH of Parisian chic to a simple black frock with one of these engaging and easy-to-work collars.

HERE'S that extra smart frock you've been looking for—the one you want as the highlight of your winter wardrobe.

The design is unusually smart and simple, and the collar and tiny front worked in angora wool will give just the right finish.

You can obtain the paper pattern and transfers for working the collar and front (choice of two designs) from our Needlework Department.

Paper pattern cut in sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38-inch bust is 1/1, post free.

Transfers, including pattern and design for working collar, are 1/6 each, post free.

When ordering, state which set required—No. 1 or No. 2.

Full instructions for cutting out and making up frock are enclosed with the pattern.

For making the angora collar and tiny front you will need half a yard of square-mesh fairly fine curtain net, one ball of 4-ply angora wool, and a blunt needle.

The pattern for the collar is already marked on the transfer; also the design, which is most simple to work if instructions are followed carefully.

All you do is place net on top of the transfer and then tack carefully each piece of net to the transfer before working. Work the design in satin-stitch and buttonhole around the outer edges. Cut paper away, then stitch pieces of net together.

Dainty apron for the tiny tot

TRACED on pink or blue linora, and with ski-ing figure design for working on pockets.

YOUR youngest would adore this dainty apron. It can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and embroidery design for working in blue or pink linora.

All you have to do is cut out apron and embroider the simple design.

Linora, by the way, launders perfectly and wears well.

Prices are:

Sizes, 1 to 2 years, 1/6.

Sizes, 2 to 4 years, 1/9.

Sizes, 4 to 6 years, 2/6; postage included.

FOR the addresses of our Needlework Departments see pattern page.

APPEALING and practical little apron that any fashion-conscious junior will love. Fascinating ski-ing figures decorate the pockets.

BY APPOINTMENT

The table salt which filled this saltcellar on Queen Victoria's table was Cerebos . . . you, too, who have refinement, will know that unless there is Cerebos Salt your table is not "Correct."

★ *In the leading hotels no salt other than Cerebos is ever served.*

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Continued from Page 26

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Extra prizes

IN addition to the big money prizes the winner of the grand champion prize will receive a kitchen set valued at £10, the winners of the cake and dessert sections kitchen sets valued at £7/10/- each, and in the jam section a kitchen set valued at £5.

These have been added to the prize list by the Stronglite Aluminium Co.

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"Day dreaming" no guide to talents

By Air Mail from our New York Office.

VOCATIONAL guidance must not be interpreted as a sort of "shot-in-the-arm" which, when given like a vaccination to a boy of 14, will solve his employment problems for life, according to Dr. Harry D. Kitson, Professor of Education at the Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York.

Vocational guidance, he says, must really be a long, continuous service in which young people are given factual information about occupations which are available to them in their particular environment, so that they can grasp the opportunities that are at hand rather than engage in "wishful thinking" about what is beyond the possibilities of their environment or personalities.

For example, the homely girl who wastes her time dreaming about Hollywood should be directed to jobs that are accessible to her and in which she can succeed and be happy.

"Selection of vocations by youngsters does not represent their real ambitions, but is just a kind of day-dreaming on their part. Vocational guidance must pull them out of the clouds and show them the actual possibilities which their particular environment offers.

"Parents are responsible for much of this day-dreaming on the part of their children. They have grandiose ideas about what their children should do in life."

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For your health's sake

. . . AN APPLE A DAY

By Mary Forbes
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

MAKE full use of this health-giving fruit, for apart from its food value it lends itself to an amazing variety of piquant dishes both sweet and savory.

APPLE HORSESHOES are popular with the children and keep well for several days.

EVEN BAKED APPLES can be done in different ways. Try topping them with a little meringue. It tastes and looks delicious.

THERE'S more truth than you might think in the old saying—"An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

For our health's sake, we need fruit in some form every day for the valuable vitamins and mineral salts it contains.

Apples are among the most useful of all fruits because they can be used in such an extraordinary variety of ways. Further, they are obtainable nearly all the year.

Children love to eat them raw, but they also relish sweets prepared with apples. As for the menfolk—tell me the man who doesn't adore good old-fashioned apple pie!

Here are some new apple recipes:

HAVE YOU EVER tried making real Austrian appelstrudel? A simplified recipe for this delectable dish appears on this page.

APPLE OATMEAL CRINKLE

Four cups sliced apple, ½lb. sugar, ½ cup plain flour, 4oz. brown sugar, ½ cup rolled oats, 2oz. flour, ½lb. butter.

Put a layer of apples in well-greased baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and flour. Continue until all are used. Mix brown sugar, oats, and flour well together. Mix in the butter. Pat this mixture down on top of the apples. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cut into squares. Serve hot with cream or custard.

APPLE CURRANT PUDDING

Six ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. suet, 2 large tart apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2oz. currants, 1 egg, little milk.

Peel and core apples and cut into dice. Flake and chop suet finely. Sift flour, rub in suet, add apples and fruit. Mix into dough with beaten egg and milk. Place in greased fireproof piedish. Bake from 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to hot dish. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, and serve with cream or custard.

CURRIED APPLES

Four apples, 2 tablespoons finely-grated cheese, 2 tablespoons bread-crumbs, 2 teaspoons curry powder, little milk, salt, cayenne, toast.

Peel apples and remove cores carefully. Mix cheese, crumbs, salt, cayenne, and curry powder. Moisten with little milk. Fill the centre of apples with the mixture, place on fireproof tart plate. Dot top with butter. Bake in moderate oven till apples are soft, but not broken. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

CRUMB APPLE SLICE

Broken biscuits, stewed apple, jam, butter.

Put biscuits through coarse strainer. Well grease fireproof dish and sprinkle thickly with crumbs. Over them spread a thick layer of apple, then more crumbs, then spread with jam, then more crumbs. Dot well with butter. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. When cool, cut into slices and serve with cream or custard.

APPLE HORSESHOES

Roll a yeast or pastry dough out very finely, cut in squares, and fill with raw apple slices, sugar, cinnamon, then turn in the edges to form a triangle. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

AUSTRIAN APPELSTRUDEL

Pastry: 1lb flour, 1 teaspoon butter, little salt, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons warm water. Mix well until dough starts to bubble. Cut dough in halves, place the piece on a covered wooden board in a warm place for half an hour. While dough is standing, prepare the filling.

Filling: Peel and slice finely 2lb. apples, mix with ½lb. sugar, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, juice of 1 lemon, little grated lemon rind, 1 cup of raisins and stand all in a sieve to drain.

Put an old tablecloth on the table, place dough on it, and roll out paper-thin. Be careful that pastry does not break. Brush melted butter over pastry and spread filling over it evenly. Now lift the tablecloth up and roll the strudel into a roll. Put the strudel into a buttered dish, brush over with yolk of egg and bake for one hour. Serve hot or cold.

APPLE MERINGUE PUDDING

Line edges and sides of a piedish with shortcrust. Decorate edge with knife, spoon, or scissors. Brush with beaten white of egg, dredge with sugar.

Fill centre with cold stewed apples to which the beaten yolk of egg has been added with lemon rind and juice to taste. Bake in hot oven till pastry is golden brown. Top with meringue. Return to oven till brown and set. Sprinkle with pink sugar or jelly crystals before serving.

STUFFED SAVORY APPLES

Apples, cold cooked pork, salt, cayenne, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, parsley.

Wash apples, dry thoroughly, remove stalks and cores. Mince pork. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Fill apples with this mixture. Place on buttered dish. Bake in hot oven till brown, basting with butter if necessary. Remove from dish. Chill. Serve each apple in a chilled lettuce leaf, pouring a little mayonnaise over the apple. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THAT SWEET PASSION

Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL, May 27, 1939

SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

By . . . . . ADELAIDE HERIOT

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THAT SWEET PASSION

By Adelaide Heriot

LOUISE sat in her bedroom mending a run in her best pair of stockings. Her smooth-skinned oval face was serious and her blue eyes were intent as she drew the pale silken threads together. When she had finished she examined her work with a little frown of anxiety. There! That was the best she could do! She did not like having to wear a mended stocking to a party, but to buy new ones was out of the question.

"And it won't show with a long dress." She glanced at her evening frock of sea-green chiffon which lay on the bed. She hadn't worn it for months, but it was fresh from its last visit to the cleaners, and it had always suited her rather well. She would get Meg to help her shampoo and set her hair in the afternoon. It was a blessing having a sister-in-law who had worked as a hairdresser's assistant before she married . . .

She rubbed her slim hands together, shivering in the cold air of the bedroom. And she sighed, her mouth losing, for a moment, its humorous-gallant curve. It was a pretty mouth, curving and pink, with delicately moulded lips which gave an odd, unexpected charm to the words which Louise uttered, even when she was saying something quite simple and ordinary. Yet that mouth had, in a sense, been her undoing. But for its attractive way of treading lightly yet incisively over words—that, plus her clear diction and her innate love of acting—she would probably not have given up a good secretarial job to go on the stage . . .

"I suppose I was mad," she thought.

She gazed out at the leafless trees. It was a grey day towards the end of January, and the view from the little house at Kenton, where she was staying with her brother and his family, was not exactly inspiring.

Eighteen months previously, Louise had been working with a publisher, earning a good salary and living in a pleasant club for professional women in Earl's Court. Then she had met Dick Witherington, a theatrical producer, and in him she confided that she had always wanted to go on the stage. He saw her play in a performance of the amateur dramatic society run in connection with the club. He said: "You've got talent. I could get you a small part in a show I'm producing. It's a play with an office setting—there's a lot of business with typewriters and filing cabinets, and I can't find any young actress with the right appearance who can handle those contraptions convincingly. Not a big part, naturally, but it would be a start, and in the West End, too."

It hadn't taken Louise five minutes to decide to hand in her notice to the publisher. And she had had a minor success. She thought she was made

But, unfortunately, the play had not run for long.

Then Dick, who was a trifle worried because it was he who had caused her to abandon a secure job, had recommended her to a friend who was running a repertory company at Tadbury. Tadbury was right in the heart of the Black Country; the work was very hard, she was paid very little; but she had not minded any of these things.

"A Kiss in the Cab" was sent out on tour, with a first-class company—and Louise was engaged to play her original part.

And once again her hopes were doomed to crash, as the tour itself did after running for only a few weeks . . . since when she had been totally unable to get work of any kind.

"And now I'm nothing but a burden on Wilf and Meg," she thought.

At that moment her sister-in-law appeared in the garden below. Poor Meg, thought Louise, looking at the apron-clad, wispy-haired little woman carrying out a great basket of washing and beginning to peg out garments. How tired she looked! Her whole body drooped with weariness. And yet, only a few years ago, Meg had been slender, active and gay. Before she got married and the children started coming . . . Louise ran down the rather steep, creaking stairs and through the kitchen to the scullery, where the copper was sending out a strong odor of boiling soapsuds.

Meg came in to find her putting on a kettle.

"We'll have a quick cup of tea, darling," said Louise cheerfully. "It was very bad of me not to see that you had it half an hour ago. Elevenses simply mustn't be missed out on washing day"

Meg's little round, good-natured face lighted up. Her brown eyes rested affectionately on Louise, slim and trim in navy-blue overall with white collar and cuffs which she had made from a paper pattern, to wear in the house and protect her few remaining good frocks. It was important, when you were out of work, to cherish the clothes you might have to wear for a long time.

"Tea would be nice, Lou. I always say it puts new life in me. I'll peel the potatoes for dinner while I'm standing——"

But Louise pushed her gently into a chair by the kitchen fire. "Neither potato-peeling nor standing for you, my lamb—not till you've had tea and a warm up by the fire."

"It's a stew for dinner," said Meg. "Yesterday's roast, with onions and brown sauce. I hope there's enough—the joint didn't go as far as it should have." She sighed faintly; then she changed the subject, feeling that it could not be very agreeable for her young sister-in-law to be reminded yet again of how hard it was to make the weekly housekeeping money go round, especially with one extra to feed.

She said: "Tell me more about to-night's party, Lou. I couldn't take it in this morning, what with getting the children off school. Let me see, it's Aileen Lewis who asked you, isn't it?"

"Yes, she sent me a note this morning," returned Louise. "But it isn't her party; she's being taken by Alec Roberton, the young Scot she's engaged to. At least, I think they must be engaged by now. She's been seeing him constantly for the last three months and she seems to be terribly in love."

Meg looked a little incredulous. "I hope it's serious this time. She's had a string of boy friends . . . still she'll marry and settle down in the end. Tell me more, Lou. You know, dear, I'm glad you're going to have an outing. It's dull for you here, and you're a girl who needs a bit of life and stir."

Louise shook her head and laughed. "Nonsense, Meggie! I love it here—and you and Wilf are gems, letting me stay here with you until I find a job. Oh, dear, I wish something would turn up! I've written so many letters, and trudged up and down such hundreds of stairs."

"Oh, something will turn up!" Meg reassured her. Meg was always brave and confident; she had to be, she said, to keep Wilf's spirits up.

"It's Alec Robertson's chief who is giving the party," explained Louise. "He's a very rich man called Boniface Champion. He owns Champion's Advertising Agency and Alec is a commercial artist and works in the studio. I believe Mr. Champion is quite old, and he's a widower, very lonely and kind-hearted, so Aileen says, and fond of young people."

"Has he been a widower for long?" inquired Meg, whose greatest interest was peoples' love and matrimonial affairs.

"Yes, it was very tragic—his wife died when they were just back from their honeymoon, and it nearly broke him up. . . . He threw himself into building his business and giving all his energies to it. . . . now, he told Alec Robertson, he wants to relax a little, and enjoy himself. So he introduced him to Aileen, who knows dozens of people of the sort Mr. Champion wants to cultivate—you know, young and bright and wanting a good time—and now Alec wants him to meet me!"

She paused for breath before going on. "He's got a lovely flat in the Adelphi and a cottage in Surrey. And a big car—and oh, all the nice things you can have if you're rich! I'm looking forward to meeting him . . . and Aileen is going to introduce me to Alec's great friend, who works in Champion's, too, only he's not an artist, he writes copy. Aileen says he's rather nice."

"It's like the beginning of a nice fairy tale," said Meg. "I love the sound of all this people. You know, Lou, I never liked Aileen much, but she's being quite a good friend to you if she takes you about a lot and lets you meet fresh people. It

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breaks my heart, dear, to see you having to mope about here . . . not that we don't love having you."

"Darling, I know. But, of course, I must get a job soon, somehow or other! I've sponged on you for long enough! Never mind, I'll make it up to you both one of these days. I—I've a sort of faint hunch, Meg, that to-night may lead to something . . ."

Suddenly she saw that Meg's attention had wandered. This was so unlike Meg that she looked at her more attentively. Then: "Darling Meggie, what's worrying you?" she asked.

Meg smiled, an odd new smile, tremulous and a little anxious. She said: "I hadn't meant to tell you yet, Lou, but—I'm going to have another baby."

Louise gazed at her, hardly able to conceal her dismay. "Another . . . oh, Meggie dear! I mean——"

"Yes, I know," said Meg, still smiling, but the lines round her eyes suddenly deepening. "We didn't want one—not yet anyway. If only Wilf earned a little more . . . but there, we'll manage. We'll manage somehow."

Louise sought for something to say. Manage! They could hardly live on Wilf's salary as it was . . . Then she saw that Meg was waiting for her to speak. She smiled and went to take Meg's workhardened hand and kiss her on her round cheek. There were tears in the brown eyes . . . Louise said warmly, gaily:

"Of course you'll manage, dearest! And I'll help all I can—first, by getting a handsomely paid job! And please, if the new infant is a girl, can I be its godmother?"

There was a thunderous volley of small fists on the front door. Louise ran out to admit the three little boys. They were lusty, clamorous children, healthy and apple-cheeked as Wilf had never been.

Louise loved them dearly. But as she helped to lay the table and dish up dinner she hoped fervently that she would soon be able to get away and live on her own again. She had a deep dislike of noise, and disorder, and all the inevitable, too-visible evidence of a family being reared in a poky little house on an inadequate income. She was truly fond of Meg, Wilf and the children—but she found life with them depressing.

She had long ago decided that she did not want to get married and settle down as Meg had done, to work and slave in a small, cheap house, her life one round of cleaning and cooking, sewing and ironing, with no time to herself, and a ceaseless anxiety about how to afford enough meat, and milk and coal to feed them all.

Life, felt Louise, shouldn't be like that. But if you let yourself fall in love with a poor man, it was like that—there was no getting away from it! The thing, obviously, was not to fall in love.

She was glad that men did not appeal to her much in that way. She had made heaps of men friends, both before she went on the stage and since . . . but not one had ever stirred her more than briefly.

Which was a good thing, she told herself. Because love was apt to lead to marriage, and marriage turned you, eventually, into a Meg.

And Meg, darling that she was, had a lot which Louise was very far from envying.

HER brother, usually sweet-tempered, had let irritability, caused by tiredness, raise a complaint against Louise for not having a job, and from the supper-table to the popular cafe where she had to meet Aileen, the echo of his natural grievance lingered. "That theatre nonsense." Well, he was justified.

Aileen's brightness, which was slightly brittle, did much towards cheering Louise. They had been at boarding-school together, but their natures differed as their purpose and aim in life. Aileen had the worldly outlook; was full of vanity and longing for gaiety, but she was hard within, and from that Louise took hope for her: those who were hard could not be hurt as the soft could . . . which Louise already knew. Alec Robertson was with the dark slim girl whose mouth was a scarlet flower and who lived by journalism. He was strong-chinned, tall, confident, and soon took charge of the amenities as rain drove people in from the chilly streets and the foyer filled. They were waiting, it appeared, for Max Hansard, a Scottish friend of Alec's earlier life. He had sand-colored hair with a slight reddish tinge and steel-grey eyes set deeply beneath a shelving forehead, whose ruggedness gave life to his boyish smile.

Louise knew her prevailing thought was on a job, as the band and the food commenced to influence the evening, and under cover she explained her worry to Aileen, who seemed sympathetic enough . . .

Not very gaily Louise allowed herself later to be piloted by Max, Alec taking Aileen, on to the Adelphi. The rain had stopped. He "did" advertising, she found out on the way, and to her surprise, began to feel not a little disturbed by his whole some presence. This feeling lasted, to her annoyance, until they reached Champion's Embankment flat, where the beauty of the rooms made her catch her breath. But Max was less moved by the flat than by a secret thought all at once confided in Louise, and as she listened to his stammered story she suddenly felt worse than when in the cafe. Aileen! In what way was she making a fool of herself? Louise stared, asking a question with her eyes. And if Aileen was making a fool of herself, what could she herself do . . .?

He frowned and stared at the floor, as if he were considering what to say. Then he raised his grey eyes, looked at her fully and said:

"Someone should tell her not to make a hash of things. She's so foolish—she wants to force Alec's hand and she's going about it in the wrong way. Or maybe her idea is just to be revenged on him. . . ."

"But for what?"

"For making her care for him—and then backing out of marrying her. I'm afraid he's behaving very badly—but she won't help matters by following his example. But don't let's worry about them any more now. Only"—he smiled at her—"I somehow felt you might be able to help!"

"I wish I could," said Louise; and then they moved towards the staircase which ran, in a single ascending curve of wide, shallow steps to the floor above.

She forgot Aileen and Alec's problem for a while when meeting Boniface Champion, whose courteous air pleased her. He was of medium height, and neat, with a touch of melancholy showing paradoxically when he smiled. He looked tired, she thought—tired in spirit more than body.

"So you are on the stage, Miss Meadowes. Aileen told me. That must be interesting work."

She smiled a little ruefully. "I was on the stage. But only for a short period. It wasn't a success, the play I was in—and I haven't been able to get any more work."

"That is a pity. You would be a good actress. You have—forgive me if I am personal—such very expressive features."

"I'm afraid one needs more than that, Mr. Champion. Influence—introductions. And you see, I came to it too late. I was ——" She hesitated, not wishing to bore him with a recital of her past. But he said: "Go on. I should like to hear what you were." A sudden smile lit up his heavy face, making it extraordinarily attractive. "Also, what you are—I mean the real you!"

"I was a stenographer—and then I got a job as secretary to a publisher. I—I'm afraid I was very silly. I gave it up because someone flattered me into thinking I had a future on the stage. Or perhaps I read more into what he said. . . ."

"And who was this 'he'?"

"Oh, I don't suppose you'll know him. It was a man called Witherington — Dick Witherington. An old friend I'd known for ages. . . ."

"But I do know him," said Champion. "In fact, he is coming here to-night, if he can get away. He is a most gifted producer—really gifted. If he thought well of you then you were right to follow his advice."

She thought, with an uprush of her old regret: "Oh, if only the tour had been a success!" But she merely said: "Anyhow, I am looking for a job in an office now. One can't"—she met his eyes and smiled—"live indefinitely on one's family!"

Someone touched Champion on the shoulder. "Bon, old man, more people are arriving." In a moment he was on his feet, excusing himself to Louise and hurrying towards the door.

Guests continued to pour in, and the great room grew crowded. It was not easy, now, to see anyone except immediate neighbors. Then, threading his way through the laughing, chattering groups, came Max. He wedged himself into a seat beside her and said: "Enjoying yourself?" in his light, eager voice.

"Very much," Louise assured him.

"I saw you talking to the old man. Like him?"

"Yes," she said. "I do. He—there's something fascinating about him. He strikes one as—well—civilised. But tired, somehow."

Max looked at her quickly. "I say, you've got perception. To spot that, so quickly . . . the fact is, you're right on both counts. The old man has used up his energy—drained himself—and yet he's not fifty yet."

"You mean, he's worn himself out building his business?" She spoke doubtfully. Somehow he didn't strike her as the ordinary tired business man.

"No, not that exactly. Life's used him up. He seems to have struggled too long for something that eludes him."

"And that something—what is it?"

"Happiness, I guess," was Max's brief reply.

"Isn't he happy? When he's achieved so much? I mean, he's fearfully successful, and I'm certain he's popular."

"Yes, in a way. But he gives me the feeling of being—sort of frustrated, hungry. Hang it, we're getting too philosophical for a party—what about another drink?

"No, thank you. I'll wait for a bit. Oh, there's Aileen talking to Mr. Champion. Doesn't she look lovely?"

As she spoke, music filled the room. Someone had begun to play the piano, and the strains of a heart-twisting "blues" mingled with the laughter and the talk. Max said:

"Will you dance with me? They're clearing the floor." But she did not hear him; she was watching Champion take Aileen in his arms—watching the strange, sudden appeasement in his face as her dark head

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touched his cheek and they glided across the polished boards.

Max said softly: "Now do you see what I meant?"

She nodded. And she felt a queer sadness, a pity for the man whose heavy, sensitive face had, while he clasped the girl in his arms, betrayed his inner emptiness, his hunger. She did not believe that Aileen had it in her nature to give such a man warmth, and peace, and fulfilment. She was shallow—all surface glitter—and a gold-digger . . .

She danced with Max several times after that, and enjoyed it. When the party was breaking up, about two o'clock, he suggested seeing her home.

She shook her head. "I live miles out—and—oh dear, what have I been thinking about? I've let the last train go, hours since . . ." She bit her lip in vexation. How stupid not to have remembered—now she would have to beg Aileen for a shakedown in her rooms at Holland Park. They might share a taxi—though even a shared taxi-fare was a criminal expense as things were.

"Look," said Max. "I've got my two-seater parked on the Embankment. I'll drive you home like a shot. Love driving at night, as a matter of fact. So head-clearing after all this noise."

She hesitated. But it was an alluring prospect, getting home without all the bother of asking a favor of Aileen and having to travel back to-morrow in her evening clothes.

"Very well," she told Max. "I think it's noble of you—and you'll think the same when you find how far it is! Now I must say good-night to Mr. Champion. Oh dear, I have enjoyed myself!"

She could not find Champion at first. Then someone said that he was on the stairs, seeing people out. She went down, meaning to make her adieux and then follow Max, who had gone ahead to fetch his car, saying he would bring it round to the door.

There was no one on the staircase, nor on the half landing. But from the entrance hall below came voices—low-toned voices that held some suppressed urgency. She looked over the balustrade; then she drew back quickly and stood very still.

Champion stood down there, holding Aileen's hands. And she had heard him say: "And next time—you sweet, sweet thing—there won't be any 'good-night' . . ."

She heard Aileen's excited, tremulous reply. "Yes . . . I promise . . . because you've been so good to me . . ."

Louise drew into the darkness of a little passage as she heard Champion come upstairs. She decided not to speak to him, but send a little note of thanks. He did not want to meet her now. As he passed her she caught a glimpse of his face. It was warm, glowing as if a fire burned in him, burning away his fatigue and the memory of old, unhappy things. He looked young—young and victorious.

She waited until he had disappeared. Then she went downstairs, wondering if she should mention the incident to Max. It would serve to corroborate his fears—make them certainties.

As she stood irresolutely in the doorway, debating the wisdom of telling him, someone brushed past her. It was Alec. His face was flushed, his eyes were angry and sombre. He did not seem to see her, although she was standing almost in his path. Then Max came in. Alec addressed him, almost roughly.

"Where's Aileen? She's tried to give me the slip. Are you driving her home or what?"

"I haven't seen her, Alec. What's wrong, man? Anything upset you?"

Max sounded concerned and kind. With a quick intake of breath Louise thought: "He'll always be kind—especially if anyone he knows is in trouble."

"You're sure you haven't seen her?" Alec insisted.

"Quite sure," was Max's calm reply. "Look here, Alec, why don't you go home? I'll drop you at the digs——"

. . . . . .

It was a week after the party—a bright, clear afternoon in February, as Louise sat on the top of a bus travelling along the north side of the Park. She was going to tea with Aileen, and because she had been oddly restless all week, with a perpetual longing to get away from home, she was looking forward to her visit.

She had seen Max twice since the party, and their friendships was an established, quietly accepted fact. She found him a charming companion, easy to talk to and interested in the same things as she was. He even confessed—and this constituted perhaps their greatest bond—that he had hankered after a stage career. But his father—a Scot of the old school and a rigid Presbyterian—had set his face against it. "I don't know why I gave into him," was Max's comment, tinged with regret. "Seems darned silly now. But up there in the north our parents' opinion counts for a lot."

He described his Glasgow home to her; the prim, solid house of dark grey stone in which his mother had lived, solitary, but for the company of two ancient servants, since his father died.

And she had told about her own life; about her orphaned childhood, which had been spent mostly at a cheap boarding-school . . . "Not that I was a bit unhappy, really. And there were the holidays, when I was with Wilfred. He's eight years older than I am, and I always adored him as a kid. He had digs with Meg's people—that's how he met her—and out of term I stayed with them. Meg has always been sweet to me—like an elder sister."

As she climbed the long stairs that led to Aileen's two-roomed flat she was feeling, without any particular reason, cheerful and confident. Perhaps Aileen, who knew shoals of people, could help her. She was self-centred, but she was good-natured.

Aileen's sitting-room was an interesting blend of efficiency and rather commonplace taste. "Do sit down," said Aileen, indicating a chair drawn up to the gas-fire. "And I'll make tea. I expect you're thirsting for a cup—I know I am."

Presently, over tea, a shadow crossed Aileen's face. Her scarlet mouth hardened. "Alec has been so difficult lately—you just don't know." Louise waited, saying nothing. Then she saw that the dark eyes were full of tears. That was a surprise; Aileen, even as a schoolgirl, had despised tears . . . scorned "soppiness" . . .

"Honey, what's the matter?" Suddenly she saw Aileen as young and pathetic, stripped of her bravado and hard confidence.

"I'm so wretched," came her muffled words. "He—he's been such a beast—said such cruel things——"

Louise went and put her arms round the slender, quivering shoulders. "Stop crying, darling, and tell me about it. What has Alec done to make you so unhappy?"

Aileen gave a short, defiant laugh. "I'm not usually like that, as you know—but it—just came over me—suddenly." For a moment it seemed as if she would weep again, but with an effort she mastered her weakness and said: "There! Now I'm definitely all right! And for heaven's sake let's have more tea! Gosh, what an exhibition, my love—but forget it."

She talked of other things. "I'm as busy as can be, Louise—that's one mercy. Stops me brooding . . . yes, I'm still writing fashion articles for various papers, going to dress shows and advertising exhibitions and so forth . . . oh, yes, I don't do so badly . . . earn my crust and sup, and a bit over . . ."

"You're so clever," said Louise wistfully. "But you always were. I used to be so jealous of you at school, getting top marks in the essay class, with Miss Masters forever praising your 'crisp style'"

"Yes, I expect it was always in me to write," agreed Aileen with a touch of complacence. "Still, you beat me hollow when it came to spelling and neatness! It was a good idea for you to take up shorthand and typewriting."

"It was a pity I didn't stick to the work I could do," said Louise. "And yet—I wouldn't have missed the stage interlude for anything. It was grand fun—while it lasted. But now I'm going to return sensibly to my muttons—that is, if I can. Hope I snap into a job soon, before my shorthand rusts right up. You don't know of anything, do you?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Aileen absently. It was clear that her attention had wandered back to her own problems. She reached for a cigarette, lit it and said:

"Louise—what would you do if you were in love with a man—and he said he loved you—and yet he wouldn't do anything about it . . . and all the time he went nearly mad with jealousy if you looked at another man? He made love to me—got me quite crazy about him. I never imagined he—he wouldn't follow it up . . ."

"You mean, ask you to marry him?"

"Well, yes . . ."

"And he didn't? Did he give any reason?"

"No, not exactly . . ." Aileen closed her eyes, frowning, as if she were trying to blot out the memory of something peculiarly unpleasant. Then she opened them and looked directly at Louise. Her tone was hard and defiant as she said:

"I may as well be candid. He said that if he ever did marry, it wouldn't be a girl like me. A girl who made herself cheap with every man who looked at her."

"Aileen! He didn't say that!" Louise's face expressed her indignant sympathy. "I wonder you ever want to speak to him again!"

"I don't. I want to—to forget about him—wash him right out—but . . . oh, Louise, don't you understand? I can't—I just can't. He's the first—the only man I've ever really cared about . . . I—I love him, you see—and I shall go on loving him, no matter how badly he treats me . . ."

Louise's heart ached for her. Yet it was something outside of her understanding, this passion that could reduce anyone so proud and hard as Aileen to abject misery. What humiliations she must have suffered! Aileen, dancing her successful way through life—Aileen, who had never lacked a string of boy-friends to admire, flatter and give her a good time—Aileen, to be sitting there with a drawn, tear-marked face, crumpled in body and spirit because a man had rejected her!

She said, knowing the futility of her words

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but wanting to administer some sort of comfort:

"Darling, don't worry. Try to put him out of your mind. There are far better men than Alec Robertson——"

"But it's Alec I want!" broke in Aileen with a sigh that was nearly a groan. Then her face took on a vindictive look. "If I can't have him, at least I'll pretend that I don't care—that I can get along splendidly without him. He isn't going to have the chance to laugh at me, as the girl he led on, and on—and then dropped . . ."

"Aileen, aren't you seeing it all wrong? Alec does care for you, I'm positive. He looked fearfully upset when you left Mr. Champion's party without telling him . . ." She paused, wondering if she should tell Aileen that she had overheard her parting with Champion—warn her that it was dangerous to take her revenge on Alec that way . . .

"Oh, he was tight," retorted Aileen. "And we'd been rowing and quarrelling all evening. He hurt me so that I didn't care what I did, if only I could pay him out!" Her eyes narrowed. "I've an idea I know how to do it, too. To tell you the truth, Louise, Alec's chief is more than a little bit smitten—and if I play my cards carefully——"

She shrugged and looked at Louise, who did not speak for a moment. She had felt sorry for Aileen, but her last words had filled her with distaste. There was something vulgar and hateful—and besides, what a fool the girl was! Doing the very thing that Alec had accused her of . . .

"Well?" asked Aileen. "Are you shocked?"

She spoke with hard mockery. Louise said gently: "I don't think so, honey. Not shocked—but maybe a little sorry. Why should you play up to Mr. Champion? It won't lead anywhere—anywhere that you really want to go."

"I don't see that. He's rich, and unmarried, and he likes me a lot."

"Yes, but—he's more than twice your age, Ailie, and—don't you think, when he's stayed a widower for so long, he's likely to remain one? If he does not intend to marry you—well, I know you wouldn't listen to him."

Aileen darted a glance at her. Louise wondered if her own tone had been a shade too impassive. She remembered the scene on the staircase—the undertone of passion in Champion's voice. And Aileen's excited, tremulous laughter . . .

When Louise reached her brother's home later, she was surprised by the excited cries of the children: "Aunty Lou! there's been a visitor for you . . . a gentleman with a motor-car . . ." and immediately her heart thumped. Max! Meg smiled at her sister-in-law's shining eyes and smiled somewhat wistfully as she explained the nature of and reason for the visit, producing a scribbled address as proof, as if Louise required proof.

"18 Coram Square, Bloomsbury," she read. That was near Gray's Inn Road. A job in the offing, of course, to bring him dashing out from the office like that. She would wear her green. She would . . . And her thoughts roamed ahead of her while she dressed.

. . . . . .

While waiting for Louise Max and Alec were making conversation.

"Have you seen Aileen lately," Max asked Alec with the abruptness of old friendship, and although Alec did not like interference, much less criticism, the time had come, it seemed, for frankness.

The two young men were lounging by the fire in the sitting-room of their flat. Dinner had been cleared away by the woman who came in each evening to prepare it, and the room, for a bachelor establishment, was reasonably tidy. Dick Witherington, who had been invited to share the meal, had not turned up, and Max, though he had been looking forward to his visit, was glad. He hadn't had a chance to tackle Alec, as he put it to himself, since Champion's party.

Alec looked at him from under dark, level brows. His good looks had a touch of coarseness. It showed in heavy moulding of his stubborn jaw and the sensual lines of his mouth. Dick had once said he was like a decadent Roman emperor, arrogant, brutal, but attractive.

Alec reached for the tobacco jar and refilled his pipe. "I haven't seen her all the week. And if you want to know, I'm not going to—not until she's come to her senses, if she ever does. It's time that girl had a lesson."

Max said: "Go ahead, tell me about it. You may as well get it off your chest, old man. Hang it, you told me yourself that you'd never been in love with a girl as you were with Aileen—and we all know you've run round with a good many . . ."

Alec moved restlessly. "Listen, Max—could you be happy with a girl you never feel sure of? I mean—look at Aileen! Introduce her to any man, I don't care who he is, and in five minutes she's got off with him!"

"Natural flirtatiousness," said Max. "No harm in it, Alec. After all, she's a darned lovely girl, and—" He hesitated, and Alec cut in.

"And she knows it a sight too well! She's played me up like the dickens, right from the start . . . I tell you, she tries to make me jealous, and if you think that shows a nice, sweet nature, well I don't!! And on top of that she's so hellish possessive—thinks she can dictate to me—already."

He had let the last word slip out by mistake, Max felt. 'Already' . . . then he did mean, eventually, to marry her? He could surely mean nothing else.

Max put the question bluntly. Alec hedged, avoiding a direct reply.

"The fact is, Max, we'd been getting too friendly. When you've known a girl for a few months it's a dangerous time. She begins to feel sure of you—treats you as if you were her property and she could do as she liked. Aileen started asserting herself, taking it for granted that I'd grin with joy when she cancelled a date, or turned up half an hour behind time, or made eyes at some chap she'd just met . . . I tell you I got completely fed up. And I told her so."

He stopped abruptly and pulled at his pipe in silence for several minutes. At last Max said:

"I daresay she was always like that, but at first you were blinded by her—I'll call it her glamor, eh?"

"No, she was different when I first met her. You know how it happened—we were both in Paris, and neither of us knew a soul. I was sent by the old man, to commission a couple of posters from that French artist, and she was making fashion notes for her paper. There was a trade exhibition on, and we each drifted along to it because we had nothing better to do, and when the manager of one of the stands introduced her to me—he was an Englishman who'd met both of us before, in London—well, I gave her one look and fell for her, flat. I took her out to dinner and we went on somewhere and danced— and for the next week we had a marvellous time together."

"And as soon as you were both back in London you got in touch, and it all looked like love's young dream. Alec, you were in love with Aileen, and you still are, only you're trying not to admit it!"

"You stop caring about a girl when you get wise to her. Aileen's on the grab, I tell you. But she's not going to grab me. I'm through with her."

"Have you told her so?" inquired Max. He was disturbed by what he had heard. It was worse even than he had imagined. What a fool Aileen had been—poor darling . . . He thought of her with sharp pity and tenderness. She wasn't so bad as Alec made out. "On the grab." No, not that surely. Just young and silly. Pathetic . . .

"No, not in so many words," said Alec irritably. "And look here, I'm sick of the subject, so dry up, like a good chap. Good Lord, half past eight! I must buzz off if I'm ever to get to that dance. Sure it's O.K. about my borrowing the car?"

"Yes, of course. Er—who're you footing it with this evening, if it's not indiscreet to ask?"

"Mind your own business!" Alec laughed shortly, in semi-apology for his snub. "Matter of fact, it's that new typist in the copy-room, you know—Queenie Niven. Nice little thing, and biddable."

"Gosh, that platinoid blonde, all bosom and drop ear-rings? Sorry, Alec, no offence. Off you go and enjoy yourself. I'm expecting a visitor myself in half an hour."

At that moment the door-bell rang. "Here she is, I expect, come a bit early." Max scrambled up from his chair and made for the door.

"It's a she, is it?" Alec grinned. "That's a change, you old dark horse. Who is it, anyway?"

But Max had gone charging downstairs, to open the hall door, and he got no answer.

A few moments later Max reappeared, accompanied not by a girl but by a loosely-built, untidily-dressed man of about thirty-five, with an intelligent, good-humored face now slightly drawn with fatigue.

"Hullo, Witherington!" Alec greeted him. "You were expected to dinner."

"I know—and I've made my apologies to Max." Dick Witherington looked contritely from one to the other. "I was kept at the theatre, discussing a project with old Hiram Bailey."

"That's all right, Dick," said Max. "You didn't miss much—only the familiar chops and two veg., it's all our current scrub-dame can rise to. But sit down, man, and relax. Alec's just going out, so you can have his chair—needless to say, it's the most comfortable one in the room."

When Alec had gone Max said: "What's the news, Dick? When you rang up you said you particularly wanted to see me. You'll have to make it snappy, I'm afraid, because I've got a friend coming, and we're going to talk business." A sudden thought struck him. "I say—I believe you know her quite well! It's Louise Meadowes, and she's talked about you——"

"Louise! Well, I'll be darned! A friend of yours, indeed—why, Louise and I have been soul-mates for donkey's years! I got her her first job on the stage."

"I've only known her a short while," said Max. "But we made friends rather quickly. She's a nice girl. Plucky, too. And—and interesting to talk to."

Dick glanced at him. "H'm—I'm glad to hear you say so. Shows you've got taste.

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By the way, Alec struck me as a bit disgruntled. How're his affairs going?"

"Oh, all right." Max spoke absently; he was listening for the door-bell.

He was suddenly restless. Suppose she could not find the place? Had forgotten the number or something? He got up.

"Look here, Dick, I'll stroll to the corner of the square, in—in case Louise—I mean, she's never been here before, and—you don't mind, do you? Tell you what, I'll dash into the pub round the corner, when I'm out, and get some beer. Just remembered, there's none in the house . . ."

Dick concealed a smile. "Does Louise drink beer? If so, it's a new habit with her. Wish more girls would—it would come so much cheaper than the gin they all seem to clamor for these days."

"I—I don't know what she drinks. But I know you—anything will do if it's long and wet. So will you stick around while I get it? Then, if I should miss Louise, and she should arrive before I'm back with the bottles, you can treat her to some of your improving conversation . . ."

He was cantering downstairs before Dick could reply. And because the pub was full, and he had to wait for attention, and then wait still longer while they sent down to the cellar for the special Old Brown Ale which he knew Dick particularly liked, it came about that Louise was received by Dick, and kissed soundly on both cheeks almost before she had realised that the man in the dim-lit porch was not Max.

"Dick!" She drew away, laughing and blushing. "It's like being in the theatre again, where strangers kiss you on sight, very nearly!"

"Do they, indeed, you hussy?" Dick was still holding her hands and smiling down at her in genuine affection and delight at seeing her again. "If that's so, I think it's high time you returned to a sober business career. Let's see, are your hands as pretty as ever? Y-es, I think so. Nice color your nails are, too. And now, off with that thimble of a hat and let's look at your hair. Must see if it still compares well with ripe wheat . . ."

Max burst in, armed with beer and slightly out of breath.

They talked, all three, in friendly but impersonal fashion for perhaps half an hour; then Dick said he must go. It was evident, from the suppressed excitement in both the young faces before him, that his departure would be a relief. As he closed the door he saw Louise turn to Max, and he imagined, if he did not actually hear, her expectant: "Well?"

Dick sighed as he hurried away, round the dark, quiet square. He looked up at the dim shapes of the trees and thought: "What's the use? She doesn't care . . . and anyhow, if Myra won't divorce me——"

The sentence was not finished. Perhaps it would never be finished, mused Dick. And meantime Louise, young and vital and free, was with a young man of her own generation—a young man who was also free . . .

The lines deepened on his good-natured, intelligent face, and suddenly he felt more tired than he had ever been. Tired of the half-life to which Myra had condemned him—tired of pretending that his work was sufficient compensation for the lack of a woman's arms, a fireside to which he could turn, knowing that warmth and welcome awaited him, and children—children of his own . . .

Could he ever, after so many failures to touch her generosity, hope that Myra would release him?

No, not unless he could buy her agreement. Buy it in hard cash. If old Hiram Bailey's project came off—if the play was a colossal success—then he could manage it.

Meantime, in the room at Coram Square, Louise was saying to Max: "Oh, do you really think I might get the job? Max, I can't think of anything I'd love more than being Mr. Champion's secretary! Bless you for suggesting it—and you may be certain I'll be on the doorstep bright and early tomorrow, for my interview! What a thrill if he agrees to give me a trial! And what a hundred-per-cent friend you've been to me—already!"

Suddenly she felt his lips, warm and trembling with shyness, brush hers. "It—it's just to wish you good luck," he said, stammering a little. "Don't be cross, will you . . . Louise dear . . ."

She murmured: "Of course I'm not cross," and wished he would kiss her again. But he did not. He said: "Come along, I'm going to see you into the train now. Must get your beauty sleep! I say, why do you live such an awful way out?"

"I hope I shan't, much longer!" she said, adjusting her hat at the hand-mirror which Max had fetched and was holding up before her. "If I get the job I'll have a room of my own—right in town!"

. . . . . .

At forty-eight, Boniface Champion was realising that he was a lonely man. For twenty years he had hardly known it, for he had lost his young wife almost before he had realised what a life's companion could mean. And, since that which finds no outlet will in the end grow too strong and even break forth by strange channels, so Champion's thwarted tenderness had turned to Aileen Lewis.

She was in the eyes of most people merely a pretty girl who sometimes looked beautiful, but to Champion she was the very spirit and body of youth, loveliness, warmth, gaiety—all the things he had missed.

With a strange simplicity, an obtuseness which he never showed in any business dealings, he did not see how grossly his pursuit of Aileen might be misinterpreted. He was blind to the fact that he might be annoying Alec, who had introduced her to him with such pride. If Alec and Aileen had been openly engaged he might have hesitated. As it was, he did not give a thought to their relationship, or to the possibility of his behaviour driving a wedge between them. He was fond of Alec and regarded him, if not exactly as a son, at least as a younger brother who worked loyally and brilliantly in the interests of the business. He would have been horrified if anyone had told him the truth, that he was breaking Alec's heart and destroying the future happiness of Aileen.

The reception clerk came in. "A Miss Meadowes is here, Mr. Champion. She says that Mr. Hansard made an appointment for you to see her at eleven o'clock."

Champion frowned. "Miss Meadowes? I don't remember——" Then he looked at his engagement pad and recollected the girl whom Aileen had brought to his party. A fair girl, with an oval, expressive face and rather an attractive smile. She couldn't get stage work, and now . . . yes, of course.

"Send Miss Meadowes in."

The door opened and Louise came in. She had dressed with extra care, in a dark blue tailor-made suit, well cut and scrupulously pressed. Her hat was smart, her shoes and gloves were good and fairly new. A little blue and white crepe-de-chine scarf, knotted muffler fashion at her throat, emphasised the color of her eyes. She looked young, competent and fresh.

"It is very good of you to come here, Miss Meadowes. You know that I have lost my secretary for what may be a considerable time and that I need someone to take her place at once?"

"Yes, I know. I should very much like to undertake the work, if you think I am capable of it."

There followed a discussion of what her duties would involve. She mentioned her qualifications—her business experience—the salary she had received in her last job.

"I pay more than that to a good secretary," he said unexpectedly.

Louise smiled, not knowing what to say. He added, with a slight twinkle: "But I expect more for it than most men. I'm an impatient person, Miss Meadowes. The work is complicated and I can't bear stupid questions. You see I'm being quite frank. I work hard and I am aware that I drive people hard who work for me. Short of that, the job is straightforward enough. Well, what about it? Are you prepared to come on a week's trial? And when can you start?"

"Now," said Louise, and drew off her gloves.

Champion flashed a quick smile at her. "There could hardly be a better answer to three questions," he said. "I think we will get on together all right."

On the whole, she was satisfied with her first morning's work when, at one o'clock, Max popped his head round the door and said with a grin:

"I heard the news! It's all round the office already, and everyone's dying to meet you."

Louise went out to lunch feeling happy and gay. It was wonderful to be in work again after her long spell of doing nothing, of watching each empty day trickle towards a pointless evening.

Max took her to Fuller's, in the Strand, where he gave her one or two useful hints on handling Champion.

"Never argue with him. Don't look huffy if he shouts at you. Don't give him verbal messages—write everything down on note-slips and put them on his desk. If he asks you to do anything, do it that minute. Don't worry him with detail, nor pass on office gossip—and whatever happens, don't sugar his tea!"

They hurried back to the office. As they went up in the lift, which they had to themselves, Louise said with a touch of embarrassment: "I haven't said it yet, Max, but—but thanks a lot. You don't know what this means to me . . . and if ever I can repay you in any way, well, you've only got to speak."

"Rot," said Max. "I only did what anyone would do, if they had the chance. It was just a bit of luck—for the old man, too, I guess."

With one of his quick, shy movements he laid a finger on her wrist. "I mean that," he said, a slight smile on his lips and in his grey eyes. "Maybe one day I'll tell you just why he's in luck."

The lift stopped at their floor. As they got out, they came face to face with Alec.

He nodded to Max and greeted Louise politely but with a certain reserve. She said: "We only need Aileen here to make the party complete," and then could have bitten out her tongue for her clumsiness. The light remark had caused Alec's smile to fade and a black frown to appear on his brow. Then it was gone and he was saying smoothly—too smoothly: "Forgive me

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hurrying back to the studio. Got a lot to do. . . ."

"I'm an idiot," Louise told herself.

She soon settled into the job of being Champion's secretary, and when the first week was up she was hardly surprised when he told her that she might consider herself engaged for the next three months. Miss Scott, she learnt, had been sent to the South of France, where the sun would cure the chest trouble that threatened her, and generally build up her health.

"I wonder how she can afford it," said Max, when he heard the news. "But perhaps the old man is helping her expenses."

He was, as Louise knew, having despatched a handsome cheque made out to Ursula Scott. But she said nothing, feeling that it was not her business to communicate anything that concerned her chief's affairs, even to Max.

. . . . . .

Max was worried. He was an honest, sweet-natured young man, rather more intelligent than most, but not at all conceited on that score. Alec, whom he still habitually thought of as his best friend, was behaving shabbily to Aileen.

And as the weeks slipped past, and there was no movement, on Alec's part at any rate, towards a reconciliation, Max decided that he must attempt, at least, to do something about it.

It was Aileen's attitude that distressed him most. He had seen her frequently since the Friday on which she had invited him to coffee and let him take her to the pictures. And he had slid, by easy stages, to the position of her chief confidant.

"You're so easy to tell things to, Max," she had said. "You're so understanding. Alec never troubled about what was going on in my mind. He said women had no business to have brains! Did you ever hear such nonsense?"

She had aroused his protectiveness. Now Louise was splendid—sensible and a real darling. But she was self-sufficing. She enjoyed your company but she got along quite well without it. Louise would never let a mere man get her down. She had lots of pluck, and of character. But——

One more appeal to Alec's better feelings, and if that's no good—well, he's for a good, hard kick in the pants.

"Alec," he began, amiably enough, "d'you remember that night we talked about Aileen?"

There was a short silence. Alec stared at the spirals of smoke that rose from his pipe. Then: "Did she ask you to be her ambassador?" he inquired. "If not, I don't know why you're butting in. It's none of your business."

"Alec, don't be so awfully cold and detached! We've known each other pretty nearly all our lives, and if I can't speak plainly to you, who can?"

"No one can—about my private affairs. But since you've opened up the subject I'll tell you something. I did go and see Aileen—last night. And the way she behaved just finished her as far as I am concerned. She's got one idea in her head and one only—to tie me up good and hard, and then prance through life making a fool of me. Well, I'm not having it. And I told her so—straight."

Alec's face had suddenly gone as hard as granite.

"You can go to the devil, Max. I've had enough of this. Leave me to manage my own affairs, and I'll thank you not to barge in with your half-baked opinions."

"Very well. I thought we were friends, but——" He shrugged.

"I don't give a curse for what you think. If I'd known what a lot of trouble the cheap little——"

"Shut up!"

"Shut up yourself!"

"I think," said Max, suddenly calm as ice, "that you'd better look out for someone else to share this flat. . . ."

Louise found a pleasant bed-sitting-room she called a "combined," and Max, after the quarrel, decided wryly that he would have to follow her example, and with that thought in mind went to see her in her newly acquired home above a bookshop. Max hated himself for feeling jealous on Aileen's account while visiting Louise, which seemed somehow disloyal to both and was more upset, for equally vague reasons, when Dick turned up to prove his solid footing in the life of Louise. Jealous of Aileen. Max was bewildered when trying to analyse himself, for why should he be jealous of Aileen, who appealed so to his protective sense without—surely—the need of his falling in love. But it had hurt him abominably to see Aileen happily engrossed with Champion in his big car, and to know that Louise had also seen them together. They were on the way to her flat when Aileen sailed by with her older companion.

Louise had made several attempts to see Aileen recently, and while the latter had not deliberately circumnavigated the visits, somehow they had not come off. None of my business, thought Louise, not hurt, but worried, and of course Aileen felt her own disapproval of the friendship with Champion, and was a trifle prickly because of it.

Max, Louise, and Dick went into her "bed-sitter," Max lighting the candles and agreeing with her that the place was nice at night. And when Dick looked about him he thought, with a sudden twist of his heart, that it was the very home that suited Louise—the kind he, too, felt at home in, simple, kind, gay and welcoming. Crumpets appeared and Max squatted down by the hearth to attend to them.

Dick stifled his sudden depression and said cheerfully: "This knocks spots off touring digs, eh? Louise, darling, I'm beginning to think that there's something in the big business racket after all. It'll be just too bad, though, if I work you into the Bailey show, because then you'd have to leave all this . . ." He eyed her teasingly. "You would, wouldn't you? I mean, you wouldn't put Champion's before a job on the stage?"

She laughed—the clear, bubbling laugh that always sounded sweet in his ears. "Don't put difficult questions when I'm making tea." She was warming the teapot as she spoke. "One—two—three—and one for the pot. I don't know, Dick, dear. I honestly don't know. I feel part of Champion's, now, but I mustn't forget I'm only there for three months definitely . . ."

"But would you like a stage job better?" Dick persisted, hardly knowing why he so much wanted to find out. As she hesitated, Max broke in:

"Gosh, if you were asking me that, I could answer in one! I'd jump at the chance—if it only meant walking on twice nightly in Wigan"

He laughed, and the others joined in.

"You shouldn't raise our hopes," said Louise. The "our" saddened him. It suggested that already she and Max were one in their thoughts—had hopes and ambitions in common.

Then he told himself that he was a fool to read so much into a simple utterance.

"Let's all go and see the new revue at the Vaudeville," he said. "The manager is a pal of mine and he'll give me seats if I ask pretty . . ."

It was not until after the show that Dick voiced an idea conceived over their tea.

Max jumped at it: "Great," he said. "I'm your tenant from this moment"—and Dick suddenly knew how lonely he had been in his unshared diggings.

. . . . . .

"Are you happy, little girl?" Champion asked as the big car moved smoothly, swiftly, back to London.

"Quite happy, Ben. I loved the drive down, and your adorable house, and everything . . ."

Aileen gave a little quick yawn, like a cat. Then she laughed an apology. "The fresh air has made me so sleepy"

"Then close your eyes and relax, dear. Let your head drop on my shoulder. Look, like this."

With a child-like sigh Aileen did as he bade her. What a kind old darling he was! And how much she enjoyed being taken about by him! She had no time to be lonely, no time in which to think . . .

"Where are you going to have dinner?" she inquired sleepily. "And do I have to go home first and dress?"

"No, no need, my dear, when you're tired. We might dine—let me see—yes, at Bartello's. It's a little place, very quiet, I think you'll like it if you don't know it already."

"Bartello's . . . no, I don't think so. Is it nice?"

"Wait till you see it. I find the atmosphere there soothing. And the cooking is excellent."

They were received by Bartello himself, who bore them off to an alcove table.

Cocktails appeared. "To your bright eyes, my dear. And to all the fun we've had—and are going to have!" He drank to her, smiling.

Afterwards, over coffee and brandy served in gigantic glasses, he said the thing for which she had been hoping.

"Aileen," his tone was quietly eager and very earnest. "I don't see enough of you, my dear. You mean so much to me—more, perhaps, than you realise. No, I am not trying to make love to you, child—not in the ordinary way. But I want to know if you will come and work with me in my office."

"As—as what, Ben?"

"As chief of a new department I am opening—a department of editorial publicity. You know the whole journalistic racket, and I think you could do it magnificently. And—and I should be able to see you every day . . ."

In a tone of rare tenderness he added: "I hope you're going to say 'yes'—and make me very happy."

Aileen appeared to consider. But her mind was already made up; there was nothing she welcomed more than the prospect of a regular job, and to be employed by him would regularise their relationship, she thought, in the eyes of the world.

"You mean," she said, like a gravely attentive, very intelligent child, "I'd have to write paragraphs for the editorial columns, advertising something indirectly?"

"That's it," said Champion.

Again she considered. Then: "Yes, Ben, I like the sound of it very much. There are just a few little points . . ."

The question of salary was delicately broached and satisfactorily settled. She was to receive eight pounds a week, "—and I hope," said Champion with grave fondness, "that you will make such a success of the new department that I'll just have to increase it before long—in case one of my envious rivals lures you away!"

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They both laughed and broke away to everyday discussions, Aileen leading, through a half-hour, to the personal, and after he had spoken rather inquisitively of Max Hansard, the evening ended. He did not kiss her good-night as she half expected, and suddenly she was glad. At home, in her bed, she knew why.

"Alec!" she sobbed into the pillow. "Oh, Alec!"

And she asked herself whether she had not done the ultimately foolish thing, in taking a job that would involve her seeing him every day. "Well, I don't care," she whispered, "if it only shows him that—that other people appreciate me!"

"Oh, what a fool I was!" she thought drearily after a pause, and fell asleep to dream of two dark, angry eyes fixed on hers, and a proud, obstinate mouth saying: "I did love you—maybe I still do—but I'll never marry you—I can't trust you further than I can see!"

She woke up next morning to the whirring of the telephone bell. Her heart beat with the old longing, the old hope, as she lifted the receiver. Supposing—just supposing he had thought things over—wanted to make it up.

But it was only Max, anxiously inquiring how she was, and asking whether it was all right for her to meet him for dinner that night.

. . . . . .

"Aille," said Max, when they had returned to her flat after dinner at the little restaurant in Church Street, "I've had a row with Alec. I've been wanting to tell you, dear, that I did my very best to—to make him see sense—behave decently."

"You mean—about me?" Her voice was low, and she seemed absorbed in tracing tiny patterns on the hearthrug, where she was sitting. "That's nice of you, Max."

"I don't understand."

"No, Max, you wouldn't. You're too nice and—well, chivalrous. But all the same, you know Alec and should understand his—his 'methods' by this time."

"Do you mean to say he——"

"Oh yes. He told me about—the others. He said they had just been affairs—flirtations. I—you see I didn't realise that I was just—well, just one of the others. That's where, I was silly."

Her voice sank suddenly to a little staccato sigh. She kept her head raised, and her self-control made him weaken in tenderness.

"Aileen—you're different! Even Alec saw that! Oh, my dear, you mustn't mind so much! Don't think about him any more. . . ." His voice was husky with compassion and something which he did not recognise, as yet. "He's not good enough for you—don't, don't let him hurt you!"

"Max!" she cried, "you don't see! I love him—I'll always love him!" She became all at once limp and silent.

Gradually his senses returned to normal. He saw that she had not shared in his emotion—that she had not noticed it. She thought he was being generous and comforting, that was all. She had recovered her poise, and he thought it kinder not to disturb it again. As she talked she powdered her face and looked at herself in a small dusty mirror.

She talked lightly about her visit to Cobham, and about how Champion had brought her back to town for dinner. "He's really a dear old thing, Max—and so lonely that I feel I'm doing a kindness in going out with him now and then."

Max watched her as she moved about the room. He was entranced by his new gift of vision. She looked so different. Everything she did looked different. Her very movements and the ever-changing design formed by the drapery of her skirt as she walked seemed new and surprising to him.

"I love her," he thought; and it was like a small bombshell bursting in his mind. In love—with Aileen!

. . . . . .

Spring came late, sulking behind dull, rain-hung clouds all through a seemingly endless March and April. But one Saturday morning Max was wakened by a feeling of too many blankets, and opened his eyes to find his room full of sunlight. How pleasant to go with Aileen and smell the perfume of the earth and the young leaves!

He would not ring her up; he would surprise her and carry her off to the open fields and the shining, spring-enchanted river. He was happy these days. Since the evening at Aileen's, when he had admitted to himself that he loved her, he had seen her constantly. He had kissed her, told her she was the sweetest girl in the world, and received numberless little endearments from her—and assurances that no one had ever been so adorably kind to her. He was pleased, and a little proud, to have a girl of his own; someone who turned to him naturally to see her home from parties, to partner her at dances and generally to act as her accepted escort.

The small blue car was soon tearing along Bayswater Road, and when she opened her door to him his face was aglow with fresh air and eagerness.

"Max! What on earth . . . well, you'd better come in." Aileen's voice was faintly husky and it sounded disconcerted—almost annoyed. Or was she merely surprised? His spirits fell a little.

"Phew! Hot in here, darling!" Instinctively he went across to the window and perched on the sill. "It's a glorious day—as warm as summer, almost."

Aileen gave a shiver. "I think it's chilly."

She wore a none-too-clean jumper and a tweed skirt; her pretty face was slightly puffy from recent sleep. The room was wretchedly untidy, and an ironing board with a half-smoothed evening frock amelt chokingly of hot fabric. The white satin looked soiled in the bright morning light.

She glanced round the room with a smile that tried to be good-humored. "How absurd you are, Max, to come at this ungodly hour. I'm on! just up—I slept vilely."

"Never mind," was Max's cheerful rejoinder. "You're coming out with me! It's a simply gorgeous day. Hurry and put your hat on, and we'll run down to Goring for lunch. I've got the car downstairs!"

"Don't be silly!" Her tone was openly irritable. "I'm a perfect sight! And in any case—in any case I'd have to be back early. I'm dining out to-night."

"Oh, honey! Can't you put it off?"

"No, you don't understand. I'm dining with Mr. Champion." She compressed her lips and looked at him with a touch of nervous defiance.

Max opened his eyes wide. "Champion? But—but you went to that film premiere on Thursday with the old man—and didn't you have lunch with him yesterday?"

"Yes, but he specially wanted to take me out to dinner to-night—it's his birthday. No, I can't put him off, Max. I'm sorry." She spoke evenly, and turned towards the ironing board.

"Why aren't you at the office?" she asked, her brow furrowing as she pressed a crumpled shoulder-strap with extra care.

He looked up at her reproachfully. "I took this morning off so that we could have the day together."

"Poor Max, it is a shame!" She went on ironing. Max—I've just been thinking—if you don't mind, I think I'd rather not go out at all to-day. I'm not—not in the mood . . . and I've got this stuff to iron, and a heap of things to see to if I'm to look presentable to-night. I think we're dining at Quaglino's. You don't mind, do you?"

Max looked at her, his eyes narrowed. "No, not particularly," he said.

"Don't be upset," she pleaded. "When we're together I—I like to have you for a long time. It would be so short to-day—hardly worth going, would it?" She threw him a small, beseeching smile, repeating, "Now would it, Maxie? Would it?"

His look did not waver, but he laughed softly.

"And now you're beginning to be tiresome"

There was a hard edge to her tone. Max's laughter ceased suddenly. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well—all this stupid jealousy——"

"Gosh, Aileen—I—I love you . . ." Even as he spoke the thought darted like a serpent through his mind: "Do I? Really and truly?" He crushed it.

She was saying: "If you really loved me, you wouldn't be so jealous."

"I see" . . . and Max picked up his hat.

. . . . . .

Louise enjoyed her job, and grew to like her chief more and more. She understood him better as the weeks slid past, and found it easy to forgive his occasional flares of anger and his fits of unreasonableness.

She sometimes had an argument about this with Max, who accused her of being slavishly influenced by Champion's views. One day he said:

"He's nothing but an ordinary business martinet. I can't see anything wonderful about that. Naturally he wants to flog the best out of us for his own ends."

"I object to the word flog," Louise retorted. "He pays you and the rest of us properly and give us decent working conditions. If anyone is flogged, it's himself. Look how he works! First into the office every morning, more or less, and the last to leave—and at it the whole time. No, Max, be fair. It's not like you to develop the silly old 'anti-the-boss' grievance."

"I'm not!" Max defended himself with warmth.

They were eating sandwiches and fruit on a bench in the Embankment Gardens. It was a perfect day, sunny, cloudless and full of the balmy fragrance of early May.

As she watched his usually sunny face become overclouded she thought how different he had seemed lately how much of his "boyishness" he had lost. She knew that he was seeing a good deal of Aileen, and from his lack of desire to discuss her Louise guessed that something new had sprung to life in his feelings for her.

She went over these things unhappily in her mind while she spoke of surface matters. It would never do to give Max an inkling of her suspicions—her—yes, she might as well face it—her m nting jealousy.

And then, cutting right across some casual remark of hers, Max aid, "Louise, have you heard that Aileen is coming to work at Champion's?"

She was profoundly surprised.

Louise tried to laugh. "I expect it's only a rumor, anyway."

"It isn't just a rumor," said Max doggedly. "As a matter of fact, I got it from Aileen herself."

"You—you've been seeing quite a lot of

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THAT SWEET PASSION

her, haven't you?" Her voice sounded thin, and she was angry with herself for having put the question. The sun seemed to have gone in a little, and a chill was creeping over her, as if it would reach her very heart.

"Yes, quite a lot. But not just lately." Now he was trying to laugh, to sound offhandedly amused. "She hasn't much time for me these days! But she did send me a note, after—after we'd had a sort of argument . . . and she said she was starting work at Champion's at the end of May, running a new department of editorial publicity. The sort of department I'd have liked to get my teeth into, actually . . ."

"But why should Aileen get such a job—over your head?" Louise could see that he was mortified, and her own unhappiness mellowed a little in the desire to console him. "Unless, of course, Mr. Champion thinks that he can't spare you from straight copywriting—which is a much more difficult job than turning out those little editorial pars."

Max shrugged. "Maybe it's that." But I don't much like not having even been consulted. And heaven knows I don't particularly fancy having to work with Aileen!"

"Why not, Max?" She dreaded his answer, but she had to know. Her heart beat faster as he began: "Oh, well—it's a long story . . . I—I guess I'd like to tell you it, one of these days . . ." He looked at his watch. "I say, we must be footing it back to the silver sty!" He caught her eye and laughed, a trifle uneasily. "That just about expresses my present view of Champion's! But come along—I've oceans of work, and I don't doubt you have too, and it's nearly ten past the hour!"

He took her arm in the old, friendly way as they hurried up Essex Street. And on parting he said: "Listen, you've never come to tea with me since I moved to Hampstead. How about next Sunday? Dick will be in. I'm pretty sure, and a visit from you always gladdens his heart."

She smiled. "All right, Max—yes, I'd like that." And she hastened along the corridor to her room to hide the sudden flush of pleasure in her cheeks.

After tea Champion rang for her. He said, rather to her surprise: "Sit down, Louise, I want to talk to you." He nodded to a chair, not the one in which she usually sat to take dictation, but an armchair close to the desk; the one reserved for clients and visitors.

Then he stopped stirring, looked up at her suddenly, unsmilingly and said: "I can trust your discretion, I know that by now. Do you happen to know whether any of our copywriters are thinking of leaving?"

She met his eyes steadily. "No, Mr. Champion."

Then he shot another question at her. "There's no—unrest that you know of, in the copy department? No one mentioned that they're thinking about getting another job? Everyone quite happy and contented—anxious to remain loyal to Champion's?"

She hesitated for a fraction of a second only. "I haven't heard anything to the contrary, Mr. Champion."

She thought he sighed. Then: "Mind, I'm not trying to press you to divulge confidences, Louise. But I'm up against a problem, and it would help me considerably if you would—or—keep nothing back. Frankly, it's about Hansard. He's a valuable man, but he's struck me lately as a bit—well, unsteady in his work. I wondered if there was anything on his mind . . . and knowing that he's a friend of yours——"

"If there's anything on Max's mind," she said at last, "he hasn't told me about it."

She was glad, now, that time had not allowed him to grow confidential as they sat on the Embankment. "Why don't you ask him yourself, Mr. Champion? Ask him outright?"

Champion rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Then he said: "I daresay you are right. After all, it is purely a matter of business." He threw her a half-apologetic smile. His eyes still held a question. "At least, I suppose it is. Only there's something seriously disturbing Max Hansard's mind. And just at present I can't afford to have that happen. He has got to bring a clear, calm, energetic brain to bear on the Vito-Grain problem."

"I'm sure he will," said Louise with a certainly she was far from feeling. It continued to puzzle her why Champion had chosen to speak so frankly about another member of the staff. Of course, she was his confidential secretary, but still—

The answer to that question was soon to come. As she made a tentative move to go, thinking that the interview was over, he said: "Wait a minute, Louise. I've something else to say—and I'm sorry I've got to to say it. The fact is, I'm afraid, that I shall have to lose your services. Miss Scott has written to say that her three-month holiday has proved a complete cure and she wants to come back to her job."

Louise saw that he was really distressed on her behalf. "I—I always knew it was a temporary job." She smiled. "And I've loved it—and learnt a tremendous lot while I've been here. I've been lucky, really . . . and—may I thank you for—for everything? Especially for putting up with my mistakes at the beginning!"

As she left the room she remembered, with a pang, her first entry into it. How long ago it seemed and how nervous she had been, despite Max's encouragement. Max . . . with a deeper pang she realised that she would probably not see much of Max in the future.

She had hardly fixed a sheet of paper in her typewriter when Champion's bell recalled her.

"I ought perhaps to say, Louise, that I wouldn't have said as much as I did about young Hansard if you had been staying on. But if you will do me one last favor—don't tell him about our conversation."

"I promise not to say anything, Mr. Champion."

"Good girl!" With a smile he dismissed her.

Louise felt sure Aileen had something to do with Champion's unease about Max, and to escape her own thoughts decided upon paying a visit to Meg, and found the little house much improved and Meg much less worried. Not until she was leaving that night did Louise realise what her lost job would mean to Wilf and Meg, for out of her salary she had been sending a weekly sum to Meg.

Seeing their contentment, and knowing a baby was coming soon, she knew she must not worry them about the lost job, so departed in silence, on that matter. Her heart was heavy, going home to her room.

. . . . . .

In the flat at Hampstead Dick Witherington sat waiting for the telephone to ring. His face was white and drawn with fatigue, but his eyes shone with the excitement that was burning in him and had been burning for weeks. When Hiram Bailey's call came through—and he had promised to ring before midnight—he would know the worst or the best. If the old boy had finally decided to do "This Rough Island Story" it would be the best bit of luck he had had in years! In addition to a good fee for the producing, Dick would be on a percentage.

A bell shrilled in the room; his hand was on the telephone when he realised that it was the front door-bell. It proved to have been rung by Max, who had forgotten his key.

"You young blighter!" grumbled Dick. "Giving me ten heart attacks! I'm waiting for Bailey to ring me—boy! d'you realise that I may be starting rehearsal in a fortnight's time?"

Max said: "Gosh, that's fine, Dick!" and flung himself down in one of the worn saddle-bag chairs. He drew out his pipe and filled it; his fingers worked clumsily and he twice dropped the box of matches. Dick, whose preoccupation with his own affairs seldom blinded him to another's distress, said: "Nothing the matter, is there, old man? You look all in."

Max drew at his pipe. He seemed unable to muster up more than the ghost of a smile. "I'm all right. Been working at the office until now. Dead dog tired, that's all."

"Goodness, that's awful. Old Champion doesn't spare the horses, does he?"

"I don't mind work, Dick, as you know. But I'm sick and tired of being bawled out because I can't turn out spell-binding copy like a sausage machine. He's gone a bit too far lately, and for two pins I'd . . . and a queer thing happened this evening. About six o'clock I knocked off and went out to the Holborn for a drink and a sandwich. And at the bar I bumped into a chap I know slightly—met him at an advertising conference, and never set eyes on him since. He's a copy-writer at Swanland's—that's another firm like ours—and I was rather glad to have a word with him, to ask if he had an opening in their studio for a young chap from Glasgow—protege of my mother's actually—who wants to become a commercial artist. Well, who should barge past as I was talking but old Champion! And the look he gave me was positively thunderous! I suppose he thought it was a crime for me to be sneaking out for a drink when there was oceans of work waiting—but hang it, I was going back to the office to clear it off!"

The telephone bell interrupted him. Dick sprang across the room and grabbed the receiver. "Hullo? Yes, Witherington speaking . . . what's that? Oh—you will? Oh, good! I'm awfully glad! . . . yes, sure thing . . . to-morrow at ten . . . yes, I'll be there! Good-night—and thanks for ringing me!"

Dick turned a radiant face to Max. "That was Bailey! He was in a devil of a hurry, but he let me know quite definitely that he's going to do the show! Max—how about it? Want to throw your copy-pad into the Thames and join the all-star cast of that mammoth production soon to set all England ringing—'This Rough Island Story?' At the moment, you've only got to ask and I'll cast you for lead! Heavens, d'you know what this means? I'm going to make money, Max—m, o, n, e, y, MONEY!"

He rushed to the cupboard and produced whisky, soda-water and glasses. "We're going to drink deep, Max, my son! As deep, that is, as a nearly full bottle of whisky will let us! Only, if you have to shovel me into bed, remember I've to be at Bailey's office at ten . . ."

"A.m. or p.m., may one ask?" Max had caught Dick's excitement and with the first gulp of whisky moroseness and fatigue dropped from him. His steel-grey eyes

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blazed with an excitement that almost equalled Dick's; he set down his glass with a bang and jumped up, flinging out his arms.

"Dick, do you mean that? Not about the lead, you ass, but—do you think it'll be possible to fit me into some small part? Honestly, I'm fed up with the office and fed up with—with every darned soul I know—and I'll grab at anything that gives me the chance to get out of town in general and the advertising racket in particular!"

Dick looked at him keenly. "Sure you don't just mean Champion's in particular?"

"N-no, I don't! At least—I don't think it's that . . . but I'm utterly fed up to the teeth with the old man—and I daresay a change won't do either of us any harm!"

"H'm . . . and how about that girl of yours? What's she going to say?"

"I haven't," said Max coldly, "got any girl. And for heaven's sake let it go at that. And give me some more whisky. I'm going to drink to 'This Rough Island Story!'"

. . . . . .

"What's the matter, Max?" Alec was startled out of the cold sauvity which had marked his manner to Max since their quarrel, when he ran into him on the stairs immediately after an interview with Champion.

Max looked at him sullenly; then the genuine anxiety in Alec's dark eyes melted him a little. It was a long time since he had seen that old, friendly gleam.

"Nothing much. I've got a cracking headache if you want to know."

"Come out and have a coffee—a big cup of the strongest and blackest we can raise." Alec made a slight movement as if he would take Max's arm in the roughly affectionate way that was once habitual with him, but he did not complete the gesture. Max, however, perceived his intention and the thought of coffee in Alec's company was like balm. He nodded.

Soon they were sitting at a marble-topped table.

"Hang-over?" inquired Alec, proffering his cigarette case. Max took one and lit it. Then he said: "A bit of one. But that's nothing. I've just had a roaring set-to with the old man."

Alec's eyebrows shot up. "Again?" he queried.

Max shook his head irritably. This reminded him that it was still aching pretty badly, and he made a rueful grimace. "Heavens, I mustn't do that! No, Alec, it wasn't the usual scrap over some bit of copy—it was a first-class row . . . and—and I'm leaving—to-day!"

"But—you can't be . . . look here, what the heck's happened?"

Alec leaned back. His eyes held a twinkle. "Go ahead. Get it all off your chest. I've felt just like that, scores of times. I suppose you're going to tell me next that he sacked you!"

"He did—just that."

"Gosh! Max, you're pulling my leg!"

"I tell you I'm quitting, right away! I was going to chuck the whole silly, tedious, trivial show anyway, and I'd got as far as talking about resigning when he nipped in and fired me."

"What for?" Alec was now seriously concerned.

"Slackness, chiefly. That seems to be his main grievance against me."

"But darnit, man, you don't slack! I never heard such twaddle——"

"No, I don't as a rule . . . and I thought I'd been working pretty much as usual . . . I don't know, maybe there's a grain of truth . . . I dunno."

"Max, you can't chuck up your job like this! That is, unless you're a lot more stubborn than even I took you for!"

"It's chucked me, I tell you. So even if I had nothing to go to——"

"Oh, you've got something else?"

"Yes—more or less."

"Can't you tell me about it?"

"I'd rather not, just yet. It's a bit in the air, though I think it will come off all right."

"You darned old oyster! What is it? Come along, spill the beans!" Alec leaned over the table and smiled in his persuasive, friendly way.

But he did not want to face a long argument about the utter madness—which was what Alec would call it—of his exchanging a good business career for the stage.

He said awkwardly: "I'll tell you about it later, Alec. The fact is, I'm superstitious about chewing things over while they're mere prospects. Not that I'm really doubtful about this, but—" He smiled with a touch of apology and said: "How about getting back to the office? I've got to cart all the stuff I'm working on down to Champion. He's going to handle it personally rather than have me about the place a day longer."

"Gosh—is that true?"

"More or less what he said."

"Well, it's a darned shame!" said Alec indignantly. "And it's lunacy into the bargain! How are we going to tackle the Vito-Grain scheme when it comes along? Let alone get the account at all—there's no one in the house who can touch your sort of copy! I'm hanged if I know! Has the old fool gone completely bughouse?"

There was a short silence. Then Max said slowly: "I don't think it's that . . . although he did sound a bit wild—seemed to think I had some notion of going to Swanland's, but that was probably just temper . . . No, I guess he's got a down on me."

"What on earth for?" asked Alec with a puzzled frown.

Max met his eyes steadily. "Someone's been making trouble, I think. She's made trouble once already—between you and me. I've had a row with Aileen . . . and it's just occurred to me that maybe she's passed on some of the poison."

"Good Heavens . . .!" Alec's face darkened. "The little— Look here, Max, this has got to be looked into!"

"Not worth it," said Max with a shrug. "I'll tell you this much, my new job's taking me right out of London, and what happens in Champion's isn't going to matter to me much in the future." He got up. "Let's get back now. I don't mind making my exit from the place gracefully, but I'm hanged if I'll be flung out on my ear! And that's what's coming to me if I don't take the old man my outstanding work before lunch!"

As they were about to enter the lift Alec held him back for a moment. His face was troubled. "Max, how far have—have things gone, between Aileen and the old man?" He spoke in a murmur, looking over his shoulder to make sure that no one was within earshot.

Max tightened his lips. Then he looked at Alec steadily and said: "How should I know? But he's putting her into a good job here. She's to run the editorial publicity stunt he's been talking about for months. So if you like, you'll have a chance to study them at close range."

Alec's face grew as hard as granite. He said not one word but turned into the lift, Max following him.

. . . . . .

Dick kept his word and Max was engaged, at five pounds weekly, to play a part in "This Rough Island Story." This was a godsend in several ways, but Dick had not been able to prepare him for an extra pleasure. Louise was also engaged to play a small part, and when meeting and discovering their paths were to run side by side for a time, each was jubilant, though no less happy about it than Dick, their master of destiny at the moment.

So shortly after nine o'clock on a Sunday morning towards the end of June, Max stood on the platform of Euston Station beside the train which was to bear him north, together with the company of "This Rough Island Story." He felt alert and excited; the strain of three weeks' hard rehearsal had worn off and, early as it was, he felt wide awake and eager for whatever experiences awaited him.

The company was so large that he was not yet intimate with anyone in it except Dick and Louise, but he was able to nod to several acquaintances. Only the humbler members of the cast were already there, Max in his excitement and ignorance having arrived half an hour too early.

Three entire coaches had been reserved for the company's passage to Edinburgh. On every window a colored label announced that Mr. Desmond Vayne-Cooper and Company ("that's me!" thought Max) had selected this train to bear them north.

Heralded by an advance guard of porters, Mr. Desmond Vayne-Cooper made his entrance up the platform, supported, though not physically, by Miss Juana Lassiter, his leading lady and his wife. Mr. Vayne-Cooper was pale, haggard, dignified—a man who had been in the theatre for twenty-seven years. He was quietly fond of his wife, whom he had married when they were both young, and no scandal had ever been attached to them. They were popular in the provinces, in most towns of which they had a great following.

Max, from a discreet distance, studied Miss Juana Lassiter, and decided that actresses, away from the boards, were really very much like other women.

He found himself in a compartment with an old actor who had given him some addresses, a tall, thin young actor with a cheerful, slightly bibulous eye, and a youth with a pale, languid face and three French novels, whom Max recognised as Mr. Lionel Britely, the assistant stage manager.

Punctually at eleven o'clock, Polonius and partner were served with beer by a morose attendant who softened a little when Mr. Britely ordered two gin-and-gingers. Refreshments seemed to unite them all, and the morning passed agreeably in conversation confined to theatrical matters, and punctuated by little visits from other male members of the company. The sexes, it appeared, did not mix during journeys.

"What a lot I'm picking up," thought Max, who was enjoying it all hugely.

Presently Max and Britely visited some of the other carriages, and Britely introduced Max to various people whom he already knew by sight.

Luncheon was a merry meal.

"Do they come to lunch in shifts, or what?" he asked Britely, who had suggested that they share a table. Britely stared at him.

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"My dear! Half of them don't have a proper lunch at all! Sandwiches, you know—things out of paper bags! And cups of tea off those rattly things they wheel up at stations! So much cheaper, don't you know! But I always think a proper lunch is so much nicer, and one has a chance of seeing who's here. . . ."

Or being seen, thought Max with an inward grin of amusement.

They were an hour late in arriving, but even the effect of a strange terminus and the ensuing hunt for lodgings in a grimly sabbatarian town failed to lower Max's spirits. He secured a "combined" in the top flat of a tenement near the theatre, and settled down before the fire for a last pipe. The fire, although it was June, was by no means an unnecessary comfort, for the winds blew shrilly round Edinburgh, and he was reminded that the summer comes late in the north.

He stretched lazily, comfortably, in his armchair. He felt grateful to Dick. Dick had got him away from London and his own tangle of moroseness. What had gone wrong with him during these last few months? Was it all—Aileen? Rather humiliating to think that she had the power to breathe on his happiness—make him go restless, embittered . . .

He remembered suddenly that he had not seen Alec before he left. After that sudden re-cementing of their friendship he had been too busy to see anyone. But he would write to Alec—now! Then he recollected that he had no writing paper and—oh, it could wait! He laughed as he realised that already he was learning careless, happy-go-lucky ways. It could wait! Why not? Everything could wait—except the job in hand.

He became aware of intense but pleasurable fatigue. There was a run-through to-morrow morning; he must be fresh for that. He undressed, climbed into a mountainous bed recessed in a corner of the room.

The call was for ten o'clock. Max got to the theatre shortly after nine and found a nervously sulky company laying out make-up in the icy dressing-rooms. On the stairs he met the stage manager, breathing heavily.

"Where on earth's Britely?" he was asking everyone he met, in accents of loud, frantic despair.

Britely, looking a mask of death, dashed up to receive a volley of questions and instructions.

"I haven't been to bed at all!" he gasped to Max. "Came here straight from the train . . . shan't sit down, even, until after the show to-night . . ."

Max's respect for the pale, affected boy went up with a bound. Poor devil—not a wink of sleep and everyone yelling for him at once . . .

He descended to the stage. Here chaos reigned supreme. Argumentative stage-hands staggered about beneath gigantic, oddly-shaped bits of scenery. The head electrician was slipping sheets of colored celluloid in front of the footlights; more stage-hands were besieging Britely, holding up rolls of parchment, bouquets, lanterns, bird-cages, and asking dismally where they were to be put. Most people seemed bad-tempered, and it was not long before Max was shouted at by the exasperated stage manager to "get out of here!" and wait in the dress circle bar, where the run-through would take place.

The rehearsal began.

When he had spoken his first few lines at the rehearsal and made his exit, he sat on the bar counter and watched the other actors. Everyone was doing his or her best . . . but all the renowned skill of Desmond Vayne-Cooper and Juana Lassiter could not make the stilted, mock-medieval platitudes sound rich and Shakespearian.

His heart sank. Then he told himself that it did not matter about the words—spectacle was the thing in a play of this kind—and the costumes were good—and the sets—and Dick had put his whole soul into the production—oh, it must succeed! It must!

Suddenly Louise was beside him, speaking in an undertone. "It's going to be all right," she said. "I know what you're thinking . . . and there's just a grain of truth. . . ." She caught his eye and laughed. "I'm right, aren't I? You're boggling at some of the words? Well, don't worry. It just does not matter. And wait till to-night, Max! A rotten rehearsal means a brilliant opening, nearly always!"

He looked at her, remembering her suddenly as Blanche at the dress rehearsal in London. She had looked lovely in that blue and copper-colored robe with her hair twisted into square blocks on each side of her face. He had always thought Louise pretty, but there was something more . . . surely she hadn't changed in the short time he had known her? Or had she?

At last the evening came—and the awful moment when the stage awaited him. A rising, curving crest of fear, and then, calm, clear and unhurried, the voice of Miss Lassiter as Jehane de St. Pol.

"When Richard, an he come this way to-night. . . ." And suddenly Max was calmed, braced as if a cool hand had been laid on his nervously hammering heart. The moment came for his entrance. . . .

"Good morrow, sire, what brings you here before the sun is up?" And then he forgot about everything but doing his job creditably and not letting the company down.

And somehow, miraculously, the curtain was descending . . . amid applause. Never had sounds been sweeter in Max's ears. Never, never had people clapped so loudly! Listen, he whispered, listen to that, it's deafening. . . .

. . . . . .

The tour proceeded and Max settled down into being an actor. By the time they had played in Glasgow, Blackpool and Birmingham he had lost the last vestige of his early nervousness and was able to chat calmly until the very moment for his entrance. He took pleasure in the fact that he was approved of by Dick and the stage manager, and liked in a mild but positive way by both Vayne-Cooper and Juana Lassiter.

A considerable disappointment had been his mother's absence from Glasgow while they were there; she had gone for her annual visit to Crieff Hydropathic, and wrote that she did not feel strong enough to make the journey to Glasgow to see him perform.

"It seems so strange, to me," Louise mused. "I suppose it's because I adored my own mother."

His mind flew back, suddenly, to the times when they had lunched and gone to the cinema together. He had obscurely resented her independence then. Had thought how much sweeter Aileen was, with her little clinging ways—her habit of looking helpless and pathetic. . . .

His face hardened. Aileen had shown plenty of hardness and independence when it suited her. And he had not liked it. Yet he had criticised Louise because she was able to get along without appealing to him for advice or help or anything else.

Yet their friendship grew closer with each week that passed. And during their stay at Leeds, when the weather was wet and their walks had to give place to meetings in cafes, he knew that what he had been struggling against was the knowledge that he loved her.

The truth came to him one morning when he was alone in his room, idling over the newspaper by the open window. He had felt vaguely depressed since he got up and cast round for a reason. There seemed none; and then, with a sudden strange ache, came the realisation that it was going to be a blank day—blank of a meeting with Louise, who had made other plans.

His first sensation was one of fear. Had he grown so dependent on her that he could not bear to face a day without her smile of welcome, her voice speaking gay, cheerful, sensible words about the hundred little things that interested them both? Had his world of warm contentment come to mean just—Louise?

"Yes," he whispered. "And I've been too blind to see it before. . . ."

What a fool he had been! He had accepted her friendship without a thought. He had always thought her—how crude and inadequate it sounded, and how vaguely priggish—"a good sort." But heavens! she was more, a million times more, than that! Louise! She was the very embodiment of sweet adorableness—warmth—generosity—and she was lovely, too, slim as a flower and with the loveliest smile in the world!

Now everything would be different . . . He wouldn't rush things, of course. He would wait until the right moment came, and then . . . if she showed signs of responding, even faintly, he would spend the rest of his life being good to her. Making up for all she had gone through . . . but Louise was not thinking of herself so much as of Dick, in whose manner she detected some quality that was making her nervous. He seemed nervous also—of saying or not saying—what? She could not put it into words.

That evening, after the performance, Max was waiting for her at the stage door.

"Louise, will you come for a walk to-morrow? I thought we might take the Yelverton coach, and walk on the moors."

"I'm so sorry, Max, but I've promised to go out with Dick. He's borrowed a car and I can't very well——"

"Oh, do put him off!" Max came a step nearer and touched her hand lightly. "I haven't seen you all to-day and—and it'll be lovely—" He broke off, for the words rushing to his lips were: "Lovely to have you all to myself." He tried to laugh and found his laughter thin and strained. His fingers tightened round her wrist. "Louise, won't you promise to come? Dick won't mind."

She frowned, feeling puzzled and faintly disturbed by his persistence. "Don't be so absurd, Max. I wouldn't put Dick off except for some really important reason. And"—she hesitated, smiling—"how do you know Dick won't mind? Not very flattering, are you? After all, he's probably looking forward to his drive as much as you are to your walk!"

Her teasing retort had the oddest effect on Max. He withdrew his hand abruptly, said "Very well," and turned away without another word, leaving her standing—staring after him. As she walked home, her astonishment increased. What had happened to the usually sunny Max?

She went to bed bewildered and rather angry. The next morning a note from him appeared with her breakfast tray.

"Louise dear" (it ran), "Forgive me for being a complete boor. I felt so disap-

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pointed because I had set my heart on taking you to Yelverton—but perhaps I still can, if you'll forget how I behaved to-night and come with me on Friday instead. I shall see you at the theatre to-night, of course—but I couldn't wait until then to apologise. Ever yours, Max."

She smiled as she read his contrite words. He was taking it all very seriously. Her heart warmed towards him. Hasty and a little selfish, maybe—but generous, quick to admit a fault. He had the qualities she loved in a man . . . or was it just that she loved Max and accepted him, faults and all, with the whole of her nature? Personal concerns, however, were diminished by the power of a rumor bound to affect them all if it were to come true. The show was failing, and that meant, above all, it meant worry for Meg, who was so glad of financial help just now. As for Max, his hopes would again be broken.

The swift stab of pain she felt—for Max—made her suddenly realise the truth. She loved him.

. . . . . .

Dick was in a bad temper. So much was evident to Louise the moment she stepped into the open grey touring car which he brought round to her lodgings. She was ready, watching for him at the window, and as soon as he stopped she ran downstairs, all set for a happy afternoon. He knew his manner was affecting her and said at once: "Sorry, but the truth is, Louise, I can't make the stand I'd like to, because if we don't do better at Eastbourne Bailey will close the show down."

He tried to speak lightly, but bitterness kept breaking through. He had staked everything on "This Rough Island Story" being a success. He had even put money into it . . . if it fizzled out he would be hit on every side.

"Can't anything be done?" said Louise slowly. "Look what an improvement it was, the third week, when you took on the extra part of interlocutor. It was quite true, although no one had seen it before: the show did want something to bind each episode to the next one."

Several of the Glasgow papers had complained of a "lack of continuity," and the author, who was there at the time, had had to sit up for two nights in succession, composing stretches of somewhat pretentious blank verse which Dick, in a hastily improvised and vaguely heraldic costume, recited in front of a woodland drop curtain at the beginning of each act.

In answer to Louise's question, Dick merely shrugged. Suddenly, as if tired of the subject, he began to speak of other things. "Don't let's spoil our afternoon together, Louise. I've no business to unload my agonies on you, especially when I——" He broke off with a short laugh. "Well, never mind! Look, isn't the country looking perfect? I daresay a couple of hours of this will restore my perspective. You aren't in any hurry to get back, are you?"

"No," she assured him, and leaned back happily. The car went well and Dick was a good driver. They bore north-west, dipping down into green hollows and a moment later emerging into wide stretches of moorland. The swift motion soothed them both and, as they chatted intermittently about little things unconnected with work, the strained look disappeared from Dick's face.

Presently he said: "Let's stop somewhere for tea."

They came soon to a rustic cottage catering for wayfarers, and went in. The parlor smelt of apples, of beeswax, soap and old hymn books. It contained a harmonium, a horsehair "suite" and an extremely rococo overmantel.

"This is nice and homelike," said Louise. "Not that it's in the least like anyone's home that I know."

"But it's got the feeling of people having lived in it, the same people, for a long time."

"Yes . . . I suppose that is what one feels. . . . You know, I was sorry to give up my room, Dick. It was fun, furnishing it and settling in. But somehow I didn't care as much as I thought I should. I believe I'm a nomad by nature—I can quite happily contemplate moving about and starting afresh any number of times."

"Can you really?" He looked at her searchingly. "My idea of happiness would be to dig in somewhere and know it was for all time. With the right person, of course." As he said this the door opened.

"Here is tea," said Louise. "Let's hope it's a nice one."

It was. There were scones, with the warmth of the oven still in them. There was homemade jam, fresh plum cake, cream cheese and a crisp little lettuce. And the tea, in a shiny blue earthenware teapot, was well made, fragrant and hot.

Louise was hungry and enjoyed everything, but Dick seemed to have little appetite. He drank two cups of tea quickly, then lit a cigarette and sat watching her.

Then her heart beat a little faster because that look which half thrilled and half frightened her had come into his eyes. She finished her cup of tea and said lightly: "Well, now I really have had enough. Shall we go?"

He came quickly round the table and took her hand. "Louise," he began, his voice a little hoarse, "Oh, Louise dear! Is it—is it any good—my hoping?"

The color ran up her cheeks. She drew her hand away, gently. "Don't, Dick dear," she murmured. "Don't spoil things . . ."

His eyes were on her, searching the meaning of her words. "Would it spoil things," he said, slowly, "if I said that I—loved you? I do love you, my sweet—my dear—I always have, I think . . ."

She covered her eyes suddenly, her fingers pressing the eyeballs until they ached. "Don't say any more, Dick," she whispered. "I wish—oh, I wish so terribly that I—I felt like that—but——"

He stepped back, looked down at her for a moment, then turned away and went to the window. He stood looking out, saying nothing. Louise sighed — a little, aching sigh. Why must she hurt Dick, who was all goodness and generosity—she, who knew the bitterness of loving someone, without hope?

She got up and went to him; he did not turn as she approached and she touched his sleeve timidly.

Dick turned.

"Louise, I'm crazy about you! I—couldn't say so before . . . but now—I've got Myra's promise that she'll set me free . . . and I thought—I hoped——" His voice broke suddenly. He was silent for a moment, then said with an effort at control which tore her heart: "When I got her promise it seemed as if I had—sort of—scaled a mountain. She—she's been so obstinate until now . . ." He cleared his throat again and went on steadily:

"But never mind about that. The point is that I felt justified in—telling you . . . well, never mind—I—I was a fool, I suppose. . . ."

The ache at her heart grew deeper. As he sank into a chair and fumbled for his cigarette case she noticed that his hair was going thin on the top of his head. It came to her with a queer little pang that Dick was not young—not as she was young, and Max. . . .

Pity rushed up in her—pity and a vast, tearful sense of how cruel life could be. She moved a step forward, longing to put her hand on that thinning hair. But something warned her that it would hurt him worse to be offered affection now.

Then, all at once, he swung round; and she saw with a little shock of surprise that his eyes were no longer filled with that strange agony. His brow was calm and he was even able to smile at her in his old affectionate way.

"My dear, I'm sorry. Let's forget it. We'll go on as we've been going—shall we? I—I think I know how you feel. You can't order these things as you want . . . they just happen."

. . . . . .

Next day Louise met Max at the theatre. They got on a motor coach bound for Yelverton, but as soon as it was well among the moors they left it and struck across the springy turf. The day was calm and cloudless with a faint suggestion of mist on the rising ground in front of them. The air was full of the smell of heather and there were sudden honied waffs from the gorse in full bloom that painted the landscape with bright patches of gold.

Max's heart was light with the brightness of the world about him and the excitement bubbling within. Louise was looking radiant and young in a blue pullover and skirt of blue-grey flannel. Her slender feet, brogue-shod, felt as if they had springs in them. Sensing his exuberance of spirit, she met his eyes with a glance that was the epitome of summer—sweet, heartening and gay.

"Louise, isn't it all marvellous? I felt the minute I woke up that anything was possible on a day like this!"

"I feel like that, too!" she returned, with a ripple of excited laughter.

Slowly the morning wore away. They walked side by side, sometimes in silence, sometimes talking animatedly, and sometimes with half sentence answering monosyllable. A hush had fallen on the morning, and for that portion of eternity they dwelt in the world as in a private chamber—a sun-warmed, breeze-freshened place in which each felt, silently, that happiness could live for ever.

At Yelverton they bought biscuits and chocolate and fruit, and made their lunch in a gorse-fringed hollow on the side of a little hill near a stream.

Max remembered the first time they had been out in the country together. How long ago it seemed, that day at Craigmillar! On that occasion, too, there had been grey stone and grass, but now there was an added warmth, in his body and in his heart. He turned half over and met her gaze as she sat higher up the grassy slope.

He took her hand and kissed it.

"Louise . . . oh—Louise, darling——"

She started. Her breath came quickly and her mouth trembled; she was so surprised by his sudden gesture that she drew away instinctively.

His eyes, shining as she had never seen them shine, were fixed on hers.

"Darling—I love you! I—I never knew until the other day—and I could hardly wait to tell you! Louise, what a blind idiot I've been—not to see you, I mean—properly—until now! You're so lovely and sweet . . . oh, darling, let me kiss you—I must

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you—and you must say you love me! You do, don't you—just a bit? You understand me, Louise—no one else ever has——"

He was drawing her towards him. She closed her eyes, feeling a bliss steal over her that was half agony, so wildly was her heart beating. . . . His lips were very close to hers; and then, suddenly, and not clearly knowing why she did it, she straightened herself and tried to withdraw gently from his arms.

"Max, wait—just for a minute. . . ." Her voice was breathless, tremulous.

"Darling, I can't—I must kiss you—kiss you."

This was all that mattered—the wild wonder of his kiss, his arms crushing her.

"Darling, you do love me, don't you? Say you do, sweetheart! Say it!"

"I—think I—must love you," came her voice, a little reluctant, because she felt suddenly shy with Max—Max, her friend who had been transformed in a flash into something infinitely strange and sweet.

"Then kiss me!" he commanded. "Of your own accord, Louise!"

The color raced up her cheeks as she raised her lips to his. She kissed him. "There!" she said, with an unsteady laugh. "Does that satisfy you?"

"Sweetness, nothing can do that—except having you all to myself, for ever and ever. . . ." He caught her to him again. "Louise—when will you marry me, honey? Soon? Say it'll be soon! As soon as we can get a ring and a licence?"

She laughed. Her heart had stopped hammering so violently and she was filled with a warm, quiet happiness.

"You're in a terrific hurry, aren't you?"

"Well, why not? Why not?" he repeated. "There's not a thing to prevent us, now, is there?"

"I—I suppose not . . . but Max—dearest—we can't rush things . . . we must be sensible . . . there's all the time in the world before us!"

She adored his impetuosity but, womanlike, she was practical too. "We may both have to find new jobs!" she warned him, laughingly.

His face fell. "Oh, sweet, don't be so unromantic! Here, let me kiss you again."

She thought, with a quick little pang, of Dick—Dick who had taught her that her hands were pretty. "Max, dear, let's keep this a secret for the present. Don't tell anyone about us—about this—yet . . ."

"Oh, but I want to. I want to tell the whole company—the whole of Devon—the world, in fact"

"Yes—I know . . ." Her face was serious, pleading. "But you mustn't. Truly, darling—I'll explain some day—but please don't say anything to—well, to Dick especially. Not until I've talked to him."

"Dick?" broke in Max quickly. "Why on earth——"

"Listen, it's nothing serious . . ." She hesitated. "He's rather fond of me, you see . . . and I'm afraid this will—hurt him, just a bit . . . so if you don't mind, Max, I'd like to say something to try and make it—well, easier . . ."

He was silent for a moment. Then: "That's all right," he said, and picked up her left hand and kissed it on the third finger. "But don't keep me waiting long, will you?"

She had no wish to, yet—she did not want to rush into marriage, either. Above all, she could not hurt Dick.

Louise went home worried, and during the last three weeks' run of "This Rough Island Story" she remained worried. Max was worried also, but not until he received a letter from Aileen. He sat in the train which was taking him back to London, reading the hurriedly penned lines with a frown of mixed bewilderment and irritation.

The letter ran:

"Max dear,

"I do hope this reaches you soon, for I want very badly to know if there's a chance of seeing you, soon. I am so worried, Max, I feel you are my only real friend. I do so want to ask your help about something. And now I have no one to tur nto but you. People aren't kind, they truly aren't—I mean the ones you can confide in, for most wouldn't understand, especially about the fix I'm in. So can I come and see you, if you are still somewhere in the south, where I could come down for the day? Or I could stay the week-end, perhaps. Do write and let me know, Max dear—and write soon. I feel so miserable and frightened and I do need a friend very badly. Perhaps I didn't treat you very well, but you are such a dear, you will have forgotten all about that. I was not feeling well, not myself, the day you came, and I said horrid things, I know. But we can put everything right now. I did care for you a lot, and now I know what I lost by behaving like that. But perhaps I haven't really lost you, dearest Max. I hope not, because there's a lot of love in my heart for you.

"I have left Champion's, by the way, it wasn't any good my trying to keep strict office hours, and they have given me back my Melusine job, which is much better, as I'm not awfully fit these days and it is a help having work I can do at home.

"No more now, I'll be looking forward to an answer from you. And if it tells me that you still love me, even just a little, you will make me so happy!

"Ever your loving,"

"Aileen."

Max did not know what to make of this effusion. He would have to see her, of course. She was obviously in some sort of a jam. Of course, she always exaggerated things, and she wasn't half as unhappy, probably, as she made out. He examined the date of the letter. It had been written about ten days ago, and had presumably lain about the Folkestone theatre without being forwarded.

Now that he was going to marry Louise he didn't want to have Aileen barging in. Poor little soul, she sounded rather hysterical. Had it anything to do with Alec? Or with old Champion? Funny, she hadn't said a word about either of them . . . He was going to turn back to advertising without more than a faint pang of regret. He didn't believe he really had it in him to make a success in the theatre. The truth was that he could give a good imitation of acting . . . but he would never do much with a part which required him to be someone else—to assume a personality quite other than his own. And that was what people with genuine acting ability could do. The Vayne-Coopers of life . . . even men like Britely and old "Polonius"!

He stared out at the flying fields of Kent, and smiled faintly, his thoughts reaching forward to the day—it would come quite soon, he was sure—when he could go to Louise and say: "I'm earning ten pounds a week again. What about it, honey? Coming out now to be fitted for that ring?" Rosy visions occupied him until the train ran into London. And when he joined Louise, who had travelled up with Jenny Latrobe and Miss Chichester, he said:

"Darling, I'm going to drive you home in a taxi—as a last extravagance. Because, from now on, life is real and life is earnest, and you shan't—you can't refuse me a cup of tea when we get there, can you?"

What he really wanted was a chance to kiss her before they parted for the evening. He was to go to Hampstead, unpack, set his affairs in order and write some letters before taking the 'high jump back' into commerce, first thing on Monday morning. And Louise wanted to run out to Kenton and see Meg.

They held hands all the way to Regent's Park.

"I'm sorry it's over," said Louise dreamily. "And yet—it's funny, isn't it?—in some ways I'm glad. I feel we can plan so much better, now . . . and lose that feeling of living from day to day, with everything in the future uncertain."

Max laughed, lifting her hand to kiss it. "You dear, queer little thing! Always wanting to plan ahead!"

"Well, don't you?" She eyed him with mock severity.

"Yes, of course! But I loved that casual, day-to-day existence, too . . . you feel light and free, somehow, when you don't have to look ahead further than to-night's show. And the people you work with are tons more alive and amusing than the stodgy lot who pound typewriters and get to the office on the tick of nine, don't you think?"

"Thanks for calling me stodgy."

"I didn't!"

"Well, you've described my existence for a good many years!"

"And my own! I say, how awful if I lost my attraction, darling, when I'm office-bound again!"

"I don't think that's likely to happen." Louise repressed a smile. He did not know that she had loved him long, long before he saw her as anything but a friendly companion to share; lunch with—a girl who liked the same books and films—someone to chatter with about the day's doings. He had assumed that she had suddenly fallen in love with him during those bright days at Plymouth . . . and she had not undeceived him.

"Here we are," she said, as the taxi stopped outside the shuttered bookshop. "I hope my tenant hasn't left the place thick with dust." She had sublet her room while she was away; the bookseller had found someone to take it over by the week, and in this way she had not been obliged to part with her newly-acquired furniture.

They mounted the narrow stair together. The room was tidy, if airless; but soon the summer warmth was flooding it, the kettle was filled and set on the hissing gas ring, and Max was rummaging in the cupboard for cups.

They clung together in the green and yellow room. Outside, the air that just stirred the curtains was full of that half dusty, half balmy warmth which it has, in London, on such a summer evening. They seemed very much alone—very close together, both in body and spirit. Max said, in a strange, strained voice:

"If—if only I didn't have to leave you, love . . ."

She trembled in his arms, unable to speak. He muttered: "All this waiting . . . it—it's just—stupid . . ."

Then she knew that she must send him away, that minute. She released herself with an effort. "Be sensible, Max."

But when she stood at the window, a little later, and watched his long legs carry him quickly along the deserted street, she

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wondered why she had used that word "sensible"; and she wished she hadn't, because it had brought a faint cloud to his face . . . as if he were tired of being told that they must be sensible . . .

Sensible! what a stodgy policy, yet it had to be. Bread and butter was stodgy, too, but a staple diet, and, thinking of bread and butter she went off, killing her unease as she hurried to visit Meg and Wilf . . .

. . . . . .

Max got home at half-past five on Monday evening, feeling tired and discouraged—unreasonably, he told himself. He could hardly expect to jump into a job the very first day that he went to look for one. But he had started off bright and early to call on several men in the advertising world—men who knew his work, had praised his talent for copywriting, had even said that if ever he were thinking of leaving Champion's they would be glad to see him . . .

And each in turn had disappointed him. Each had been interested—but regretful.

As he entered the sitting-room the telephone rang. He went to it eagerly; it was sure to be Louise, and he felt he needed the balm of her sympathy over his unsuccess.

"It's Max here," he said, as soon as a woman's voice inquired who was speaking.

"Oh, Max darling! I'm so glad I found you at last! I've been telephoning all day!"

It was not Louise, but Aileen. With a pang of disappointment he recognized her tones.

"Max dear . . . I've been waiting and worrying so. I must see you—soon. Can I—could I possibly come to-night?"

He thought, no you can't. He said in a friendly, unhurried way: "To-night isn't much good, I'm afraid, Aileen. Leave it for a bit, will you?"

"I—I'm afraid I can't . . . Max, it is really important—urgent—oh, I can't talk over the telephone! Look here, are you going to be at home to-night?"

"Yes, but——"

"Max, you'll be very sorry if anything happens to me, just because you refused! And it will! I tell you it will!"

He felt suddenly alarmed. What was all this about? Was there really something—someone—threatening her?

"All right, Aileen. I'll be here from eight o'clock onwards. You must let me have dinner, you know," he added, trying to lighten the atmosphere with a mild jest. "Hungry men aren't so likely to be sympathetic—and I take it that that's what you want!"

The telephone rang again a little later. He grabbed at it eagerly.

"Darling!" He was safe this time, it was really Louise. "Will you dine with me at the Chat Rouge, near the tube here at a quarter to seven?"

So it was arranged, and he hated himself for the mess his former folly had made of the evening. He hurried back from dinner with Louise and his thoughts were on the things they had been discussing. But now he forced his attention back to Aileen.

. . . . . .

"I didn't quite know what to think, Aileen," he said slowly. "I know you are unhappy about something—won't you tell me about it?"

"Yes . . . yes, that's what I'm going to do, Max." Her dark eyes searched his face. He had been a little shocked by her appearance when he had opened the door to her, almost immediately after eight. And now he saw that not only was her mouth quivering but her eyes had a look of absolute fear.

"Come," he said gently. "Is it Alec? Has he been making you miserable again?"

"Alec . . . yes, it is Alec. He has let me down, Max—in the worst way a man can let a woman down."

"And he still doesn't want to marry you? Is that it?"

She was struggling to keep control of herself. Pity stirred in him, and a faint admiration.

"Why do you care so much, Aileen?"

"If you knew anything about it, Max, you wouldn't ask . . . it isn't a thing one can help . . ."

"But it seems dreadful, wasting your life longing for a man like that. He's really hard and unfeeling, Aileen . . . that is, in some ways . . ."

"He loves me," she said quietly. "I know it—and he knows it, too. I never said he didn't love me. I said he wouldn't marry me."

"But—what's the matter with him?" said Max impatiently. "Has he a bachelor complex, or what? Look here, I'll see him, and try to get some sense out of him."

"Oh, Max," she cried suddenly, "I'll have to tell you straight out, if you can't guess . . . don't you see? There's something else . . . and Alec must marry me now!"

He stared at her in consternation. Why had he been so stupid as not to think of that, the most obvious reason.

"Aileen, my dear—my poor child . . . I say, this is a bit of a jam . . . I mean, I never imagined, somehow . . . But listen, dear, don't worry. Alec's an obstinate devil, but he isn't a scoundrel! Unless you tell him outright, he won't realise——"

"I've told him. Of course I've told him. But he won't see straight. He's still insane with jealousy . . . he won't believe——" Her voice had risen hysterically, shrilly, and she broke off suddenly with a sob.

She told him, jerkily, all that there was to tell. Alec had visited her soon after Max left London. He had stormed at her for letting Champion take her about and monopolise her. She had cried—Max could see it all only too clearly—and Alec had melted a little. Then he had asked her to go away with him. She went, thinking that here, surely, was the best proof she could give that she did love him, and no one else. If he believed that utterly, would he not relent and yield to her completely—marry her?

"Not that I said so, of course," came painfully from her unsteady lips. "I knew he hated to be pressed about that . . . but I trusted him. And we were so happy together, for the two days . . . it wasn't until afterwards that I knew why he had asked me. He thought—he thought such things didn't mean anything to me."

She fumbled for her handkerchief, an absurd little pink cotton scrap, already a tightly screwed up ball, wet with her tears. "But it wasn't true, Max . . . you believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Max. He felt profoundly uncomfortable.

There was a silence. Then she said heavily: "The worst of the whole thing is that he's been offered a job in New York, by the Schenk-Mayer Corporation, to run their art department. And I think he's going to take it—just to get clear of all this—clear of me. . . ." Her voice broke again and she gazed at him with dull, hopeless eyes.

Max's discomfort mounted into genuine anxiety. Alec was so stubborn—he might easily show a clean pair of heels and leave Aileen to get out of the mess she was in as best she could. Not for a moment did he doubt that she was speaking the truth. Old Champion was a gross sentimentalist, but he wasn't a scoundrel. He somehow just wasn't the type.

"I'll see Alec," he said. "There's not much I can do to help, but at least I can have a shot at making him see reason. We were very good friends, you know."

"You are good, you know. I think you're the only truly good, kind friend I have. You wouldn't ever let me get so worried that I—that I did something dreadful . . . I've thought about it, so often . . . there's always one way out, if life becomes utterly unbearable. . . ."

He went quickly over to her and took her by the shoulders, perching on the arm of her chair and twisting her round so that she faced him. He said, almost roughly:

"Don't talk like that—like a little fool! You've got to promise me you won't do anything foolish, and wicked. . . ."

She broke in wildly: "Max, will you marry me? I'll do anything you ever ask me to, afterwards I mean—set you free, if you aren't happy . . . but I—I'd do my best to make you not regret it . . . and you were fond of me once, weren't you, Max, darling?"

He stared at her, feeling stunned. He was aware of a sudden violent revulsion. The idea was so unthinkable as to be laughable—but he didn't feel inclined to laugh.

"I couldn't do that, Aileen," he said quietly. "You aren't yourself, my dear, or I don't think you'd ask me . . ." He almost said: "I'm going to marry Louise," but something made him refrain from telling her. It seemed like flaunting his happiness . . .

She jumped up and stood facing him, her hands clenched and her eyes wild.

"Max, if you say no, I—I don't know what I shall do! I feel desperate—ready for anything. I've thought and worried about everything, and I'm so afraid!"

"I'll go and talk to Alec," he said firmly.

"It won't do any good, I tell you. Max, this is my very last hope. Surely it isn't such a very great thing to ask . . . and when you think what I have to face——"

"It is a very great thing to ask," he said quietly, and smiled at her, endeavoring to introduce a little mild humor, and with it sanity, into the fantastic discussion. "But I promise you one thing, Aileen—I'll do every mortal thing I can to help. With money, once I've got a job again . . . and certainly with sympathy and companionship if you need it."

"You will marry me," she questioned wistfully, "if Alec clears off to America and leaves me stranded entirely?"

"Don't, Aileen—please don't keep asking me . . ."

He hesitated, wishing there was something sensible, concrete and final that he could say. She was like a burr, clinging to him with her wild, piteous eyes, and her hands on his sleeve. Clutching like a child . . . afraid of what might happen to her. The old pity welled up in him, the old desire to pet, soothe and comfort her. He felt that no one truly understood her, with all her pathetic weakness and faults, as he did.

But there was nothing he could do—nothing more he could say, except: "I'm going to put you into a taxi now, and you're to promise me you'll go straight to bed with a nice, hot drink of milk, and sleep your worries away. Don't fret about it, all, dear—I'll make things come right for you—somehow."

She snatched his hand and kissed it. It hurt him to see her do that; and it was

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with an effort that he laughed and said: "Please, Aileen—don't be a silly little thing! I'll see Alec to-morrow, telephone you afterwards."

When he had closed the taxi door on her and paid the driver his fare to Holland Park, he went back to the flat and sat for a long time thinking about the evening's events. He was not profoundly worried about Aileen. Alec would come up to scratch—no doubt whatever about that. She must have handled him badly, and aroused his anger and the stubborness which could amount to positive cruelty. But a sensible man-to-man talk would put that right.

What disturbed him was the fact that Louise had got a job already. It was amazing, and a trifle humiliating. She had run into Dick, who had just come from the office of Simon Honeyfeather—and Honeyfeather's first words, apparently, had been: "The office is in a state of complete chaos, my boy! Mimi, my invaluable Mimi, has gone off to Paris with a film actor, and I can't lay my hands on a decent typist for love or money! Don't know of one, do you?"

Max smiled wryly. It was splendid, of course, to think of Louise having already done half a day's work—but hadn't she been a bit hasty, rushing into the job of Honeyfeather's typist, in that beastly little office, at a salary of two pounds fifteen a week, when she had had much better jobs and could probably get one again by waiting a little?

They had had an argument which verged, very faintly, on a quarrel. Louise had said: "It seems sense to me to take the first job that offers, instead of waiting about for something really good to turn up. I don't like being out of work, and I'm jolly grateful to Dick for sending me along to Honey."

He had not told her about Aileen. He did not think she would like him to be mixing himself up with Aileen again, and it didn't seem worth while defending his action until he saw what the situation was. As he sat thinking about it all, and wondering why it was that slight constraint and hostility could spring up so easily between two people who loved each other, Dick came in.

"Hullo, what's your news, old man? Have you heard how I planted Louise on old Honey? She's as pleased as pleased, and so is he, the old devil."

"I've no news," said Max, somewhat morosely. "And I'm not sure I approve of Louise being bounced straight into a mouldy little job like that."

"Holty, tolty!" broke in Dick, laughing. "What's eating you, Max? Come on, spill it, you're sitting in the dark with a face as long as a fiddle and you may as well tell uncle all about it!"

Max shrugged and said: "Aileen Lewis has been here." And as he felt very much in need of some sound male discussion of the problem, he told Dick all about it.

Dick groaned. "You're a fool even to listen to her. Keep right out of it, that's my advice. That sort of woman can be a darned nuisance, and what's it all got to do with you, anyhow?"

"Nothing. But she's got no one else to turn to."

"Except, dear, chivalrous Max—who used to be in love with her. Louise know about this?"

"No, of course not. I've only just sent Aileen away. Besides, I don't propose to discuss this with Louise. She and Aileen have drifted apart, and I don't see what she can do."

"She might knock some common sense into your head."

Dick sounded unsympathetic. Max got up and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Let's drop the subject, Dick. I've got to see Alec and try to knock some common sense into his head, that's all. By the way, had Honeyfeather anything in prospect for you?"

"No, and I'm not going to trouble him any more at present. I've got to see a man this week who will help, though—at least I feel pretty hopeful." Dick's face brightened as he spoke. "There's a chance they'll want me to produce for South African Theatres Ltd. They're arranging a big season—it'd be a case of touring all over the Union, but I'd like it." He paused for a minute, then went on almost too carelessly:

"I had a word with Louise about it. Asked if she was interested. I shall need a good secretary, you see—and it would be a two-year contract probably. So I shouldn't feel I was offering her a job that might come unstuck within a few weeks or months. I've always felt a bit responsible, you know, for encouraging her stage ambitions, which have twice landed her in the cart."

"South Africa? But—she wouldn't go to South Africa—would she?"

Dick said very quietly: "No, I'm afraid not. Er—she told me why. I had more or less guessed, but I didn't exactly . . ." He gave Max rather a twisted smile. But his kindly eyes met those of the younger man steadily; then, quite suddenly, he thrust out his hand and said: "Make her happy, won't you?"

"If you don't, I'll be after your blood, you know! Always felt I wanted to keep an eye on her . . . sort of big brother business, that's all . . ." he concluded.

Max took his hand. "Thanks, Dick," he said, gripping it with real warmth and gratitude. "I guess Louise and I will always count you as our best friend. And Gosh—I'm fearfully pleased about this new job! I hope it comes off, and that they pay you the outsize salary you ought to have!"

He was touched and startled by Dick's words and the queer sadness behind his twinkling smile. He knew in a flash that Louise had killed a hope, by her refusal, which Dick had nursed for a long time. He had known that Dick was very fond of her, but somehow he had not imagined that his feelings went so deep. Dear old Dick! It must be pretty ghastly to love Louise and know her inaccessible . . . for, of course, she would never look at anyone but him, Max. . . .

Pride swelled in him. Oh, he must make her all his own, as quickly as he could persuade her to forget her funny, cautious notions and marry him, marry him!

* * * * * *

Coram Square was dry and dusty; the facades of the houses had a flat, cardboard appearance, and looked as if their interiors would be hot and steamy with reminders of the evening meal. The summer day had dragged interminably to an evening of tattered clouds and threats of rain and thunder, when Max went to see Alec.

He felt a considerable distaste for his errand, but there was nothing to be done but to face it. He had telephoned Alec early in the day and arranged to see him after dinner. He found him standing smoking by the open window in the sitting-room and his cool, unsurprised greeting made Max wonder if he had watched his hesitant progress along the Square.

"Nice to see you again," remarked Alec. "Draw up a chair to the window—it's the only hope if you don't want to sink into a coma. Beastly stuffy weather. What's your news? When did you get back?"

"Only on Sunday afternoon. And how are things going with you, Alec?"

"Oh, much the same as usual." Alec spoke with easy lightness, but he betrayed a certain tension by his restless movements. "How did the stage appeal to you?"

"Enormously. But the show crashed, you know. And—I don't think I'm cut out for an actor! I'm out of work, of course, so if you hear of anything——"

With the breath of a diver and a sudden moisture in his palms, Max plunged.

"I've seen Aileen."

Alec looked out at the trees in the Square.

"Oh?"

"Yes. She wrote to me . . . and she came out to see me last night."

There was an electric silence and then, very slowly, Alec said: "I suppose she told you about herself."

Max stared at the bowl of his pipe. "Yes. Why don't you marry her, immediately?"

Alec sighed. "I was waiting for you to say that. I suppose she wept and wailed about me. Swore it was my fault. Yes, I know all the things she'd say. . . ." His voice thickened and he turned to glare at Max from beneath dark brows. "She's been here and rehearsed. But I don't suppose she said much about Champion? She's kept quiet about that, I've no doubt! And now you come rushing round . . . the peacemaker! I can see her idea. Playing you up to take her part. The chivalrous ex-lover. She's good at that!"

Max strove for calmness. His temper was mounting, but nothing would be achieved in that way. "I never was her lover, in the sense you mean."

Alec flashed a contemptuous glance at him. Max met it without flinching. He went on steadily:

"Aileen told me all about Champion, as it happens. And I believe she told the truth, as she told it to you. Listen, Alec—the old man isn't like that. He's a sentimental philanderer, if you like, but—— Oh, you're crazy to think it was anything . . ."

Alec laughed bitterly.

"Good Heavens, don't be so theatrical!" said Max sharply. "Can't you see——"

"Never mind about what I can't see. This whole thing is none of your business, get that?"

"If you'd stop behaving like a pigheaded, jealous fool——"

"Damn it, why have you come here to insult me, Max? I'll not have it, I tell you!"

"I feel justified in kicking you, if you want to know! Only it wouldn't help. . . . Oh, Heavens, Alec, don't let's lose our tempers! We've been through something like this before—but this time it's serious! You should see Aileen now. She's in a pitiable state. Worried and miserable, and frightened. Scared to death, poor kid."

He paused, but there was silence. Alec's profile showed hard and sullen against the evening sky.

"Alec, she loves you," said Max quietly. "She said it over and over again—and I believed her. Anyone would."

"She's got a funny way of showing it! Running all over London with that old prancing goat!"

"Did you expect her to sit about for ever, waiting for you to come and marry her? Champion was kind to her and gave her a good time. Theatres, dancing, motor drives—fun and games of that sort. Just what would appeal to any girl—especially Aileen.

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But it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't behaved like a brute to her, and you know it. She loved you all through."

"And she managed to fit you in as well."

"Alec, she never gave a hang for me. I think she—despised me, really. And I—well, I thought I was in love with her . . . but I know now that it wasn't the real thing at all. We were both playing at it. It wasn't a bit serious."

Alec stared at him. Seeing his eyes, bloodshot and agonised, Max knew as surely as if those selfish, handsome lips had spoken the words, that he still loved Aileen. For a moment he felt hopeful. So much depended on Alec's love still persisting. Surely——

"Alec, go and ask her—beg her to marry you! Why shouldn't you both be happy?"

It was growing dark. Alec was a dim outline in the other chair—an outline without a face, because he had turned it away. His voice came reluctantly, as if it were weary of raising itself in conflict and defence.

"You must see, as I see, that I can't—won't ever marry Aileen, not knowing."

"But there's no question——"

"There is! There is! Here, in my head, there is a question—always would be. . . . Any woman could pull the wool over your eyes! But you'll never understand my point of view."

"I do understand it. But I think you are unjust to Aileen."

"I still believe that there are women you can trust," said Alec with bitter doggedness. "But I never have felt I could trust Aileen, absolutely. And look here—what's it got to do with you, anyway?"

"Just this: I won't see anyone I'm fond—I'm friendly with treated like dirt!"

"You seem very interested in her all of a sudden!"

"Oh, Alec, don't be such a suspicious fool! You're septic with jealousy. And it's stopping you from helping Aileen when she really needs you. You know there was never anything between us, and I haven't seen her for months."

"I won't discuss that! If you can't do anything but talk and argue and be blastedly impertinent—Dutch uncle and nosey parker in one, that's you and be darned to you!"

"I want to know what happened after I went away. I've a right to know." He suddenly saw how to lead Alec on. "It was like this, wasn't it? Champion gave her a job in the office—the sort of job I wouldn't have minded taking on myself, or at least supervising."

Alec walked into the trap. "Yes, so as he could have her at his side all day! Fine for me, wasn't it, watching her carrying on with him under my nose in the office and going out with him every night!"

"That proves nothing."

"Simpleton! It'd be evidence in a divorce court. Do you think their behaviour was innocent?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then you're a bigger fool than I took you for, which is saying a mouthful."

It was dark now, and the lamps cast shadows of the leaves into the room. Alec was sitting upright in his chair with his hands on the arms. Through the darkness his voice came again, tortured and bitter.

"When she sprang it on me I couldn't believe it, but she's lied to me often enough, in little ways, and I can't take a word she says as gospel."

"Then why not act as a sane man and ask Champion?"

"I'll see him in hades first!" Alec made a nervous movement with his foot, as though he wanted to kick someone. "To go crawling round to your chief and ask him over a cigarette that sort of thing."

"Then you do love her. Alec—if you won't ask Champion, you must believe Aileen. You must—for after all, you began it. She hoped to marry you long ago, and you fought shy of it then. You're like a dog, biting, snarling——"

Alec flared suddenly into cold anger. "I've had enough. Get out of here!"

"You refuse to marry her?"

"Blast you, mind your own business! Get out!"

Conscious of complete failure, Max left him.

He telephoned to Aileen from a box at the corner of the Square.

"I'm afraid it wasn't much good, my dear," he said; and over the wire came her sigh—a long, shuddering sigh.

"I was afraid of that," she said brokenly. "Max, you won't desert me, will you? You've thought about what I said?"

"Yes, I've thought about it, Aileen. But—my dear, you must see——"

"Max—Max—you can't go back on your word! You promised you wouldn't let me down! Max, unless you swear you'll marry me, now that Alec won't—unless you swear, I—I'll have to do something . . . I've got something here—sleeping tablets."

She was crying hysterically. Her sobs sounded ugly and horrible. Max wanted to put down the receiver and run quickly away, but he knew that he could not. He thought desperately: "It can't do any harm, just to quieten her, if I promise . . . I'll think of something, later on . . ." He said in tones that he tried to make firm and soothing: Ailie, darling, don't be foolish, you're overwrought, you know, all alone there . . . Listen, dear, will you swear something—just to please me? That you won't even uncork the bottle—it is a bottle, isn't it?—that these tablets are in?"

But I—I can't sleep without them, Max. . . . I get so frightened . . ."

"Listen, dear. Just to please me—to please Max. Say you won't do anything but go to bed, and to-morrow I'll be round first thing to see you."

"Well—if you'll swear what I asked, I'll do the same. Maxie—you will, won't you?"

He said: "Yes, I swear . . . now, will you be a good girl and put those tablets away? Or must I come all the way out to Holland Park and make sure you do?"

Her voice warmed instantly. "Oh, would you, Max? I—I suppose you couldn't—stop all night? Just on the sofa . . . then I shouldn't wake up lonely and terrified."

"No, my dear." He tried to make his refusal as gentle as it was definite. He thought: "Heavens, what have I let myself in for? Maybe Dick was right . . ." "No, Ailie, you must see, darling, that I can't do that. But first thing in the morning . . ."

"All right, Max. I promise I'll be sensible and good. And tell me—you—you do care a little for me, don't you? You've just a little love for me, Maxie?"

"Of course I have, sweet. Of course. Now you tuck up in bed and dream nice dreams, and remember that it's all going to come right. Max will help you, dear."

With that she allowed him to ring off. Feeling uncomfortable and vaguely ashamed, Max walked quickly towards the Tube station. The whole thing was absurd, fantastic. And rather horrible. But what could he do? If only there was someone he could consult! Should he make a clean breast of it all to Louise? She was so sensible, and so infinitely kind . . . But could you ask a girl who was in love with you to be as charitable and understanding as you were yourself? Max had a shrewd idea that Louise might be unsympathetic.

She and Aileen had drifted apart. All the same, she was once fond of Aileen, when they were girls at school. And it was through Aileen, after all, that they had met, he and Louise.

What a pity she wasn't on the telephone! He felt a sudden longing for the sound of her voice. It was too late to go and see her now. And first thing to-morrow he was going to Aileen . . .

Never mind! He would be lunching with her to-morrow, that was already arranged, and then he would put his difficulties before her and ask her what he ought to do.

There was a wry twist to his lips as he came to that decision. It wasn't very agreeable, having to tell the girl he loved that her predecessor had blackmailed him with threats of suicide into promising to marry her.

"Darn Alec!" he thought angrily. "It's all his fault!" When he got home Dick was still entertaining his friends. Max went straight to bed on the plea of a headache. It was true that his head ached; it had been aching slightly ever since Aileen appeared on Monday night. As he slid into his pyjamas a thought struck him.

"If Louise had fixed a date to marry me as I've begged her to, all this needn't have happened. Even Aileen would see that I can't marry two girls."

A faint resentment rose in his tired, confused mind. He felt he wasn't being very logical but somehow he felt vaguely displeased towards Louise. She was so darnably cool, and practical, and independent! She might, just now and then, show herself a little bit disposed to cling, and be helpless . . .

If she were like that, of course, she wouldn't be Louise.

"Oh hang, I can't figure it out!" he groaned, and punched his hot pillow vindictively, as if it were wholly responsible for keeping him awake to brood on this new ridiculous yet dangerous tangle in his affairs. "I suppose Dick was right—I ought to have kept right out of this!"

. . . . . .

Louise sat at a table in Lyons' Corner House waiting for Max. He had said he would meet her at one and it was already a quarter past. She wondered what had kept him, and hoped it was the prospect of a job.

She wanted very much to see him. It hadn't been a very happy meeting, their last one, over dinner at the Chat Rouge.

When she rang him up from the office that very morning, he had sounded a trifle distrait. He was just going out, he said. Perhaps a business appointment he didn't want to say much about, in case it came to nothing. If he had good news, how lovely it would be!

And then she saw him coming towards her, and it was obvious that he had not good news. His face expressed the very negation of good news. His shoulders drooped.

"Darling, sorry I'm so late." He took her hand and held it tightly for a moment. "I'm glad you've begun lunch."

"What is it, darling?"

"Louise, I've got into a horrid tangle—all quite stupid and not a bit what I like—but I couldn't help myself. It's about

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Aileen. She's in such trouble, poor little thing—and as a matter of fact, I've come straight from her now."

"Aileen?" Louise's blue eyes hardened slightly

"She's in desperate trouble. And Alec won't believe it's his fault, and she's so wretched that she's been threatening to kill herself. It's all too awful and sordid, yet it's worrying me badly."

"How frightful!" gasped Louise. "Poor Aileen—listen Max, I'd better go and see her."

"No, dear, I shouldn't. I mean—she doesn't want anyone to know about it, I suppose that's only natural. I had to tell you, of course, because—well, I don't quite know what to do."

"But—why should you have anything to do with it?" Louise frowned. "I don't quite see——"

"Well, she's not got a soul but me to turn to."

"Max, this is awful! I feel I must go and see her, if she's unhappy, I mean, we were great friends once, and—even if I did turn against her—it was because she had been unfair to you—and she never actually knew I had. We had no quarrel . . ."

Max laid his hand on hers. "You mustn't go," he said urgently. "It—it wouldn't do at all, darling. Gosh, I don't want you let in for that." He looked at her with very unhappy grey eyes. "Louise, my little sweet, she's such a hysterical little idiot that I—well, had to promise the most absurd thing to keep her quiet. I was darned afraid of what she'd do . . . she was quite beside herself, even that first evening, when she came to the flat."

"To the flat, Max? Oh——" Louise bit her lip. She felt hurt to think that he had not told her. "Was she your visitor? The one you couldn't keep waiting, that night at dinner?"

He nodded, frowning with annoyance at his own clumsiness. "Yes, dear. I wish now I had told you. But—well, I thought she'd just have some trivial problem, that I could settle for her quite quickly. Her letter had been a bit wild, but still, I didn't foresee——"

"She had written to you, as well?"

"Er—yes. I got the letter as we were leaving Deal, you know. Didn't give it a thought. That's true, darling. Oh, goodness, don't look at me like that, Louise, sweetheart! Don't reproach me, just because I've been a muddle-brained idiot!"

Louise said, in a small voice: "I—I'm trying to understand, Max. But—it does hurt, rather—to think that all this has been going on, and you never said a word . . ."

"I'm trying to explain. Only you don't help me much."

"I'm sorry." She spoke calmly, but there was a pain at her heart, a horrid pain of doubt and creeping jealousy. Why had he kept it all from her? Did he keep other things from her too? And why wouldn't he meet her eyes—or eat his sandwiches—or behave like his usual self? He seemed so different . . . Her anxiety deepened and with it the little hurt feeling.

Then she thought: "There's some explanation. Of course there is. I'm being silly." And she struggled to smile and say in a reasonable, affectionate tone:

"Tell me more about it, Max. I'm sorry, darling—I didn't mean to be horrid. Only, we never have secrets, and it just seemed—funny."

Max was tracing patterns on the tablecloth. His mouth was pursed and unsmiling. "Louise . . . she doesn't know about us. And I didn't tell her. It seemed cruel, somehow. When she was in such a mess. She was all to pieces—hysterical—really beside herself. And she—simply implored me to marry her, saying she couldn't go through with it alone." He passed a hand over his brow. "It was awful. On Monday, and last night on the telephone, and again this morning——"

"Have you been to see her—this morning?"

He nodded, still without looking at her. "I had to go. I was afraid what she'd do, if I didn't go. And now I'm afraid that she'll do it all the same—if I don't—fuss round the whole time—and find some way out for her."

"But—is there a way out?"

"She thinks there is. And—just for safety's sake I—I pretended to agree with her . . . I mean, of course, it's quite absurd . . . but until I can see some way out, I'll let her go on thinking it . . ."

Louise sat very still. "Thinking what, Max?"

He looked at her with anxious, unhappy eyes.

"That I'll marry her. As a matter of form—to stop people saying things. We could split up later on, as she says . . ."

There was silence. Then "You promised her, then," said Louise thinly.

"I tell you I had to. Darling, won't you try to understand?" He reached across the table to take her hand. But she drew it away quickly. She said, still in that thin voice: "But—if you make that sort of promise you've got to keep it. Surely? If you don't—you'll be letting her down just as Alec did . . . making her feel—safe—and then—backing out."

She got up, looked at him fully, and smiled—a wide, tight-lipped smile that did not quite reach her eyes.

"I don't quite see what you can do—except keep your promise. You must feel quite free to do so, of course. I—I daresay I will—understand—in time. I'll try to, though just now it's a little difficult. . . ."

She left him, threading her way swiftly through the tables and the hurrying waitresses. She did not look round once. She made her way back to the office, her heart pounding with anger and something very near to despair.

This was the man she had meant to join her life with! This weak, romantic fool, who only had to have a girl come crying to him to promise her anything she asked!

She thought in her bitterness: "I'm well rid of him, if that's how unreliable he is. How could I ever depend on him?"

Tears were pricking her eyelids as she turned into the office building, and as she went upstairs on dragging feet they coursed down her cheeks. On the half landing she stopped to wipe them away and powder her face back to some semblance of normality. The small, ordinary gesture soothed her and she thought, with a sudden, painful spasm of self-reproach: "Perhaps if I had seemed to depend on him more . . . he wouldn't have done this. If I'd just been selfish and grabby, like Aileen . . ."

But that wasn't her way. It had never been her way, to cling to other people and expect them to solve her difficulties.

Her thoughts moved slowly, painfully, all afternoon, as she answered the telephone and typed contracts and letters. No, she couldn't change herself, even for Max.

Proud. Independent. He had often called her these things, teasingly. But weren't they perhaps true? Too true? So much part of her that they had turned Max against her a little—and left him ripe to respond to Aileen, who was all helplessness and clinging feminine appeal?

She sat in her room that evening, wondering in a kind of dull anguish just where she had gone wrong. It was all very well to see—and now she saw it plainly enough—what it was in Max's nature that had made him yield to Aileen's entreaties. He was all tenderness and sympathy for another's hurt. He was only showing the very gentleness and warmth—the lovable weakness which had made her care for him. From the beginning she had felt her heart stirred by that eager, boyish quality that shone from him, in his smile, in his quick, shy movements, his impulsiveness . . .

And now she was condemning him for the very things that had made her love him.

She roamed about the room, unable to settle to anything. Her face was white and drawn with the intensity of her thoughts, and the dull, unremitting ache at her heart.

At ten o'clock she went out and telephoned the Hampstead flat. But the bell shrilled unavailingly. She went back to her room, which seemed airless and dead. Mechanically she undressed and lay down under the sheet. And all through the stifling night she kept waking from troubled sleep and asking: "What shall I do—what shall I do?"

"MR. HANSARD would like to see you, Mr. Champion."

Miss Scott's voice broke in on Champion's thoughts as he sat staring at a poster "rough" and trying to summon up a little interest in it. He said: "Well, show him in," and wondered vaguely what the young fellow had come for. Clever, pleasant lad—but a difficult temper.

"How are you, Hansard? Sit down, won't you?" The words were courteous, even friendly; but the voice was flat-toned, perfunctory. Brief greetings were exchanged and then Max, taking a deep breath, said:

"I've come to apologise, sir." He looked straight at his former employer. His manner was simple, manly, direct. Champion, whose mind had been on other things, was struck by it and looked at him more attentively. The boy seemed to have changed. Firmer, somehow—more grown up . . .

Max went on: "I made a howling fool of myself, Mr. Champion." He grew red and stammered a little. "I just wanted you to know I—I realised it, and I'm sorry. I said things I had no business to. You were—most awfully good to me—and taught me all I know about advertising . . . I dunno, I developed a grievance—and saw things all crooked . . . but I wish that you'd try to forget my — my ill-temper and — insolence."

By the time he had finished his fair skin was stained right up to the temples. But he kept his eyes fixed steadily on Champion's face, and although he stammered, his voice did not waver, nor did he show desire to make excuses for himself.

Champion said nothing for a moment. "Thank you, Hansard," he said at last, and a slight smile appeared on his tired face. "Well, you can't say more than that. I daresay we both went too far. But I'll be only too glad to forget it—though there are one or two things to be cleared up first, I think."

He shot a sharp glance at Max. His eyes were brighter, yet there was a sadness somewhere. "You didn't go to Swanland's after all, eh? Oh, yes, I made inquiries. Naturally. But they told me you had taken a stage job. I was a bit surprised . . ."

"There was never any question of my going to Swanland's!" said Max in a tone whose sincerity left no room for doubt. "I never understood what you meant by talking about Swanland's, Mr. Champion. I was just—er—restless and dissatisfied—and

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I had a chance to get away from office work —and I took it! But it never entered by head to leave you and go to another advertising agency."

Champion appeared to dwell on this. He said: "You never told anyone that you wanted to leave Champion's? Never grumbled about me, or your job, to anyone? To a—to a girl friend, let's say? Come, Max, don't be afraid to say so, if that's how it was. Perfectly natural that you should, I suppose."

"But I didn't!" cried Max. Then a thought struck him. "I—oh well, yes, I did talk a bit to Louise Meadowes." He looked away and said awkwardly: "She's different from other people—you can—at least I could—talk to her and know it would go no further. We were—rather friendly . . . but I know, in fact I can swear, that I didn't grouse about the office to anyone else!"

"I see." And he did see—with utter clarity.

Max received a cordial offer of an introduction to another firm, as there were no vacancies at Champion's, and went away later in a happier mood. And Mr. Champion, smiling on a thought, suddenly made up his mind on another matter, ordering, to his secretary's surprise, a batch of travel folders.

He was going on holiday into the sunlight——

. . . . . .

Louise was not enjoying her job. She had tried to throw herself into it with the same enthusiasm that she had brought to other kinds of work; but everything seemed to be against her. The chaos of the office was unspeakable, and the more she tried to reduce those lamentable piles of photographs to something like order, the less her new employer approved.

"Not traced that full-length photo of Jasmine Leplage? T-ts! Mimi could find anything—anything I asked for without all this fuss! And you such an expert on filing, too! You should cultivate a methodical mind, like mine!" His gold tooth would gleam at her menacingly. "You waste time talking out there. Mustn't let those people tell you all their hard-luck stories."

"But, Mr. Honeyfeather—I have to take down the particulars——"

"Rubbish! Tell them to write! What's the profession coming to? All talk and no ability! Now, take this letter and for heaven's sake look snappy!"

Louise knew something of theatrical agencies from the days when she herself had haunted them for work; but from the office of Simon Honeyfeather she saw the tragedy of the profession etched in with a deeper, more cruel hand.

It was not pleasant to realise that her employer, and in a smaller way she herself, was feared and almost hated by the steady stream of actors and actresses seeking work. Hers was the power which could admit them to the inner sanctum—and yet nearly always she had to say: "I'm sorry. Mr. Honeyfeather is very busy. I'm afraid he's seeing no one except by appointment . . . no, there's nothing doing to-day—nothing moving, I'm afraid . . ."

And the photographs! Drawers full of them, cupboards bulging with them, photographs of every size from postcard to almost life-size portrait! They spilled from shelves and lay in toppling heaps on the table and the so-called filing cabinet—a horror of warped wood and handleless drawers. Yet:

"Moonbeam Glimmer is the child for that pantomime, Louise. We've got her photo somewhere. Find it!" And when it was discovered ultimately at the bottom of a dog-eared heap, Moonbeam Glimmer proved to have been sixteen in 1912—and it was all Louise's fault!

But she was able, from time to time, to help a former friend. One morning Honeyfeather shouted:

"I want a duchess! Five pounds a week and she's lucky to get it. Mildren's taking out 'The Bitter Tang'—seen it? Must be a lady. Six months' tour, very nice dates, get hold of someone for me."

Louise telephoned Miss Magdalen Chichester who came hurrying round, was sent to see Mildren, signed her contract and came hurrying back with a bunch of early chrysanthemums for Louise.

One day, however, Louise firmly put her job, and her disappointment over it, quite out of her mind. She was going out to dine with Dick, and it wouldn't do to let him know how she felt. As she stood at the spotty mirror putting on her bottle-green felt hat with the scarlet feather she thought: "I want to talk about Max, not about work. Dick would help me if he could . . ."

. . . . . .

Louise and Dick dined in a Soho restaurant at a table in front of the open window.

"If you won't go and have it out with Champion," declared Dick, quietly, "I'll have to tackle him myself. Not that I'd mind doing it—but it wouldn't be the same thing. It's your happiness that's at stake, my dear. . . ." He sighed and went on: "It isn't much to do, if you look at it squarely, when it means saving the man you're in love with from a fate worse than death, as the novelettes have it!"

"You think it's that, Dick?"

"To marry a woman you don't give a cuss for, just from some cock-eyed idea of chivalry? Of course I do! Can't you see that it's up to you to save the young fool from his folly?"

"I'm glad he's got work. Is it—is it a good job—one he likes?"

"He's to get seven quid a week for the first year, with an increase after that if he's made good. Not a fortune, but in these days it's a pretty fair salary—especially when you've nothing to fall back on."

Seven pounds a week. It was quite a bit more than Wilf earned. You could manage all right on seven pounds. If you were careful, and managed well.

She drew her thoughts back with a jerk.

"Louise—" Dick's voice broke in. "Listen to me. We can't talk this evening. We're too muddled. Let's go—but you must see Champion—and Louise nodded.

She could not refuse.

Champion was sitting at a small card table playing patience when Louise was shown in. In a few days he would be in the Blue Train, watching France slide by. He had decided against stopping in Paris. His hunger was for the south—the laughing, glamorous south . . .

There was a pause after she was shown in. And then she said hesitantly:

"Mr. Champion—I—don't quite know how to begin. You may not like . . . you see, I've got to tell you something . . . and ask if you will help . . . It's about Aileen."

He stiffened. "Aileen?"

"Yes . . . she's in a great difficulty . . . and—you're the only person who can help . . ."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

Louise moistened her lips. Her heart was beating rather fast. Was she simply asking for a rebuff?

When she did not reply he turned to look at her inquiringly. And she saw how troubled his eyes were, and how tired. And all at once it was easy to say, simply and naturally: "You see, Alec is in love with Aileen, and now Aileen is going to have a baby. And instead of being happy about it and getting married—because they are in love, both of them—Alec has turned against her." She paused, feeling slightly breathless.

Champion did not speak. She went on steadily: "Alec thinks that you were—so very fond of Aileen—and saw so much of her—that it might not be his responsibility at all, but yours. He won't ask you because he's too angry and unhappy—he's very proud, you know . . . so I thought, for Aileen's sake, that you ought to know what's happening . . . so that you can speak to Alec and straighten it all out. It—it will perhaps prevent them both from being unhappy, all their lives."

Champion moved abruptly over to the window. After what seemed a long time he said, not turning round:

"Thanks, Louise. For telling me. I'm only sorry it had to be you—but you've had difficult things to do before this . . . and you've always done them well. I'll talk to Alec. And now, my dear, would you mind going? I—must think about what you've said . . ."

She glanced at his rigid back; then she stole away from the silent room with a lump in her throat.

"Well, I've done my best to help her." Her spirits rose because an interview which she had dreaded was safely over. Safely and satisfactorily. At Trafalgar Square she turned into a little teashop which she used to frequent with Max.

And the first person she saw was Max himself. And with him was Aileen—Aileen in a short-sleeved frock of dusty-pink, with her elbows on the table and her chin cupped in her hands, gazing at Max as though he were the one and only man in the world.

Louise did not stop to think that this was Aileen's characteristic manner with a man—almost any man.

She could not stay there. She turned blindly, and left the teashop. The door rattled, and the sound made Max look up.

ALEC'S conflict was serious, guilt and love at war with stubbornness and egotism, and he longed to escape from it all—to the job in America.

Torment gave way at last to decision, and on the point of cabling New York, he learned at the studio that Champion had sent for him.

Alec entered the familiar room with a blank, stubborn expression. They looked at each other steadily. The interview broke all records for brevity.

"You'd better go to Aileen," said Champion, in deadly seriousness, "you young fool. And bite the dust. It'll do you good."

Not one more word was said. Somehow Alec found himself outside, in the street, beckoning for a taxi. And the fog had been cleared from his sick mind—no longer sick. Strange as he felt, he was at peace, so it must be right to see her.

And the peace persisted as he asked her to marry, intensifying when she gladly agreed. And then he set his teeth and went to see Max for another dose of the medicine having such soothing effect on him.

Max, however, was unable to react, as expected, for a greater shock than Aileen's and Alec's coming marriage had startled him. His mother was dying. Alec helped him pack for the train to Glasgow.

. . . . . .

Time went by for Louise on halting feet, and suddenly it was October, with the trees in Regent's Park a blaze of red and gold and tawny orange colors; and still she had not seen Max. She was very much alone, these days, for Dick was in Leeds, producing for a repertory theatre there, as a fill-in job until the South African arrange-

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ments were complete. He had said, before he went to Leeds, that he expected to sail before the end of the year.

She did not know, until Max had been back in London for some weeks, about his mother's death and his summons to Glasgow to make the funeral arrangements. When she heard, she sent him a note of sympathy. She hoped that when he replied he would say something—she did not know what, but something which would show them to be not utterly estranged.

But his reply was disappointing. It merely thanked her for her "kind sympathy" and hoped that things were going well with her. There was no suggestion of a meeting and the letter ended "Yours very sincerely."

His work at Swanland's was arduous; he often had to work late every night, for long spells, and he went to bed so tired that he had no energy to brood on personal problems. When he did get off early he would dine in town and go to a theatre or a film; it passed the time better than if he went back to the flat that seemed so lonely without Dick's presence.

And meanwhile Louise worked with Honeyfeather and wondered whether, when Dick came back, she should ask him if his offer to take her to South Africa was still open.

Surely she was silly to stay in London, now that there was no reason to. You could be very lonely in London, with a friend . . .

It frightened her, how much she thought about Max. She recalled a thousand dear things about him. His strength, his young, hard, physical strength; his instant, tender compassion, his anxiousness about people whom he liked. His clean skin, his bright, ruffled hair, and the faint, fresh smell of his clothes. His sudden gusts of impatience, and the troubled honesty of his grey eyes. His quick, light walk, his broad hands, so sensitive in their movements. His nature that held no meanness—no spite or guile . . .

She loved him. She would always love him. And through her own fault she had lost him. She had failed him when he most wanted her understanding.

It was difficult, now, to face her weekly visits to the little house at Kenton. Meg's baby had arrived, and with it a new, shining happiness had entered that untidy, cluttered-up home.

When she held the tiny new creature in her arms, which, to Meg's joy, was a girl, she felt something new stir in her heart. How puckered the little face was! And those minute fingers, like soft pink twigs! And that absurd downy head, so infinitely soft and sweet-smelling, against her cheek!

"You're a love, aren't you?" she whispered in the little fragile, pink-wax ear. And she smiled at Meg, saying: "I'm quite satisfied with my god-daughter, thank you. You've done beautifully this time, Meg!"

Yet she went back to her quiet, tidy room with an ache at her heart. It would be so wonderful if the baby really belonged to her. Life wouldn't be lonely then.

She even thought, briefly, of asking Meg to let her adopt the little girl. But, of course, that was impossible, even if Meg would consider it. How could she look after a baby when she had to work all day, at a salary of two pounds fifteen a week? People did it when they had to. Made use of creches and things. But Meg would hardly let her baby go when she had a perfectly good home to keep it in!

Louise smiled, realising how much her views and feelings had changed when she thought, quite automatically of the Kenton menage as "a perfectly good home!" And yet that was actually what it was—if you looked at it honestly. Poky it might be—untidy, littered with toys and small garments, beset with problems about the milk bill, at times steamy from cooking and washing—a place of worn carpets and much-used furniture . . . but it was warm! Warm with cheerful human voices—warm with activity, and life, and love!

And suddenly she knew that Max had been right, that day on the gorse-scented moors in Devon, and she had been wrong . . . Wrong in some deep, dreadful way, unsuspected at the time, but now costing her all the happiness she wanted. He had asked her to join him in a great adventure, and she had done nothing but talk about the rocks, the hazards. She had reduced the grand, exciting task of home-making to bills, and furrowed brows, and being tired from washing up . . .

He had said: "You do paint a dreary picture!"

And so she had—because she was too unromantic and stupid to see that all the ordinary, kindly, human tasks she had flinched from were not only bound up with living, but could be the best kind of fun if you carried them out eagerly, with a good heart.

She glanced round her tidy, empty room, and she shuddered. And all at once the ache at her heart grew intolerable and she burst into tears. Lying face downwards on the divan she sobbed and sobbed until at last, exhausted, she fell asleep.

When she woke up, an hour later, she was very cold. She moved her cramped limbs stiffly; then got up, switched on the light and slowly began to make her supper. She did not want to eat, but it was something to do, to pass the time. And life had to go on, with its meals, and going to bed, and getting up again, and——

She caught sight of herself in the mirror and laughed drearily. How frightful she looked, with her face pale and glazed, and her hair all anyhow!

Her frock was rumpled and her feet were icy. She lit the gas fire, thinking: "I've never seen Meg look so unattractive—such a sight!"

As she was struggling, in her lonely room later, with an uninspiring meal of baked beans and cocoa, there was a tap at the door.

It was Dick.

"I only got back from Leeds yesterday," said Dick, taking both her hands. "Heavens, child, you're frozen! You know, what you need is a decent drink. Like to bounce into that pub in Upper Baker Street with me? A large whisky would put new life in you."

She shook her head. "I'm all right—though I know I must be looking unspeakable. I'd better do something to my face . . ."

After Louise had finished, Dick drew his chair nearer. There was an excited light in his eyes. "Louise—is there any hope for me, dear? You know what I feel for you—and it goes on and on, Louise. It always will."

He watched her face as she sat, her eyes lowered.

She looked up and said in a dim voice: "You are a dear, Dickie. And—if you still want me to go to South Africa with you . . ." A smile flickered across her white face and she held out her hand. " . . . as your secretary, Dick. And—perhaps—a little later on——"

But Dick did not take the hand she offered. He did a strange thing. He rose, walked over to the window and drew the curtain almost roughly aside.

He swung round, and she saw with a queer pang that the light had died from his eyes. Yet his face looked peaceful. It had the expression of a man who had fought a battle, and won.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't take you with me, my dear. I've fixed up about my secretary. Sorry, but—well, there it is. You ought to have taken the job when it was offered!"

She would never know just what it cost him to shrug as if in mock despair, and to throw her his old, twinkling smile. He was glad to think that . . ', and then he saw that her eyes were bright with tears, and that her mouth trembled. His heart was suddenly warm; she did guess, then, faintly . . . and she cared enough to share a little in the hurt, the loss which he would carry with him to South Africa—perhaps carry all his life . . .

Renunciation. Ah well—it would be worth it, if by his act he could help to paint a rose on each of those white, beloved cheeks . . . He rubbed his hands briskly together, strode over and gave her a friendly hug, releasing her almost at once and saying:

"Bonnet and shawl, darling! You're coming out for a bus run to blow the doldrums away! No, no excuses! I'm going to see that you sleep well to-night, in spite of your silly little cat-nap and that horrid, indigestible meal of beans and cocoa!"

She obeyed him. There was an odd ruthlessness about him. He even bossed her about what she should wear.

"No, not that moth-eaten beret! And can't you slip on the green linen frock you used to wear on tour? That navy wool affair may be the last word in smartness but it smacks of the office, and I want to see you in something a trifle more festive!"

She laughed. "Green linen doesn't go with October! But look, I'll put on this printed crepe-de-chine—it's autumnal enough in coloring and yet fairly gay, don't you think?"

"Yes, that will do—and I'll pop round the corner for a beer while you dive into your pretties."

"Very well . . . though honestly, all this fuss for a bus run! You're not aiming to take me to a party, are you?"

"No," said Dick, with a peculiar smile. "Nothing like that. But I take pride in my girl friends, and it gives me a pain to see you half-way to being a dowd! Well, I'm off, and I'll be back in ten minutes at the outside."

He went off whistling his familiar tuneless whistle. Louise changed quickly and made herself look as nice as she could. It seemed faintly ridiculous to be making so much fuss, but if Dick was feeling like that, bless him, she must play up.

She was relieved that he had not accepted her offer to go abroad with him. It would have been quite final . . . and as long as London held Max, here would her heart be.

Dick came back as she was fitting a small hat composed of twisted velvet, tobacco-colored and very becoming, over her fair hair.

"Ready?" he asked, surveying her with approval.

"Quite ready."

In the doorway he stopped and said: "Louise—tell me. You still care for Max, don't you?"

She did not answer immediately. A tremor passed over her face.

She knew that she must answer him truthfully. "Yes, I'm afraid I do," she said unsteadily. "I'm afraid—I'm afraid I'm like you, Dick . . ."

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And then they went downstairs and walked along the street, her hand tucked in his arm, as though each would take comfort from the other.

"Are we going to your flat?" Louise asked, suddenly recognising the incline of Haverstock Hill, and the tree-bordered road leading to the well-remembered block.

"Yes, where else? You wouldn't come to a pub, so I thought I'd give you that whisky all the same—or some other form of stimulant, if you prefer it." He took her elbow and hurried her along, smiling slightly in the darkness.

The hall of the flat was in darkness, but from under the sitting-room door came a chink of light.

"Hello!" said Dick. "Now who the dickens has left the light on?" Before she could say a word he strode over and turned the handle, going into the room and leaving the door half open.

Max looked up from the chair in which he lay back, trying to keep his attention on a book. Beside him was an ashtray with an alarming pile of stubs. He said: "Hullo, old man," languidly. He was nearly always tired these days—tired and bored.

"I've brought you a visitor, Max. Jump up, young fellow, and say how d'you do!" and he went quickly out, whispered to Louise, "Play up, darling!" and drew her into the sitting-room.

"Oh—Louise—it's you——" burst awkwardly from Max and his heart began to hammer unsteadily.

She moistened her lips and went forward. "It's—a long time since we met," she said, her voice faint and thin because her heart, too, was doing strange things, and she was terribly afraid that Max would guess . . . She summoned all her strength and said in a bright, false, conversational voice: "Isn't it cold? Dick has promised me a whisky—or some other reviver, didn't you say, Dick?" She turned round, desperately hoping that Dick would come to her rescue . . . make it all easy and normal.

But Dick was not there. And the door—the door was closed.

"Louise," said Max hoarsely, "why did you—not try to—understand? Louise—I suppose it's—no good if I try to—explain? I was such a blind, barmy fool—but I never cared a scrap for anyone but you . . . Honey——"

She stumbled towards him, blinded by her happy tears. And in a flash his arms were round her and she felt the furious beating of his heart. She tried to say: "You were right, Max—my Max—and I was the blind, stupid one . . ." But she could not get the words out, because he was kissing her and murmuring: "My sweetheart—my little love! Oh, my darling—don't let's go over the past! It's what is coming that counts, with us!"

Relaxed in his arms, she had no doubts, no fears. In the strange and lovely way that life sometimes had, when it chose, it had led her to her lover's arms. Life, in the person of Dick . . .

She released herself and looked at Max with a tremulous laugh.

"I've cried such a lot to-day . . . and here I am, at it again . . ."

"Cried? Because of—me?"

"Afraid so . . . and I expect my nose is all shiny——"

"It's a dear, lovely little nose," declared Max, kissing it.

His hair stood on end and there was an inkstain on his cuff. His black tie was crooked, and the broad hand which played gently, so gently, with her fingers was stained with nicotine. One of his shoe-laces was undone. He looked thin and unkempt . . . and yet in that moment she loved him as she had never done before. In her heart was born a longing to take care of him, to be good to him all the days of his life. With all her body and heart and spirit. But she only said, with a queer little smile: "Let's make some tea! And I want to hear all about your job . . ."

They went to the kitchen to boil a kettle and set cups out. It was like the day they came back after the tour. Max looked at her with dancing eyes as he reached for the tea caddy. "We'll have to look for somewhere to live!"

"Yes."

"Like to take on this flat when Dick goes?"

"N-no . . ." She looked at him shyly. "I thought, perhaps a little house, with a garden . . ."

He grinned. "Pink brick bungalow?"

"Well, why not?" Blushingly she defied him. "I like pink, and bungalows are easy to run, and what's wrong with brick, anyhow?"

He rushed to rescue the wildly hissing kettle. He measured three spoonfuls of tea into the pot, poured on the boiling water and set it down on the table. And then he ran to her and drew her to him.

"I'll be so good to you, honey," he whispered. "I'll do all the hard jobs—and I've always wanted a garden—and with the little old car it shouldn't be so bad . . . we can speed away at week-ends."

"It—it will be heaven, Max—heaven . . . my own dear. . . ."

They were interrupted by the sound of a key in the front door. It was Dick, who had gone out for a walk on the Heath. "Have some tea, Dick!" they cried in unison. And Dick, smiling at their flushed, excited faces, did not have to be told that his plan to bring them together had succeeded.

"Well, you couple of young chumps!" he greeted them. "Everything in the garden lovely, eh? No, no tea—old Uncle Dick wants something considerably stronger. Where's the whisky, Max?"

That sweet passion. . . . An ironic smile passed over his face. Well, it inspired a man to do funny things at times. Darned funny things. Such as leading a loved girl straight to his rival's arms. . . .

"Here's to you both!" He raised his glass gaily. His secret thoughts amused him. What a pair of babes!

He smiled first at Max, then at Louise. In her eyes he read her thanks, and all at once he felt beautifully at peace with himself. For after all, a thing might be funny and yet perfectly, unquestionably right. He drank his whisky at a single gulp, waved them an airy good night and, with a somewhat exaggerated pretence of yawning, departed to bed.

FOUR people met on the platform of the train which was to bear Dick away.

He had said: "I hate a crowd," and had even attempted to dissuade Max and Louise from coming to see him off. But they had insisted; and then Alec, now married to Aileen and apparently in a perpetual glow of pride and satisfaction, had telephoned at the last minute and asked if he and his wife could join the party.

"I know just what I owe to you, old fellow," said Alec a little awkwardly. "Max told me how you helped to straighten out the whole stupid tangle . . . and I'd just like to wave you off, as it were . . ."

So now, pleasantly warmed by a round of drinks in the station bar, they stood in a cluster round the carriage door.

"Good-bye, Dick, old man!"

"Good luck! Good voyage!"

"Here's to a big, big success, Dick! Alec and I——"

"Dick, dear, I'll write to you, often! Both Max and I will be thinking of you."

"Good bless, dear old Dick! You've been—oh, hang it—anyhow, lots of happiness and all that . . ."

"Oh, dear—this wind—gets in my eyes . . . Alec, sweet—handkerchief . . ."

"I'd—like to kiss you good-bye, Dick darling . . ."

The others fell apart to let Louise put her arms tightly round his neck. He felt her cool, sweet lips on his cheek. He patted her shoulder and said:

"There, dear—there! Now don't forget—a cable's got to reach me in the great open spaces on your wedding day. Promise?"

"I promise, Dickie."

The train moved slowly out of the station, and soon Dick's face was a vague blur to the handkerchief-waving group.

"Let's go and have a drink," said Alec. "You girls look a bit dewy-eyed."

"Oh, dear, I do think partings are so sad," said Aileen. Wrapped in a fur coat she looked like a sleek, cosy little kitten. "Don't you, Louise?"

But Louise only smiled. There was a lump in her throat. She tucked her arm in Max's. "I do want Dick to be happy," she said wistfully.

Round a table the four discussed their news. "We've got such a sweet house, Louise," said Aileen, a contented, dreamy smile on her lips.

"You and Max must come and see us. You know, I never thought I should actually like cooking But it's fun, really!"

"I hope Louise will find it that" laughed Max. Under the table he squeezed her hand, as if to tell her that this was how he talked to people like Alec and Aileen, but that he really didn't care a button if the chops were burnt every night for a year, if only she loved him and didn't regret having married a man with only seven pounds a week. And in her returning pressure he felt her saying: "It's all going to be fun for us—and I love you—love you—love you!"

And a little later, when they stood waiting in the crisp bright air outside the dim, smoky station, she said: "Look!" and nodded towards an island on which Alec and Aileen stood, waiting for the traffic to let them cross the road. Alec looked tall and protective and his face, glowing in the cold clear light from the December sky, looked peaceful, contented, assured. And Aileen's eyes were happy—so happy . . .

"They've found their places in the world," she said. "Perhaps that only happens when two people are together . . ."

Max's fingers tightened round her arm. "I think that's it, my sweet. We're going to be like them, you know—only better!" He laughed down into her blue, bright, dreaming eyes.

"Yes . . ." She smiled at him. "It's a sort of—finish of something—isn't it? I mean, Dick going away. Now there's just us two, so we mustn't get into a mess, because he won't be here to help us out!"

She looked at his young face, so eager and determined. How strong he looked, her Max! Strong in all the precious things—courage, tenderness, faith. There was nothing that, together they could not face. They had found their places in that great dark, frightening thing called life, and had lit a little lamp that made it warm and safe.

"Here's our bus," said Max. "Isn't it nice that we go the same way?"

(THE END)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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